2

August 17, 1935

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

Your Flight Through the Stratosphere

By W. B. Courtney

The Silver Desert

A New Novel

By Ernest Haycox

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August 17, 1935

"Yes, suh, Colonel, I'se comin'!"

THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in ice-box for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

"One mo' sprig o' mint, wavin' its green head ovah the silv'ry frost o' the glass. A dash o' powduhed sugah on the leaves —and there, bless yo' thirst, is a julep!"

AND there, bless your thirst, *is* a julep—if Four Roses—mingles its fragrance with the fresh young mint.

Four Roses was born for just such a sublime duty. It has the rich bouquet that old-fashioned distilling methods give. It has the full, lush flavor that comes from Kentucky and Maryland limestone water.

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We exaggerate? This afternoon, make yourself a julep—or have one made at your favorite hotel or restaurant. Be sure the whiskey is Four Roses! Then you'll get a julep at its finest. Four Roses is very reasonably priced.

Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste and pocketbook, including Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper—blends of straight whiskies—Antique, Mattingly & Moore—blended whiskies—Shipping Port—straight whiskey. Send 10¢ for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

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Four Roses
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Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville and Baltimore

America's largest independent distillers

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When His Pen Ran Dry on the Dotted Line

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(Less than actual size)
Holds 102% more ink

"Till then I thought such tales were bunk," he said. "Now I *know* why I want Parker's sacless Vacumatic with VISIBLE Ink Supply."

Holds 12,000 words of ink — shows when to refill—

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT!

IF the ink in your pen isn't exposed to your view at all times, you are exposed to many frustrations and defeats.

For your pen is liable to fail you *just at the wrong time,*—in getting an order or a contract, in the midst of some rush work; or, if you're a student, in classes or exams. And there's no help for it if you can't see when to refill, as users of the remarkable new Parker Vacumatic can, and DO.

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The sacless Parker Vacumatic contains none of these, that's why it's so marvelous in performance —is GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT.

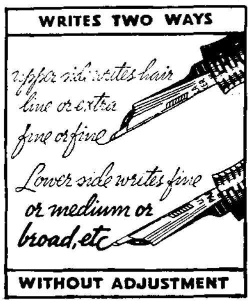
And it's so revolutionary, so utterly different in principle, that the United States and foreign countries have granted Parker patents.

In style and beauty, it's the smartest, most enthralling ever conceived—built up ring upon ring —laminated—of luminous Pearl and Jet—like velvet in its smoothness, shimmer, and richness. Yet when held to the light, the "Jet" rings become transparent—mysterious windows that show the ink level within.

It has more room for ink — 102% more than old style—because it eliminates 14 old-time parts. *It writes 12,000 words from a single filling!*

And its All-Purpose Point is solid Gold combined with precious Platinum,—skilfully fashioned to write two ways without adjustment—write your regular hand on the lower side; and, when you turn it over, write fine figures and marginal notes.

WRITES TWO WAYS


Upper side writes hair line or extra fine or fine
Lower side writes fine or medium or broad, etc

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REG. T.M.
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Next Week

SOME families are strong on tradition. Take the Raybucks of Flatbush. They were conservative; they had lived in the same place for two hundred years. One of their strongest traditions was that no Raybuck ever found the girl he was going to marry in a speakeasy.

It was in Lucio's, though, that Reggie Raybuck met Sophie Bransfield. She was there pretty regularly after five. Some called her a speakeasy girl. Reggie was seized with a missionary impulse to take her out of all that. But there was an obstacle. Elmer Davis writes the gay, modern romance of "The Girl at Lucio's."

THERE'S an important combination of letters that you'll be hearing a lot about very soon—REA. They stand for Rural Electrification Administration, the government agency that is going to bring lights to a million farms within the next few months. It will bring more than light; it will bring a higher standard of living for farmers and a chance for the old homestead to operate on an industrial basis. And, far and wide, it will bring a tremendous boost to the business of the nation. In "All Lit Up and Going Places" John T. Flynn tells the story.

IF IT had ever got out, as Fireman Dunnevan said, it would have been a disgrace to the whole U. S. Asiatic Fleet. But it was really the Navy's fault. They have no business sending kids like Ensign Trower to China. First-year ensigns don't know how to handle women; they get involved with girls like "Weeping Wilma of Old Shanghai." Luckily Lynn and Dunnevan were on the job, as Frederick Hazlitt Brennan relates.

FOR those who want to finish up the summer with a maximum of pep and energy, Ruth Chandler Moore divulges the secrets of everyone's most essential problem—"Good Eating."

HOWEVER much Grant Euwatse made, it always turned out that his wife, Vinnie, had spent just a little more. Those born under "The Sign of the Bull," however, are destined to meet good fortune through love, as you can see for yourself in Thomas McMorrow's brilliant short story.

MacKINLAY KANTOR writes the Short Short Story, "Rogues Gallery." Kathleen Norris and Ernest Haycox continue the serials. Bill Cunningham, George Creel, James B. Connolly, Freling Foster and others bring a variety of costly gifts. We think of everything.

This Week

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August 17, 1935

Cover by Rodney de Sarro

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Silver Desert, Part I. Hollywood meets the old frontier—the new serial. Page 7

TALBERT JOSSELYN
Blaze of Glory. Courage on the diamond. Page 10

MAXINE DAVIS
Help Yourself. To market, to market! Page 12

JOHN STUART
Fine Italian Hand. Frank Capra, the artist in motion. Page 13

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Secret Marriage, Part VIII. Habitation enforced. Page 14

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Dizzy realism. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Masquerader, by Teresa Hyde Phillips. Page 17

MacKINLAY KANTOR
The Same Brave Star. Drama by night beyond the Union lines. Page 18

BURNHAM CARTER
Cigarette Girl. Love in a night club. Page 20

T. R. YBARRA
Dark, Silent Man. Pierre Laval, an unromantic Frenchman. Page 22

W. B. COURTNEY
And Leave the World Below. Highballing through the stratosphere. Page 24

HENRI DUVERNOIS
A Woman of the World. And a dog that could sit up and beg. Page 34

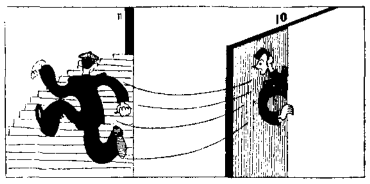
EDITORIAL
Who's What at Washington. Page 54

●

Any Week

IN SPITE of a slight error, we're quite a success in Alaska. Back from a visit to the Matanuska Valley, Mr. D. L. Osburn of Anchorage, Alaska, reports that the United States farmers who were moved to that tremendously fertile valley are demonstrating "a marked preference for your publication." He finds, however, that in one of our editorials we had it that some of these transplanted farmers were from the Dakotas. And that, he assures us, is wrong. None was drawn from the Dakotas. "I found these émigrés to be a fine bunch of real Americans," says Mr. Osburn, "and with the exception of a few scattered troublemakers, all imbued with one idea—to stay and succeed. To this end all are working hard, gradually bringing order out of chaos."

WE'RE taking no chances. Like the rookie baseball player Mr. Rud Rennie of New York City came in to tell us about. This brand-new second baseman was quartered with his team, on the nineteenth floor of a hotel. One of the veterans of the club agreed with him that the nineteenth floor was "powerful high-up living" and warned him that while the hotel charged no elevator fare up as far as the tenth, it cost a nickel a floor thereafter. So the rookie, who suspected that the veteran might be kidding him a bit, took no chances. He walked the last nine floors six or eight times a day while the club was in town.



DOUBTLESS there's a reason for things like that, but we're not as brave as we let on. We like the attitude of the South Carolinian who, after receiving government relief for fifteen months, grew inquisitive. So one day, according to Miss Eugenia M. Kilgore of Charleston, "he just up and asked the relief lady how come." What he wanted to know was who was giving out this here money and why, and whether maybe there hadn't been some mistakin' in the names. "You see," says Miss Kilgore, "his conscience had begun to bother him. So the whole depression and New Deal were carefully explained to the innocent fellow, who, when he recovered from his amazement, scratched his head and asked: 'Well, ma'am, hit's been a-botherin' me for more'n a year, but I figured hit wasn't none of my business.' "

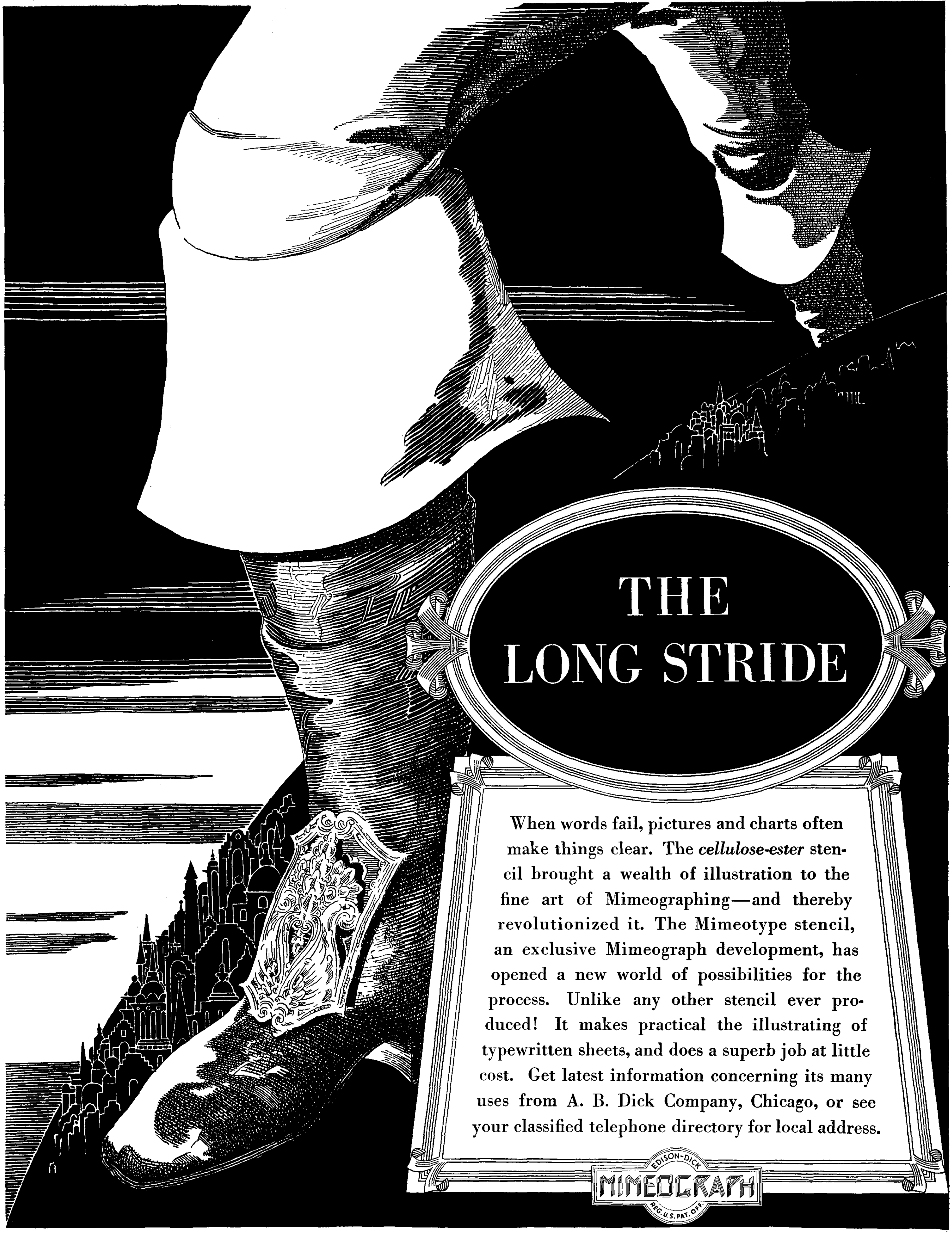
AND Mr. Ray B. Knapp of Allentown, Pennsylvania, admits that, while he is always sorry to hear of such distressing things, the regrettable death of one of his neighbors recently was none of his business. "But it does seem a bit out of order for my morning newspaper to print the notice of her passing in one column and right next to it her picture and letter from her endorsing a nostrum which, according to the lady herself, cured her of 'stomach trouble, shortness of breath, dizzy spells, sleeplessness, backache and melancholia and restored her to perfect health.' "

WE PUBLISHED a pretty good short story recently, "The Promotion of Private Sheehan." But Mr. C. E. Bernard of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, doesn't think so. Mr. Bernard, who, we suspect, is not as observant as he might be, says "a professional soldier who was a first sergeant in the Argonne and is now only a private is a poor soldier and didn't deserve promotion." That's Mr. Bernard's error. He continues: "Sheehan didn't even know how to challenge properly. He should have asked, 'Who's there?' and not, 'Who goes there?' " Mr. Bernard is wrong again. Sheehan should have said, "Who is there?" He goes on: "It may be that a colonel's daughter has, in the history of the Army, waved at a soldier. In many years in the service I never saw such an incident." Nonsense, Mr. Bernard, nonsense. Well do we remember the day when we were walking post and—

BUT why reminisce about our colonel's daughter, swell and wavy though she was? Why, in these democratic days we'd even let our daughter wave to a colonel—if we had a daughter, and if she knew a colonel to wave to. Times have changed. Every day digs up something to stun you with. "It certainly beats all," writes Mr. Edward G. Reible of Washington, D. C., "the way our streets are filled with reputedly high-power gents, who, until the Supreme Court got mad, were telling us how to run the country and are now bobbing in and out of employment offices trying to find someone to tell them how to run themselves."

MISFIT messiahs?

Vol. 96, No. 7. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



THE LONG STRIDE

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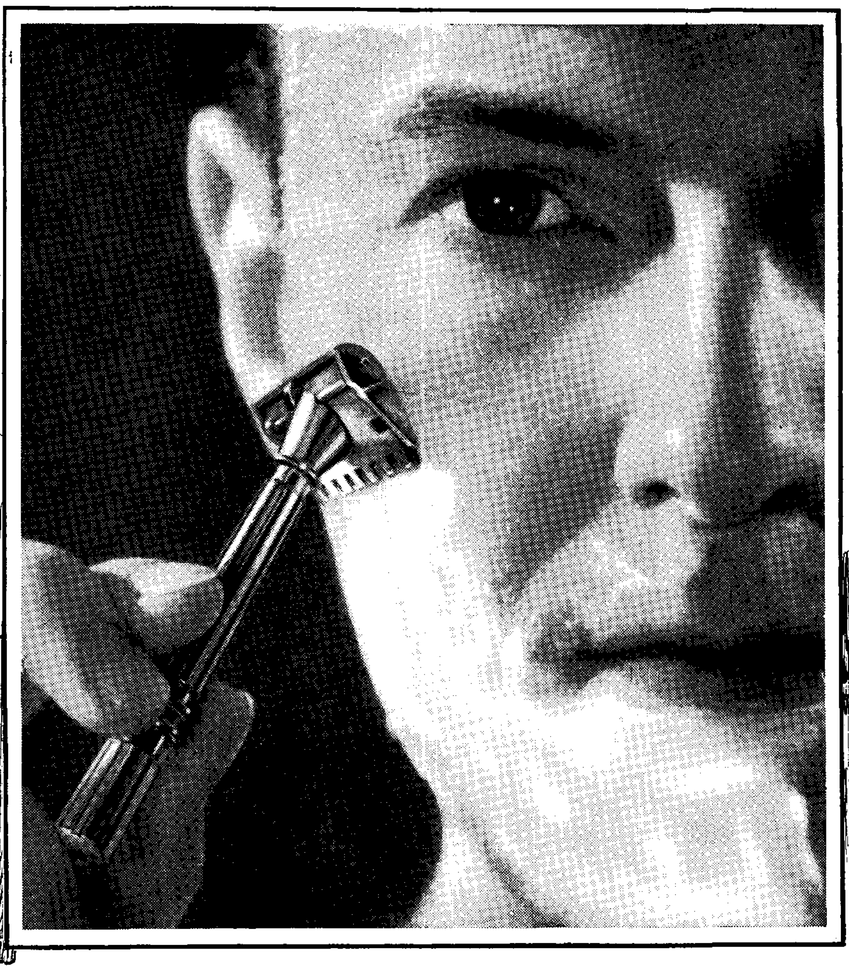

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Both work with long, smooth, tugless strokes—both hold the blade at the *same slant*—both slide through the beard at right angles—and both leave the face purring with comfort.

Gem's specially designed bevelled top duplicates the barber's stretching fingers, takes up the skin's slack, tightens it like a drum and brings every hair upstanding to be cut at root level.

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We build Gem Micromatic Blades of fifty per cent thicker surgical steel—so toughly textured and tempered that they withstand without frazzling the 4840 separate stroppings we give them. This exclusive process produces a micromatically exact, deeply wedged edge—an edge which Dual Alignment (Gem's unique patented feature) holds in such perfect control that it can be used with even *greater* safety than duller, softer and thinner blades.

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Go modern with millions of *other* men who have discarded clumsy, complicated holders and uncertain blades. Save time, money and exasperation with Gem's one-piece razor, that does everything with a finger twirl, never misplaces a part, or fumbles in soapy fingers. Fool-proof, tarnish-proof, and guaranteed unbreakable for a lifetime.

Super-keen, non-flexing blades which last so much longer that there's less shaving and *no* saving in *any* substitute.

Beautifully boxed sets at your dealer's for a dollar. Or a demonstrator outfit, with a regular dollar razor and a single- and double-edged blade, to any "doubting Thomas" who'll spend a quarter and send our coupon.

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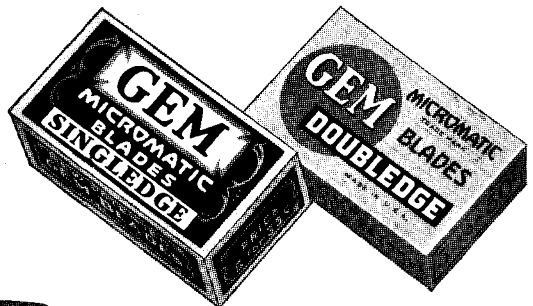

CLIP **GEM** MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

Collier's

The National Weekly for August 17, 1935

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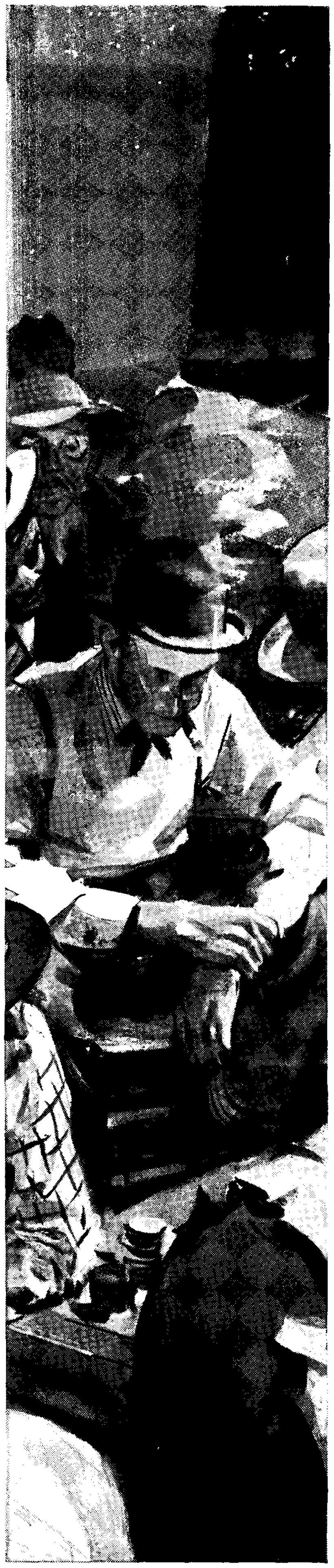
The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

A startling new serial: the adventures of a fighting ranchman and a star from Hollywood

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GANNAM

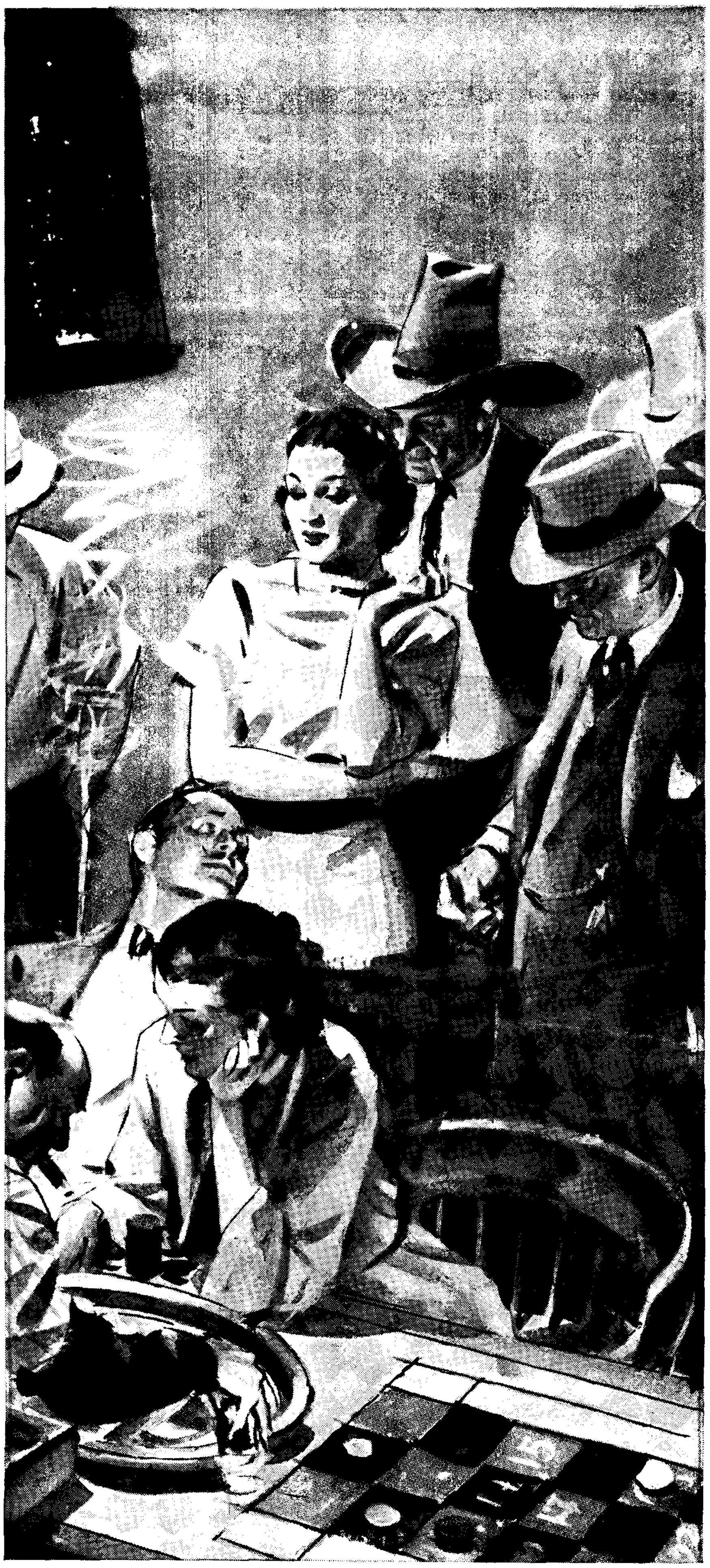


DRIVING from Carson to Reno, Lily Tennant saw the sullen banner of dust boil up in the valley and cross the highway like smoke from a grass fire. When she came nearer, pressing a slim foot on the brake pedal, the yellow cloud billowed against her and dimmed the burning brilliance of the Nevada sun. Squarely blocking the highway, a man sat in the saddle of a beautiful white pony and presented her with a long broad back. Cattle filed out of the desert on the left, crossed the road and went bawling and fretful into the desert on the right, lumbering hoofs churning up the bitter alkali. Lily Tennant came to a full stop and sounded her horn.

The horseman, seeming to count the passing stock, didn't bother to move. Settling back on a leather seat that stung her with its soaked-in heat, Lily knew then she had made a mistake in pulling the top of the roadster down at Carson. As long as the car was in motion there was some breeze to cut the furnace-like temperature of the afternoon; but trapped here in the desolate open the sun instantly scorched her exposed skin. She laid her arm on the edge of the door and drew it sharply back; the enamel was that hot. The car's chromium trim threw off a thousand slivers of sulky light—and her wrist watch told her she had been waiting five minutes. She tried the horn again.

A young steer bolted from the stream of beef, whereupon a second rider appeared from the obscure haze and turned it back into line. A heavier billow of this acrid dust rolled down upon Lily Tennant and she bowed her head against such insistent misery and saw her dress turning to a grimy drab. When she looked up again the rear-vision mirror showed her a still, slim face flushed and faintly damp. Actually, her make-up—as little as there was of it—was dissolving, and the ivory smoothness of her forehead was really dirty. She was, she thought with growing outrage, a complete wreck and nothing but immersion in ice water and a change from the skin out would ever make her the same woman again.

And there the man sat, another strong and dumb character of the wide open spaces, ignoring her torture. Lily Tennant, whom Hollywood knew as a marvel of self-discipline, had a temper as well, and now she suddenly let it go and banged the horn button with a violence she hoped would express the pure venom of her feelings.



A man passing by touched Sebastian on the shoulder and said, "Want to see you later, Tom"

The tall man wheeled his horse reluctantly and rode back to her car with a deliberation that was unutterably wicked. All she saw of him as he bent slightly from his saddle was a steel-gray glance and sun-bleached brows above a bandanna covering the rest of his face. The hair showing beneath his hat was black as ink, the exposed surface of his face was deeply tanned.

"After all," said Lily Tennant, acidly quiet, "this is a state highway."

"That's right."

"So—haven't I been punished enough?"

He hooked a leg around the saddle horn; and that indolent gesture, too, served to feed her just anger. Nor did it help to know that his glance, solidly steady, saw her at her cooked and wilted worst. He said: "Why?"

"For daring to honk at you when I came up here ten minutes ago."

"Wrong guess," he said, and afterwards thought to pull the bandanna down from his face. Yellow dust puffed up when he brushed it aside. He had long, solid lips and the rest of his features were smooth and taciturn and indifferent, matching the inscrutable gray of his eyes. "I am only trying to get my cattle across the road," he added.

"I am only trying to get to Reno."

"You'll have plenty of time to waste after you get there," he observed quietly.

"If that could possibly be any of your business," Lily Tennant retorted.

INSTANTLY she regretted the open anger of her words, recalling the shrewd observation of Sam Wein in Hollywood, who had done so much for her. "You got a temper," he had said. "It's the electricity that pushes you on. But don't ever waste your temper on the wrong things, Lily. Save it for the times when an explosion will blast something that's got to be blasted."

"Sorry," said the man on the horse. His tipped-down face was young, but as masculine as any she had ever seen. He was slim. His hands, folded across the horn, were heavy, and his shoulders moved now and then with a faint restlessness. Physically quiet as he was, Lily Tennant felt the impact of a willful personality drastically curbed behind the grave cheeks. She saw her words hadn't penetrated his guard and she ceased to regret them.

"I wasn't trying to be personal," he added. "Only stating a fact. But maybe I might as well commit the sin I've been spanked for. From California, aren't you?"

"As the license plate will tell you."

"I don't need to see the license plate. Your temper—which is accustomed to being obeyed—tells me." The soft spurious urbanity at once reached its mark; she felt herself being put in place. His sudden grin only ground the injury in. He removed his hat. "I apologize for blocking your royal progress," he added and wheeled away, lifting a hand in signal. The second rider appeared from the alkali fog again and shut off the stream of cattle.

Lily kicked on the engine and moved the car forward, abreast the tall man. "Thank you, Moses," she said succinctly, "for commanding the waters to divide." Her head bowed with an exaggerated respect and then the long delayed roadster roared out of the confusion into the full punishment of that burning Nevada afternoon. She struck the junction of the Reno-Virginia City road furiously, spewed a storm of shoulder gravel behind and pressed her shoe against the foot throttle with nothing less than manslaughter in her heart. Reno's buildings, just ahead, were outlined against an atmosphere that seemed to flow like liquid glass. The smell of the earth was tinder-dry. Inside the town limits, she drove more sedately across the Truckee, stopped in front of a house pleasantly surrounded by locusts, and left the car.

Even on this hot day she went up the walk with a stride that had in it the faintest touch of a swagger, with a quick rhythm that synchronized and turned utterly graceful the supple members of her body. She was a slender girl, somewhat above the average height, and her shoulders, small and straight, were presented squarely at the world in a manner that flaunted serene confidence like a banner. Four years of fighting her way up through the Hollywood extra ranks had given her that; but the unquenchable vitality so apparent in every motion was her birthright.

Hannah opened the door—Hannah being a dark, plain woman with a slightly resigned expression—and Lily let out a long sigh as she passed into the shaded coolness of the living-room. She removed her hat impatiently and threw it on a divan; and her heavy brown hair, thus released, fell turbulently down across a white forehead.

"Hannah, I'm wrecked. Fill the tub."

"Yes, ma'am. There's three telegrams."

"Is Kit Christopher here?"

"No, ma'am. Mr. Timmy Akin called about an extra guest. May I know how many there will be for dinner?"

"Oh, eight or ten. It doesn't matter. You can handle them. And mix me a glass of iced lemonade, Hannah. A tall one."

Hannah contrived to put sorrowing patience into her "Yes, ma'am," and went from the room in soft-shod silence. Hannah's manner, Lily knew, was purely fictitious; for Hannah could rise to any crisis. At the living-room table, Lily Tennant looked down on the three telegram envelopes lying there and wondered if she had ever sufficiently thanked Jay Stuart. For when the days of cooking her own breakfast over a gas flame had come to an end—only two weeks ago she had walked from Superb's office with the contract that meant stardom in her pocket—it was Jay Stuart who had brought Hannah to her with the briefest explanation: "This is your personal maid and your cook—the only one in California you want." Jay Stuart knew so much about the good things in life.

STANDING there, Lily delayed opening the telegrams, her expression faintly darkened by thought. Then she ripped open one of the envelopes and pulled out the message. It was from Jay Stuart, who had so swiftly assumed a major share of her attention these recent days:

"Play your game with the studio as you think best. Never let them take you too much for granted. But don't overplay your independence right now. Wait till you've made your first picture. You have been gone a week and I hear Superb's getting restless about it. It isn't good politics to gum up their schedule. Better come back. Anyhow, I miss you. Hollywood is pretty empty for this old trouper while you are away. Remember I said you were going a long way in pictures and that I wanted to travel as far down that road with you as you will let me. JAY."

It was a perfect projection of his personality — discerning, very smooth, gently insistent. She laid the message back on the table and pursed her expressive lips; she let her glance touch the platinum bracelet on her right wrist. Hannah spoke from the hall:

"Your tub's ready, Miss Lily. Was there any particular dessert you wanted served tonight?"

"Anything cold," said Lily, and went instantly to the tub. Relief sailed through her when she stepped into the water and she felt regret again for having lost her temper on the road. Sam Wein, her foxy old press agent, would have disapproved, and when she thought of Sam's fat and homely face beaming through the smoke of an ever-present cigar she wished he were in Reno to give her the counsel she so desperately needed. Four years of bitterest struggle lay behind. She had what she wanted, a contract that meant stardom. She wasn't afraid of failure—never of that. But stardom meant the end of all her security and it meant the beginning of something she saw vaguely, and dreaded it as she saw it. It was why she had fled Hollywood. Here in comparative quiet she had hoped to think it out.

THE phone rang. Hannah's soft tread shuffled down the hall and Hannah's voice, without any expression, said: "She's busy, Mr. Akin. . . . Wait a moment." Outside the bathroom door Hannah said: "It's Mr. Timmy Akin wanting to know if he may bring another guest."

"Of course. That makes nine, doesn't it?"

"Ten," said Hannah sadly and went away.

Out of the tub, Lily Tennant studied herself candidly in the panel mirror. It had been a mistake to suppose that one could think any more clearly in Reno than in Hollywood. Something happened when you stepped up from the ranks and became an individual personality. People surrounded you. Camp followers and self-seekers and strange new friends. There wasn't any privacy any more.

Kit Christopher's amused tones came through the door. "I'm home, darling. . . . People who sing in bathrooms always come to bad ends."

"Have I been singing?"

"Perhaps it was a soliloquy."

"I seem to discover that I've already come to a bad end, Kit."

"Well, sin is such a comfort when you get to know it."

Lily slid into mules and a wrap, poked the edges of her thick brown hair carelessly back from her forehead. Coming out of the bathroom, she found Kit Christopher limp on the divan, blowing smoke circles at the ceiling. Lily settled in a chair and sipped at her waiting lemonade.

"Been slumming?"

"Reviving old memories. Bob Nesbitt and I were divorced here three years ago. Bob came up just before the final decree. We had a wonderful week—and we parted better friends than ever. I wasn't his property any more and he treated me as though I were a desirable woman again. Love's got some funny angles, honey."

She was, Lily thought, representative of all that Hollywood stood for—an urbane, truly sophisticated woman with a gleam of humor in her eyes that covered a very quick mind. In a way she was hard as nails, unsentimental and unafraid of anything. What affection she possessed was saved for her few friends. Tall and quite slender, and not more than thirty, she did better than any other character actress in Hollywood the civilized, ultra-modern drawing-room type. All her keen, faintly dusky features were quizzically alert; and two pearl drops, displayed on ears from which her black hair was pulled partially back, lent the last immaculate touch. She was a smiling worldling, seeming to possess an ironic wisdom too definite ever to be disturbed.

"What've you been brooding about, honey?"

Lily rose and went to the table, handing Kit the telegram from Jay Stuart. As an afterthought she took up the others. One was from Sam Wein:

"If this absence is an act give me my cue. If you are mad about something why don't you let old Sam know? Superb's making funny noises. Am I asking? SAM."

The other, from Rex Gilman, Superb executive, was more brief and pointed:

"Little girls can't afford temperament. We have a picture to shoot. Take tonight's plane. REX."

She passed these to Kit and went back to her chair. But she didn't sit down. She stood in front of Kit.

"I'm not putting on an act, Kit. I'm not going temperamental."

"Of course not," said Kit Christopher. "You got stage fright and ran away."

"More than that, Kit."

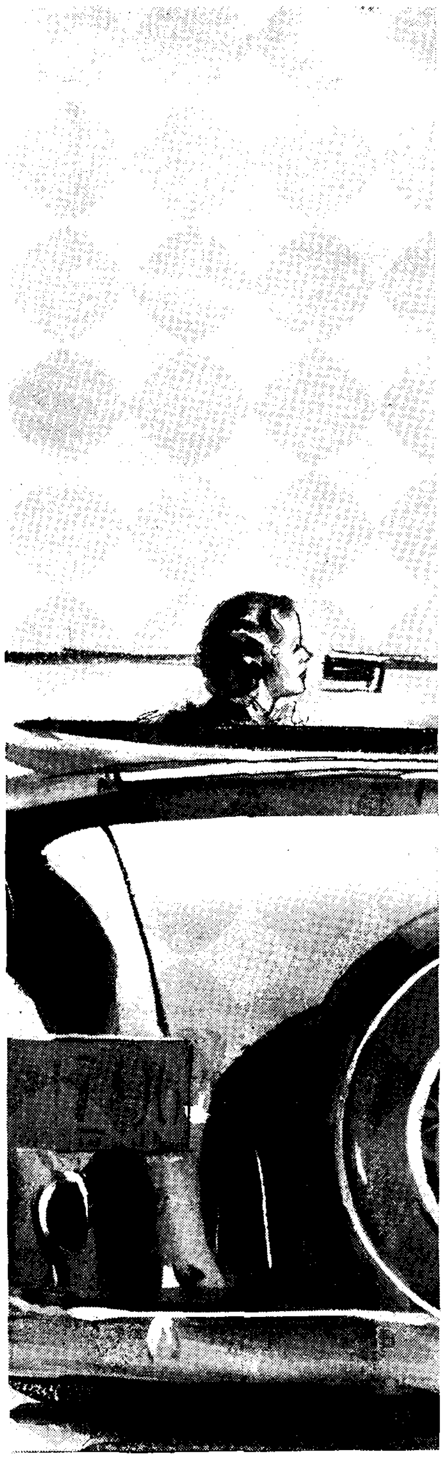
Kit Christopher's expression reminded Lily then of Jay Stuart. It held the same bland, material wisdom.

"I knew something was bothering you," said Kit. "But, of course, I wasn't asking."

"Look, Kit. As long as I was an extra girl, nobody paid much attention to me. I was just Lily Tennant. I could do what I pleased and act as I pleased, without being watched or criticized. I was a normal person. I'm not now."

"Didn't you see that coming?" queried Kit gently.

Lily's answer was slow. "No—I guess not. I was so busy fighting for a place



The soft, spurious urbanity at once reached its mark; she found herself being put in place in the sun that I never gave it a thought. Well, overnight I've become Lily Tennant, a possible star. I have lost all my privacy. If I go on I'll never get that back."

"No—you never will."

Lily, impelled by an energy that seldom let her remain inactive, moved around the room. "That isn't frightening me so much. It's another thing. Let's not fool ourselves, Kit. I'm saying goodby to something else—whether I want to or not. Decency, Kit."

KIT CHRISTOPHER'S lips made an enigmatic curve. Lily went hurriedly on:

"There's a lot of fine things and fine people in Hollywood. But there's a lot of rottenness too. And when any girl becomes a star it is the rottenness the world thinks of. Hollywood has been kind to me. But Hollywood can be very cruel. People there will put the worst implication on every word I say, every step I take. I'm just common property for everybody to share. All the same old dirty stories, the same sly winks, the same raised eyebrows—that's what's ahead, Kit."

Kit Christopher looked across at Lily Tennant's platinum bracelet. "By any chance are you thinking of that?"

Lily lowered her eyes. "I took it from Jay because he was very kind to me, because he seemed to get so much pleasure from giving it."

"Also," said Kit Christopher, with a faint dry drawl, "because it was flattering, because when Jay Stuart passes out a platinum bracelet to a girl it means she is on the way up."

"Yes," agreed Lily, quite candid. "But I didn't see the other side of it until a day ago."

"What other side?"

"As far as Hollywood is concerned I became Jay's woman when I put this bracelet on."

Kit Christopher bent to crush her cigarette in a tray. She didn't look directly at Lily. "It's a game with Jay. He's been in pictures since the ark—once he was a star in his own right. He's seen them all come and go. What means more to him now than anything in the world is his reputation for picking the girls who will be tomorrow's box-office hits. When he gave you the bracelet he was laying his bet on you."

"Yes?" said Lily, openly skeptical.

Kit's smile was ironic. "I'm not defending the animal, darling. He'll take whatever he can get from you. He'll be insistent about that, for he is a lady's man. If you see it his way, that's luck. He hasn't any scruples there at all. But if you stick by your guns he'll admire you all the more and still plug for you."

"Until a new girl comes along."

"Certainly," said Kit equably and, with a half-amused glance at Lily, rose and turned to her bedroom.

There were seven people enjoying cocktails in the living-room when Lily turned to the kitchen to see how the dinner looked: Judge Sillavan and his wife, two young unmarried couples of the town, and Kit Christopher, whose smile lay unchangeable and enigmatic on her lips. When Lily returned, the party was made, for Timmy Akin had arrived with his guest. Seeing that guest, Lily suddenly put down her cocktail glass, a deeper color tinting her cheeks. She straightened, though she did not realize it, and her chin lifted; she went quietly over.

TIMMY, whose chief effort was always to please people, grinned happily. "You wanted to know an authentic cattleman, Lily. So here's one. May I present Tom Sebastian of the Barrier Ranch? This is Lily Tennant, Tom."

For one small moment neither moved. Looking up to him, Lily saw his features tighten and she instantly guessed he was wondering how best to handle the awkward situation—this man who had held her up with his cattle on the Reno-Carson road. Beside Timmy, who was small and neutral-colored, he was strikingly solid, arrestingly alive. Actually he was tall, taller than she had first noticed. He was dressed in a fine-materialed gray suit and there was a looseness about the coat to accommodate that restless motion of those big shoulders she had noticed before. Against the whiteness of his shirt his skin was quite dark; and she felt again the watchful steadiness of his glance. Timmy stirred, not understanding the stretch of this silence. The rest of the people in the room had ceased speaking.

"It was a pleasant thought, Timmy," said Lily, matching Sebastian's own even calm. She extended her hand to the man. "And it was nice of you to come."

As he bowed she caught a quick and vanishing streak of humor in his gray eyes. He said, taking her hand: "That reassures me, temporarily."

He had finesse, Lily decided, and turned to introduce him to the rest of the party. But Kit Christopher smiled frankly on the man and said, "Timmy introduced me to Mr. Sebastian the other day." And it was immediately obvious that the Reno people knew him well. Judge Sillavan spoke with a heartiness she could not miss: "That's good-looking beef you drove in today, Tom."

"It ought to be," Sebastian observed. "I'm paying for the privilege of raising it—according to the market."

"Why don't you get out of the business, then?" suggested Kit.

"Cattlemen don't change—they just die."

Lily moved to the table where the glasses were and paused, watching this Tom Sebastian as talk went idly on. He stood with a balanced straightness, as though ready to whirl, and behind his calm she detected once more that recklessness of spirit which colored his ironic words. He was talking to Sillavan but his glance went over to Kit Christopher and remained there a moment; and then it turned and touched Lily with the same careful attention. He was, she guessed, analyzing what he saw. She picked up a cocktail glass and crossed to him, handing it over. The judge retreated. For a moment Lily had Sebastian to herself.

He said: "If the situation is embarrassing to you I'll be glad to duck out."

Lily matched his cool, blunt manner: "I am not embarrassed."

"Cattle," he said, "sweat off flesh rapidly in hot weather. That's why I seemed so anxious to get them across the road. I'm sorry about it."

"Why apologize for an honest impulse? You were irritated. So was I. Let's not lie about it now."

HE DRANK his cocktail and his eyes showed a quickening interest as they studied her. It was, she thought, the dangerous gray color that made the impact of his glance so much like a jolt of electricity. "Just water under the bridge?"

"That's it."

His grin was a quick break of light across watchful reserve. "Good enough."

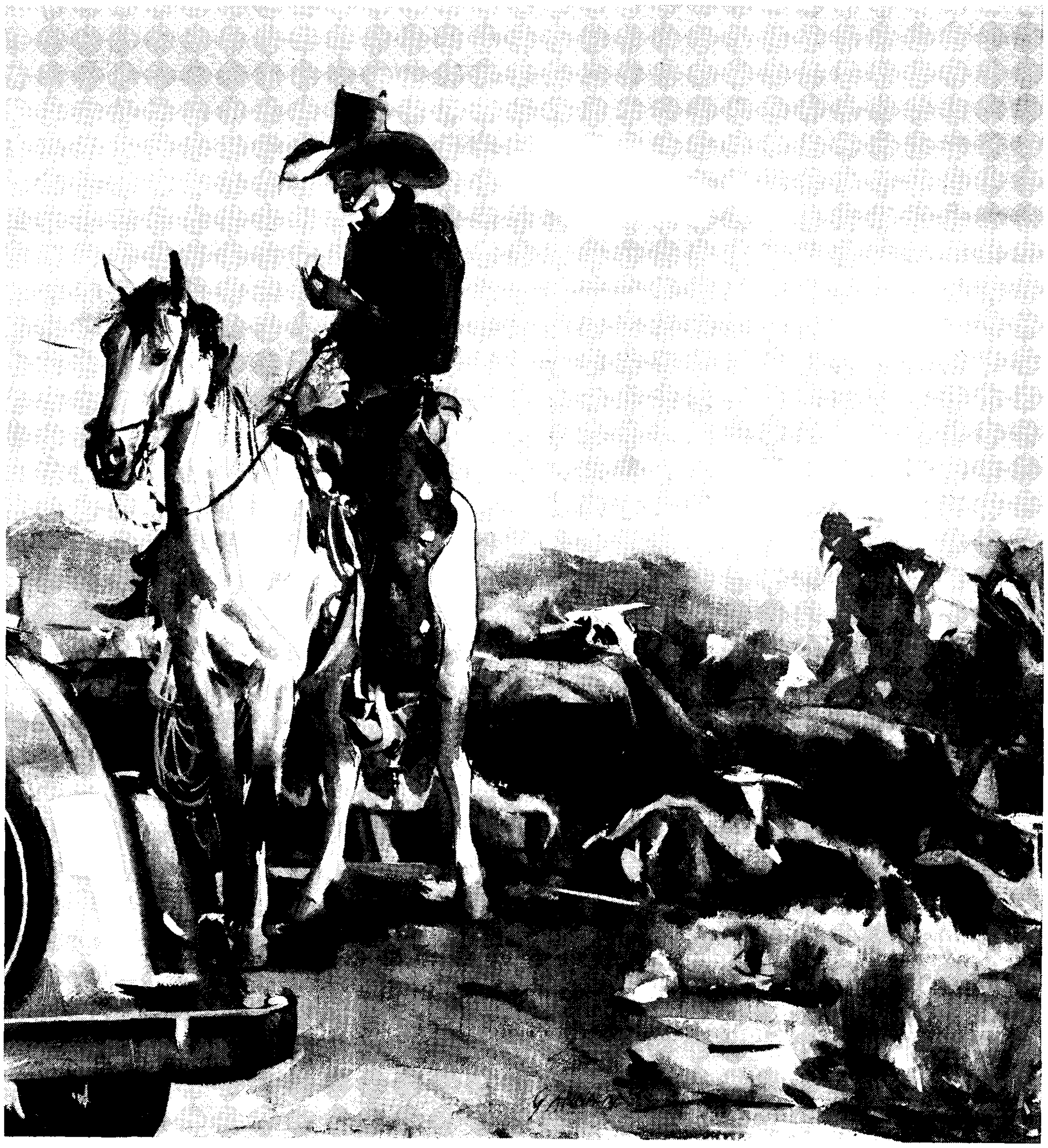
Hannah announced dinner and the party trailed into the dining-room. Lily, standing at the head of the table, indicated the seats. Sebastian adjusted her chair and took his own at her right. At the other end of the table Kit Christopher lifted her wine glass: "To all good sinners."

It was a pleasant beginning and Hannah had done well with the meal. The talk, touched off by the cocktail, held a light and urbane gayety, and Lily, isolated a moment by her own thoughts, wondered at the strange contrasts of this Nevada land. In the afternoon Sebastian had been a figure from the old West, herding his cattle through the incredible heat; and here he was, a civilized being, perfectly at ease in sophisticated surroundings. She turned to him:

"Why is it called Barrier Ranch?"

"That dates back," said Sebastian agreeably. "In my father's day, 1871,

(Continued on page 30)



Blaze of Glory

The story of a baseball star who pitched against himself. A big-league drama with an ending far more stirring than the bleachers realized

By Talbert Josselyn

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

NINETEEN straight wins—that was Lefty Grant's pitching record. And it had stood through twenty years of major-league baseball.

He had made it in his third season with the majors, when he was Young Lefty, even as he was Old Lefty now. Not a big man as pitchers go, he had depended upon control and his head; when necessary he had blazed a fast ball that looked like buckshot, had put over a curve that broke like forked lightning; and when the crisis of the game was on he had fought, and kept on fighting, never for one moment admitting the possibility of defeat. And he hadn't been defeated . . . not through nineteen games. In that summer he made his record.

In the twenty years that followed, it had never been equaled. Not once had the tide of other pitchers' efforts carried them to the high-water mark set by Lefty Grant.

The years sped. Young Lefty, for season after season the ace pitcher of his club, became Old Lefty. The day arrived when time called for its debt and took away much of speed and curve, but couldn't take away the lore of the years nor the fighting heart, and Old Lefty stayed on as relief pitcher, as the one who took up the burden when a pitching team-mate faltered.

And through all these years his record for straight wins stayed on with him. When the present season closed, his career as a pitcher would, he knew, close with it. And deep down within him was a secret, glowing satisfaction: his record would still be there when he went out.

And then, on a mid-July day, a pitcher started winning. Jud Harkness, of all pitchers. Harkness, on the same team with Lefty Grant.

Big, young Jud Harkness had come up to the team two years before from somewhere out Kansas way, being sent by a scout who seemed to think that if a man was big enough and strong enough he'd make a pitcher. Well, Harkness filled those qualifications, standing six feet three and weighing well over two hundred pounds, and he was just twenty years old. He was as "country" as they come, had a plain face with slate-gray eyes and flat cheek bones and a thin, wide mouth, and he had speed in his right arm.

They tried him out at training camp—the club was in process of rebuilding—and they learned this much: he could drive a ball right through a door, when he could hit the door. They worked and worked on his control, for speed such as his didn't grow on every bush, and he was still with the club when it came north to start the season. He sat the bench through April and part of May, and then one day they sent him in.

He struck out the first five batters that faced him. He went into the eighth inning with a six-run lead—and blew that lead. The tying and winning enemy runs were on the bases. Old Lefty Grant was sent in, and he stopped them cold. Big Rookie Harkness got credit for a win.

He got credit for another win the next week in the same way. Two weeks later he blew his game before he even got started. He blew another one . . . was farmed out and came back to the club in August. He now had what he didn't have before: a fair amount of control. They turned him over to Lefty to work on him.

Lefty tried to give him a curve ball and a change of pace, and big young Jud Harkness, his plain face set in sweating determination, worked and worked, and finally:

"Ah, nuts," cried Old Lefty, "what's the use? Why don't you go to driving a truck?"

Young Jud wiped a grimy sleeve across his forehead and answered simply, "There ain't as much money in driving a truck."

OLD LEFTY almost swallowed his tobacco as he stood staring at him. "So that's it, huh? All you're thinking about is the money you're going to get!"

Young Jud's eyes held puzzlement. "Why, sure." And then he added: "Of course, I like the game. . . ."

Old Lefty snorted. "Like the game! Listen, kid, if you're ever going to get anywhere in baseball you've got to do more than just like the game. You've got to love it—you've got to live it every moment of your life."

Big young Jud nodded. "I know you're right, Lefty, and I'm trying to. But, you see," and lines came on his forehead, "I got other things to think about." As though he hadn't mentioned it before, he said, "I need money."

"Yeah," said Lefty, "and outside of Rockefeller, who don't?"

"Sure, I know," agreed Jud. "But at the same time—"

Lefty threw up his hands with a gesture of finality.

"I'm through! Somebody else can take care of this cluck!"

Others did, after a fashion, and he managed to stay with the club until the end of the season. He reported at the next spring training camp, and he had a curve and a change of pace; he must have done a prodigious amount of work during the winter. The manager looked him over and grinned joyfully, but when the season began the opposing clubs

Old Lefty snorted. "Listen, kid, if you're going anywhere in baseball you've got to do more than just like the game" found that he had a terrible time holding runners on the bags, and that it was equally hard for him to field bunts. The days he pitched, the relief pitchers of his team were busy . . . and in June he was farmed out again.

He was back with the team in September, and won five out of six games before the season closed.

"I think I got it now," he said to Old Lefty.

"Yeah?" said Lefty, and doubt was all over his face.

"Yes. What I'd like to ask you now, seeing you're the oldest timer on the team, is about next year. In my next contract, do you think there's any way of my getting more pay?"

Lefty studied him. "Think they're going to give you a new contract?"

Jud Harkness whitened under his tan. "Gee . . . why . . . I was counting on it. It'd be something pretty awful if they didn't. You see, from the letters I get from back home, times have been mighty tough, what between crops and—well, one or two personal things. I was counting on—"

"I ain't heard of times being one hundred per cent good anywhere," said Old Lefty. "But since you've asked me, sure you can get more pay next season. Tell 'em you want a bonus."

"A bonus? Why, I hadn't thought of that."

"Sure," continued Lefty. "Tell 'em you want a bonus for every game you win—after you've won twelve." And, "There," thought Lefty to himself, his eyes never leaving the other, "that'll fix him. He won't come around asking me questions again."

Young Jud's face broke into one of its rare smiles.

"Thanks a million! That's just what I'll do. I'll tell 'em I want a bonus for every game I win after I've won twelve!"

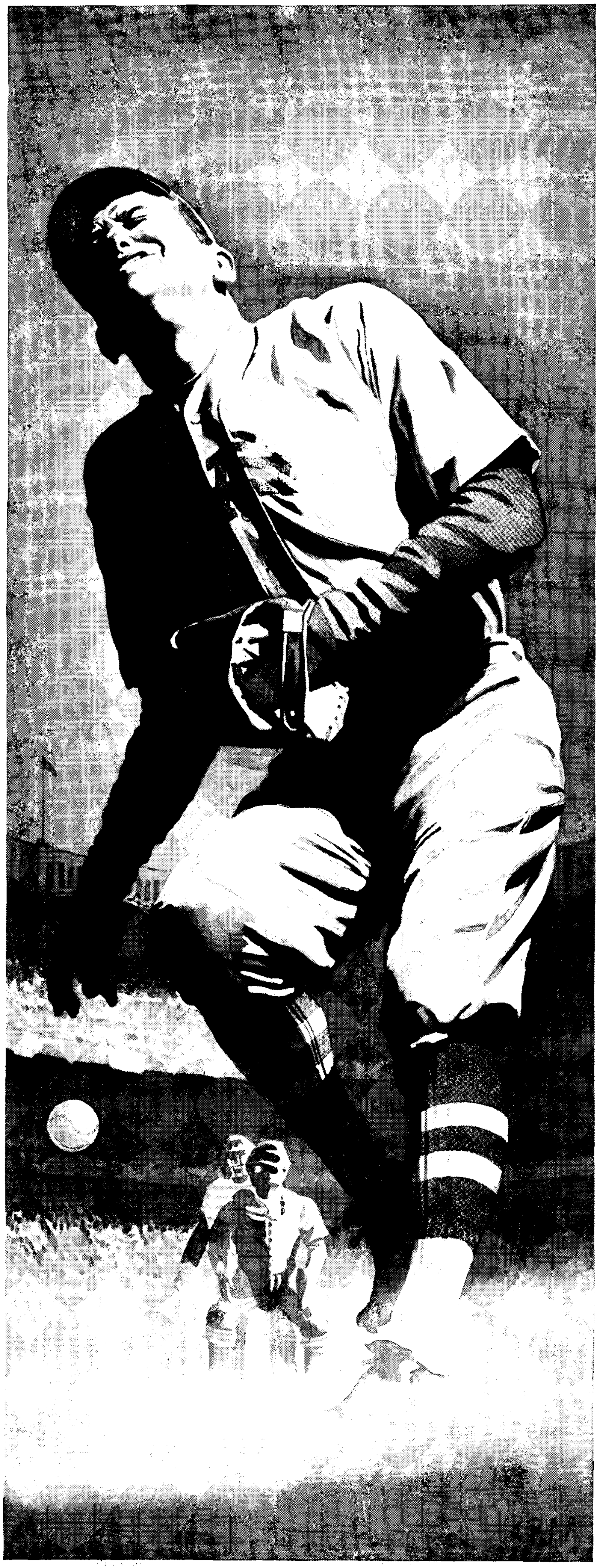
BY MID-JULY of that next season, pitcher Jud Harkness had won three games . . . and lost seven.

No one had tried harder than he, and perhaps that was it. He had tried so hard that he tightened up, and the team —a young team in the process of welding itself together—realized this and played taut, jumpy ball behind him. Several times the manager was on the verge of releasing him, but each time stayed his hand, for there was always the chance that Harkness might start winning. Four of the games that he had lost had been by a lone run. With a little more luck, a little more coördination behind him, he might be on his way any day now.

Then, on a mid-July day, Jud Harkness won a game. That was nothing to get excited about, but four days later he won another; and four days after that, another.

He won the first by driving in three runs in the ninth inning, the second by holding his opponents to two hits. In the third game his team for the first time swung into action behind him as a team, sure of itself, sparkling in defense and attack. The players were grinning as they came off the field, were calling to one another, were clapping Jud Harkness on the back. From then on, in every game that he pitched the team played inspired ball, as though it couldn't lose with him in there. And they didn't lose. He won his fifth, his seventh, his ninth consecutive games.

JUD HARKNESS had trouble with his thirteenth win of the season. It was the tenth game of his unbroken string, but it was also the game that was to put him in the bonus money. He came off the field with his face drawn; but when he caught sight of the manager, one could see him brightening, pulling himself together.



He whirled to make the throw and fell forward as though struck by lightning

JUD HARKNESS put over his eleventh straight win, his twelfth and his thirteenth.

Now he was in the sports headlines. Pictures were taken of him; he was written up from all angles, and one writer did a story of him in connection with a team-mate of his—Old Lefty Grant, whose record for nineteen consecutive wins had stood for twenty years; Old Lefty, still in baseball as a relief pitcher, sitting in the dugout watching this big young team-mate of his sweeping the opposition aside game after game, and game after game moving up toward Lefty's record. "Here," wrote the writer, "are all the elements of drama."

"In the money at last!" he said. "That's the first five-hundred-dollar bonus win. When do I get it?"

Old Lefty Grant, leaving the dugout, stopped and spat. So that was it; the kid had asked for a bonus, and gotten it. And that probably was all he had gotten. Knowing the shrewdness of the club owners, Lefty was willing to bet that the regular Harkness pay had been mighty small. Harkness had been willing to gamble on winning many games, and only now was beginning to cash in. "Well, he asked for trouble," said Old Lefty.

In the next eight days Jud Harkness pitched three games. The season was racing toward its close, and the team, rolling at last, had come from fifth to fourth place; was now moving toward third. Jud won his fourteenth, his fifteenth; took the mound in the last game the team would play on home grounds, and until the ninth inning he allowed but four hits. Then his control began to go.

The manager looked along the bench in the dugout to where Old Lefty, eyes glued on the field, sat mechanically chewing.

"Lefty!" said the manager.

Lefty gave a start and fixed his eyes on the manager.

The manager nodded. "We need this one for third place. Better warm up."

LEFTY'S eyes continued on the manager—and the manager's eyes continued on him. Each knew what the other was thinking.

Then Lefty was pulling on his worn old glove, was out of the dugout, was warming up.

The fans craned necks. Old Lefty was going in! Was going in to save the game and record of the pitcher who was trying to take Old Lefty's record away. The voices grew and grew—the drama that the sports writer had indicated had arrived.

And then, Old Lefty was walking onto the diamond and Jud Harkness was coming out. They approached each other. Jud handed the ball to Lefty. Lefty took it. Each continued on.

Old Lefty stepped into the box, kicked the dirt around in it, as was his custom, until his footing was right. He took his preliminary pitches and looked about the diamond: runners on first and second, and one out. He pitched.

He got the first batter out. Pitched to the next. There was the sharp crack of wood against horsehide . . . and the ball was winging past the second baseman's head. A groan swept the stands and grew as the ball eluded the frantically racing centerfielder. One runner was home and the score was tied. The other runner rounded third and beat the throw home.

The groans were now mingled with cries of anger, shouts, each person in

(Continued on page 46)

Help Yourself

By Maxine Davis

It's true some food prices have gone sky-rocketing. But stop staring hungrily at the sky and have a look around below. You'll find plenty of good things to shift your worries from budget to waistline. This way to spot them

DRAWINGS BY HARRY HAENIGSEN

WE'RE all looking for ways to make ends meet. The cost of living has gone up, and in such weird ways—pork chops putting on terrapin price tags and onions acting like artichokes! We don't need experts to give us the figures. But we'd like to have them tell us how to feed the family as well as we ever did—on the same amount of money.

Well, there are such experts, ready to give us practical advice. They can't fatten our flabby pocketbooks, to be sure, but they can prescribe cod-liver oil and setting-up exercises to make them more effective.

The first specialist we hear of is Frances Foley Gannon, who, as deputy commissioner of markets, is New York City's housewife-in-chief. An efficient, streamlined, knee-actioned version of the Old Woman in a Shoe, she knows precisely what to do to keep her family of one-tenth of the nation's population stuffed with all the vitamins from A to G, in spite of frost or drought or AAA. . . .

Mrs. Gannon operates a plan she worked out, serviceable as a washing machine, as a few long tons of grateful letters from all sorts of housewives, not only in Manhattan but in Nome, Alaska, and England, testify. It's simple and practical, and involves so little expense that any community could copy it easily.

Now Mrs. Gannon is no economist. Not even a home economist. She's vague about business cycles, weighted statistics and such technicalities. But, an average housewife these twenty-five years, planning, cooking for her own five children, finding a new recipe more seductive than a new hat and the daily marketing recurrent adventure and romance, she does know exactly how to make a dollar double in brass.

At three o'clock every morning Mrs. Gannon's scouts go down to the wholesale markets, check supply, demand, condition and quality of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish and dairy products. Then at 8:25 of every week-day, Mrs. Gannon sits down before the microphone and addresses a hundred thousand or so women waiting, pencils poised, beside their radios.

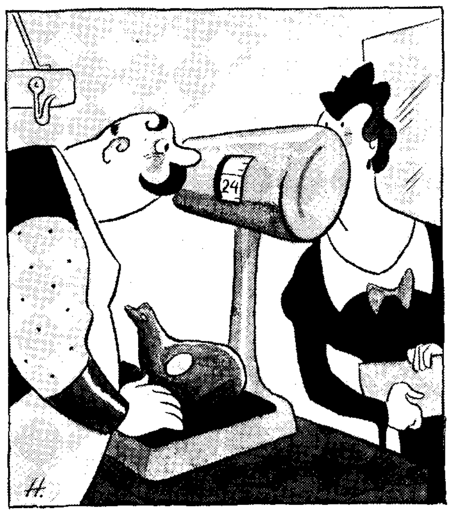
"Good morning, housewives," she greets them. "Spinach is one of your best buys this morning. The bottom's fallen out of the price. Simply too much spinach on the market today. When you buy it, choose well-developed, stocky plants of a good green color. Temporary oversupply of cabbage. Don't cook it over eight minutes. If you stew it the way Mother used to, for two or three hours, it wastes gas, tastes terrible and smells worse. Broccoli is out of sight, but you can get kohlrabi for almost nothing. Bananas are away down. Remember, the yellow banana is only partially ripe. It's a starchy vegetable and should be cooked. The ripe banana's brown-flecked, is a sweet fruit, to be eaten raw. Carp is low. Perch reasonably priced. Whitefish still in the high-priced zone. Try dabs."

See what she does? Tells what's cheap. She doesn't give retail prices because these vary according to size, quality and neighborhood. But housewives know right away what to order. She gives them succinct hints on the way to get good quality; that's always a saving. She analyzes the nutritive values of cheap foods. Maybe her listeners would never have thought of using bananas that evening for starch instead of potatoes. She makes suggestions about cooking, and informs them of cheap substitutes of which they might never have heard.

Romance with Your Dinner

Because just food reports are likely to get tiresome, she spices them now and then with romance. For instance, when she's discussing lemons she's likely to add, "Though the Pilgrim Fathers never heard of Vitamin C, they were smart enough to take lemons on the Mayflower as a guard against scurvy. The lemon is, botanically, a berry. Furthermore, the lemon tree is indefatigable, bearing buds, blossoms and fruit all at once, the year around. One energetic tree may produce 3,000 lemons in one year."

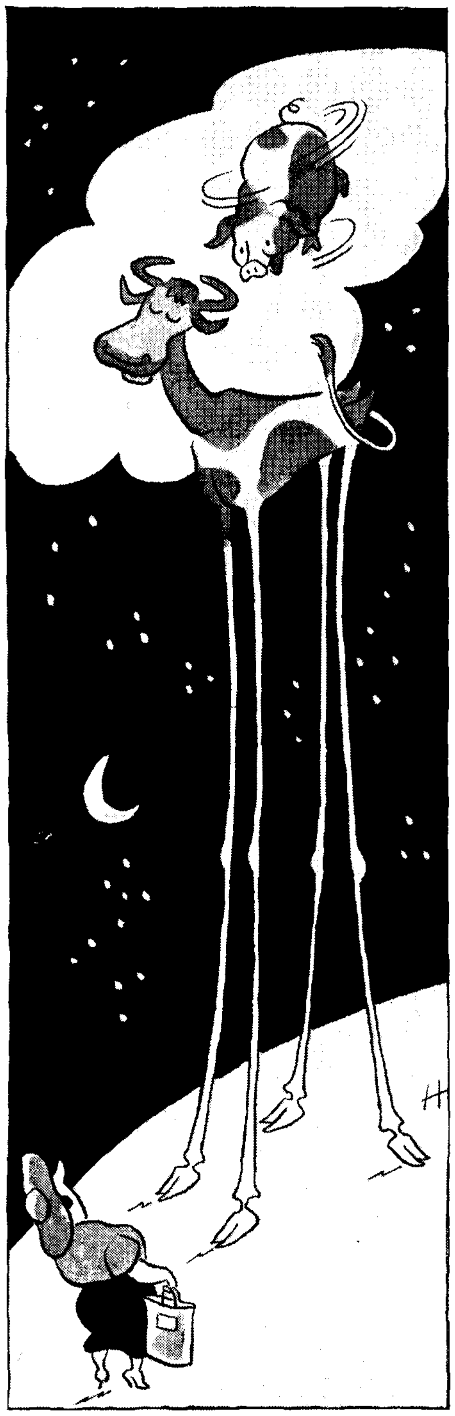
Mrs. Gannon does not give recipes, but she has them handy. When, for example, potatoes are cheap, she reminds her listeners that they can get her "134 Ways to Cook Potatoes" by sending a three-cent stamp. She has a series of such collections on tap.



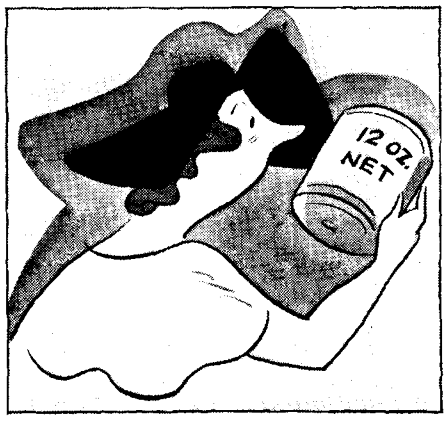
Keep your eye on the business of weighing out your food—it pays

We don't need a blueprint to see how this helps the housewife. But she isn't the only one to benefit. It's a blessing to producers and distributors because it helps them to sell perishable foodstuffs.

Now most cities have some sort of department of markets, and give some information to the press. They could easily develop a service like this, varied to suit their own needs. Local radio stations will undoubtedly be glad to donate the time. It isn't much. Mrs. Gannon packs everything she has to say into three minutes and twenty seconds. A number of states and cities have already applied to her for help in starting a similar division. . . . She's only too glad to coöperate.



Meat prices may have gone up in the air, but you don't have to



Divide price by ounces to get the cost—and then buy the large can

But, you're thinking, last April prices were 38% above those of April, 1933, and 17% beyond those of that same month a year before. Every time the papers report another increase, we hear and read that we're about to starve to death. What with dust storms and erosion, with drought and the sinister machinations of the AAA, pretty soon we won't have enough to eat at *any* price.

Calm those fears. Listen to Dr. Edwin C. Nourse, agricultural economist of the Brookings Institution at Washington, and one of the country's leading experts.

"There is no scarcity of essential foodstuffs in this country," he reassures us. "And human nature hasn't changed. If the farmer got more money for his pears and potatoes last year, he'll grow more this year. So prices will flatten.

"Meat prices are high," Dr. Nourse concedes. "Because of the unfortunate combination of the drought and AAA curtailment, they're up 56%. With the exception of lamb, they're likely to stay up from three to five years."

That needn't worry us, Dr. Nourse says. Dairy products are both good and plentiful.

Plenty at Low Cost

Vegetables were high last winter only because of the frost and the torrid spell. Processed fruits and vegetables provide a positively dazzling change from the pork and potato diet that bored our grandfathers almost to nausea in the winter time. Fruits and vegetables grown under glass near most cities nowadays compete with the increasing winter garden areas in the South and West.

Soothed and cheered by this information, let's go over and see what Dr. Louise Stanley suggests. Dr. Stanley is chief of the U. S. Bureau of Home Economics, and what she doesn't know about food isn't important.

Her first remark is heartening. "The most expensive meal is rarely, if ever, the best from the standpoint of health," she announces.

"Now then. If you want to feed your family properly and economically, remember that the foods you use are drawn from five groups: milk; meats, fish, eggs and cheese; bread and cereals; fats and sugar; fruits and vegetables. Choose the lowest-cost items from each group and give the family some of each every day."

Maybe you think you can't economize on milk? Well, that's easy. Find out what your dairy means by Grade A and Grade B. The chances are that one is as rich as the other. The only difference is in the sanitary regulations. If so, just boil grade B. This will kill all the bacteria without destroying any of the food value except for Vitamin C, and there isn't enough of that in milk to count anyhow. For cooking, you'll do just as well with evaporated or dried milk. And you can also use dried skim

KEEP OFF
DROUGHT
EROSION
DUST STORM
PLOW UNDER
FLOOD
Haenigsen

There's no reason to worry—you'll get along nicely with a planned menu

(Continued on page 53)

Fine Italian Hand

By John Stuart

Frank Capra recently won a gold statuette—the highest award a Hollywood director can receive. He had yearned for it for years and everyone in Hollywood agrees that he certainly earned it. Here's the reason for the award

"ALL ranks will hereafter refrain from alluding to our noble allies as, respectively, 'Limeys', 'Frogs' and 'Wops.' "

It was whispered in France during the last months of the war that an aide on the staff of General Pershing—an aide without a sense of humor—drew the above into terms of a general order and submitted it for the general's signature. The general, among other things, has an excellent sense of humor. So, for the most part, did our noble allies. The order never saw the light of day.

Many people in Hollywood will tell you that the three top directors are Italian: Borzage, La Cava and Capra. But when anyone in Hollywood says, "The Little Wop," anyone in Hollywood who hears it knows that that means Frank Capra. And nobody's offended, even the Italians. Certainly Capra isn't. He'd probably be very uncomfortable if anyone tried to link him up with the kind of imperial, orotund Latinity in which Mussolini and his more fiery followers specialize. For he was, and still largely is, just that—a little wop.

Some twenty years ago he got his first job in moving pictures. He was water boy, or something equally important on the old Christie lot. He had a bad pain in his stomach. He went to a doctor. The doctor said it was an acute appendix and it had to come out. The operation, he said, would cost twenty dollars. Frank had just two dollars in the world and there was not then twenty dollars amidst the whole numerous Capra family. His mother, practical Sicilian peasant, kept cold packs on him day and night. The inflammation subsided. Frank went back to work selling papers until he could get another job in moving pictures and the appendix didn't come out until last winter.

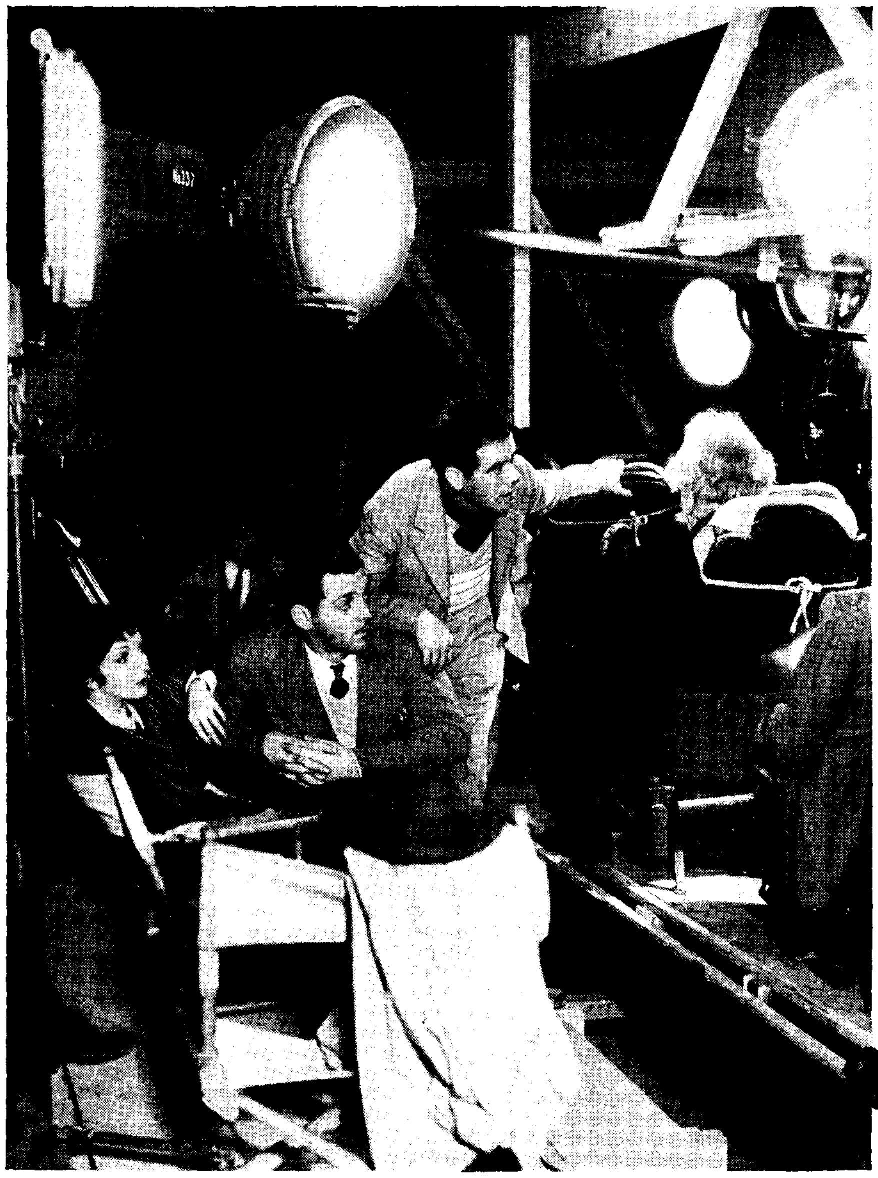
That same mother, whom Frank still adores, fluttered about in her simple, old-fashioned-Italian-lady best clothes, mistrusted hospitals and protested in her still broken English that she should be left to deal with the situation again. Instead, the biggest array of diagnosticians, consultants, surgeons and assistants that the fertile brain of a Hollywood studio head could think of gathered round a meager hundred and forty odd pounds of olive-skinned muscle and bone and snipped the offending vermiform.

Harry Cohn and Sam Briskin, heads of the Columbia studio in Hollywood, drove the staff half frantic with their telephone calls at five-minute intervals to know "How's he doin'?" Jack Cohn spent many times twenty dollars each day in long-distance calls from the Columbia offices in New York. Much of this arose out of affection for Frank. But a great deal, too, arose out of the fact that while his appendix was getting impossible Frank Capra was becoming one of the most valuable single individuals in this community of super-valuable individuals.

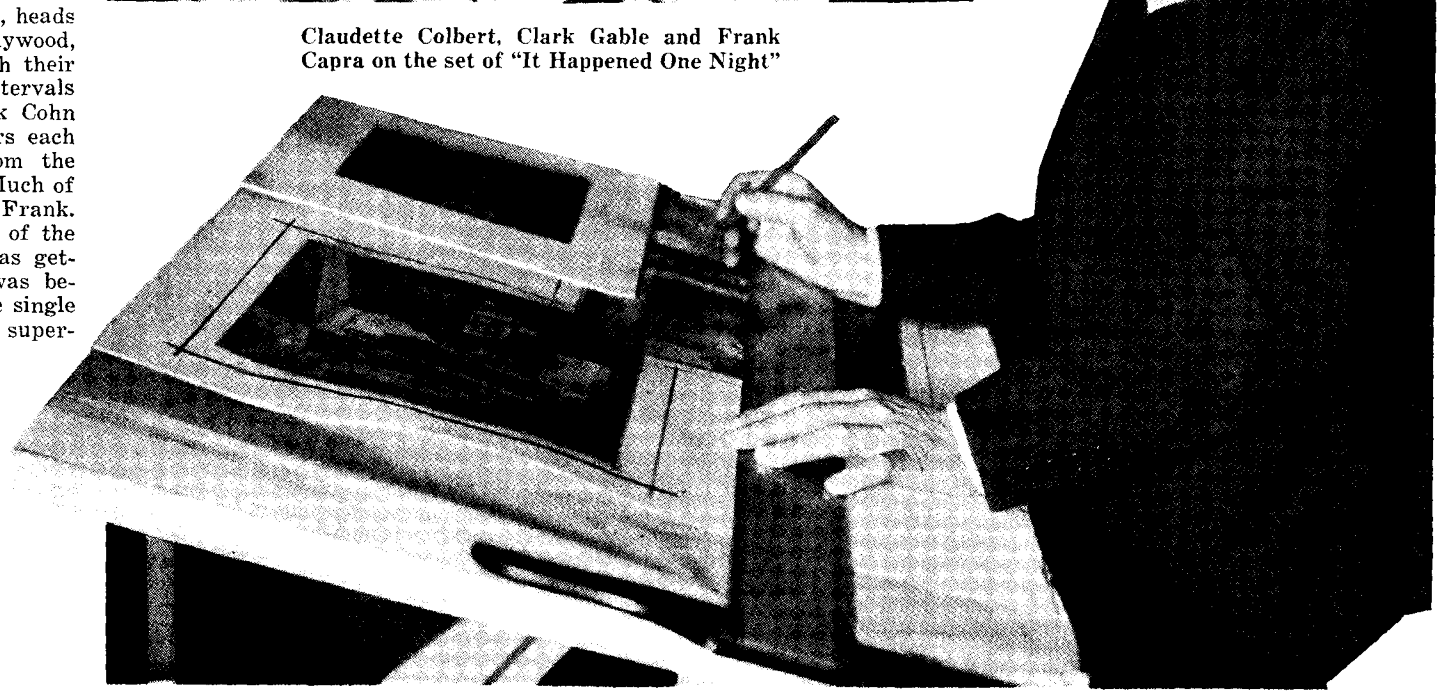
His is not the value the press departments put out stories about. Glamour doesn't make Frank; Frank makes glamour; and the shrewd business heads of rival studios play close-to-the-bosom poker to get him, without revealing their offers unless they have to. For he not only makes glamour; he makes pictures that make money. Not only is he rated in the councils of the moguls as worth at least a half million dollars a year to any studio that gets him—and don't let the press departments tell you *any* star makes that—but this spring he was officially marked as the ace of all directors when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded him, for It Happened One Night, the gold statuette for the biggest directorial achievement of the past year.

In this vain and venomous village of troupers' temperaments these awards promote grand dispute. The other choices for the academy prizes—for the picture, the actor, the actress, the writer, the cameraman and so forth—were greeted as usual with that heartily nasty lack of unanimity which is always one of the merry features of the evening, and of many evenings throughout the year. But when they gave the director's prize to Capra, the temperaments boiled not in indignation but into an orgy of

(Continued on page 48)



Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable and Frank Capra on the set of "It Happened One Night"



Frank Capra, who has been officially designated as the ace of all motion-picture directors, and who has a recipe for his many successes

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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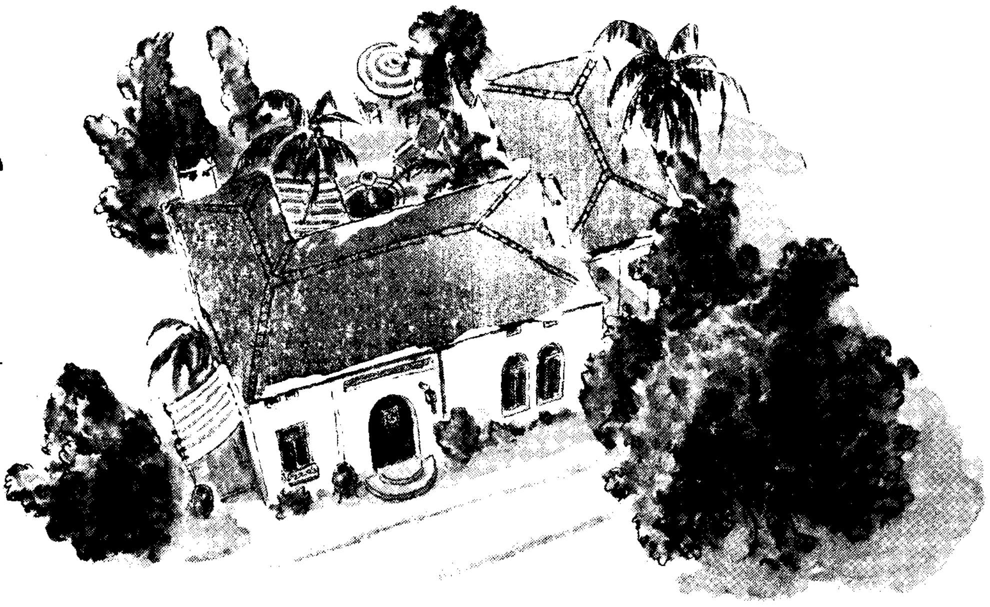


The Story Thus Far:

LIVING comfortably in a California town, Mary Burleigh's mother dies, leaving an estate which is quite ample for the needs of her children: Mary, Peter, Barty, Chrissie and Lindsay. It is discovered, however, that a large amount in bonds is missing. Whereupon, Mary and Peter, the oldest members of the family, go to work—Mary finding employment in a bakery and Peter securing a job with a lumber company.

Within a few weeks, Mary meets an attractive young man, Calvin Tait, and, yielding to his pleas, marries him—*secretly!* Since her husband works in a Southern California bank, Mary sees him only occasionally. And presently she makes a shocking discovery: *She does not love Calvin!*

She does not love Calvin, her husband: but she does love Jeffery Maclean—and Jeffery Maclean (engaged to her best friend) loves her. Divorce, and another marriage? The idea does not appeal to Mary. And that problem is solved by Jeffery's departure for China, after he has broken his engagement and told Mary he will never forget her.

A short time after Jeffery goes away, Calvin is made a vice president of a near-by bank. He comes to Mary, tells her of his good fortune, suggests that, when his salary is a trifle larger, they announce their marriage. He is aware that his wife is interested in Jeffery Maclean—she has told him the whole story. Nevertheless, he is astounded when Mary shows no inclination whatever to step forth with him before the world as husband and wife.

Again and again, the two argue the matter. But Mary is adamant. She is fond of Calvin; she recognizes his good qualities. But she does not want to be his wife. And she tells him so, as gently and diplomatically as she can.

Called back to Southern California for two months, Calvin prepares to motor down. He implores Mary to accompany him. But, wise young man that he is, he does not insist. And he finally leaves alone.

As he drives away, Mary enters the house—the dilapidated structure where she and her sisters and brothers with old Aunt Joan now live—and tiptoes upstairs. Lindsay, her sister, is awaiting her. "Peter," Lindsay announces, "is afraid they're going to shut down the lumber yard." Mary asks a few hurried questions. Lindsay answers them. Then: "But if Peter loses his job, Mary," she says, "we can get along on your bakery money." And Mary, again confronted with a grave problem, wonders what miracle can save the little family.

VIII

IT'S lovely, Cal. Ah, that's cute! Oh, who but you ever would think of that?" Mary said. She went with him from room to room, there were but five in all, and exclaimed at everything and admired everything.

The days in Buena Vistita Avenue were over now, for her at least. Aunt Joan and Peter, Lindsay and Chrissie and Bart still were there, clearing up inefficiently after an unsatisfactory lunch perhaps. Mary would be there no longer. This was her twenty-first birthday, this hot June day, and Cal had promised her a surprise for it. Without saying one word to her about it he had told them all, every one of them at home, and his office associates and his uncle and aunt, of his marriage to Mary a year earlier; that was all done, she need not dread breaking that news any more. He had given the story to the papers; it would be in the afternoon edition. And he had finally taken Mary to lunch somewhat mysteriously; no, it was not to be at the hotel, nor at the club, nor at the Allied Arts in Menlo Park. It was up this street, down that one, past these cottages and gardens, and finally here—triumphantly!—to the prettiest of Spanish haciendas set in a little lawn under an oak, with its own small patio and with a tiled red roof and a fountain.

"This is our home, Mary!" he had said.

Inside were a drawing-room with windows upon the patio; and two bedrooms separated by a bath all green tiles and shining white enamel, a jewel of a kitchen super-equipped with an icebox and a cabinet and a shining new gas range, china closet, linen closet, deep bedroom closet with a pole for hangers and boxes for shoes. On either side of the drawing-room's big brick fireplace were bookshelves with books already arranged on them; the twin beds in the larger bedroom were made; the table in the breakfast ingle was set with a brown linen cloth and red and yellow plates, and Agnes, beaming with joy at seeing Mary again, was all ready to serve crab salad and broiled chicken and apple pie.

MARY found spices and vegetables in their places; some of the books were her own books; in the closet were her own gowns neatly ranged. It had been a joyous conspiracy, Calvin told her, on the part of her brothers and sisters and himself. They had exclaimed in complete stupefaction over the marriage, of course. Lindsay had burst out crying, Calvin reported, but she had cheered up again immediately, and she and Chris had come to some compromise regarding changed sleeping arrangements, and they had all agreed that it was an outrage that Mary should not have a chance to live her own life. Aunt Joan had been very serene, and though Peter and Bart had both looked a little blank at the idea of losing Mary, they had all been "sports," and had entered into the plan whole-heartedly.

While Mary, supposing that everyone had forgotten her birthday, had gone off as usual to Sorenson's bakery at noon, Calvin and the girls had smuggled away her books and clothes, and Calvin had promised to drive her about aimlessly until at least half past one o'clock, to give Agnes and Lindsay time to arrange them. The little green glass vase of roses was from Lindsay, and the standing lamp from Peter and Bart and Chris; Calvin and Mary were to dine with the senior Taits on Sunday night, and she could see the others as soon as she chose—tomorrow, any day and every day if she liked. Only she was Mrs. John Calvin Tait now, and they had taken possession of their new home, and that was that!

"Do you like it?" he asked, over and over. And every time Mary said: "It's wonderful—it's unbelievable! I don't see how you ever did it!"

Agnes went back to her own work after luncheon, and Mary and Calvin washed up the dishes and restored the doll's-house kitchen to its pristine beauty, and then she had to investigate every inch of her new domain at leisure. They had had so late a luncheon that the afternoon fled away on wings, and it was time to fuss with pretty supper preparations, praising Calvin all the time because he had remembered cream cheese and dates and mayonnaise, and there was really nothing to do!

It was restful after dinner to sit on in the patio watching the moon's midsummer splendor rise and deepen over the slope of the roof and the great dark fountain that was the oak. Calvin turned on the radio and they listened to waltz music. Before they went to bed they walked about the block hand in hand, wondering about their neighbors and admiring this bungalow and that. Mary found the houses all less interesting than her own. "We have the pick, Cal," she said.

"I think we have!" Calvin agreed contentedly.

When he was asleep she lay awake and thought about it all, and her heart was lead within her. He was buying this house; it was to be home forever. Ah, if she could only love it as he did, rejoice in it as he did!

No use, no use, no use! Mary's whole spirit ached for her own people. She thought of Calvin telling them of their marriage; of the blank faces, the panic they must have felt upon hearing that their Mary—Mary, who planned everything and did everything for them, was going away forever. She thought of the moonlight lying white tonight over the shabby back yard and the oaks and acacias, and of the kitchen, darkened and warm and stuffy, and of the dishpan and the mismated chairs, the playing cards and Rajah's cushion. And it seemed to her that she would die if she were to have to endure this exile long.

BARTY and Peter had looked a little blank, had they? Ah, well they might! Why, Peter felt lost if Mary was away even for a day; he had been worried when she stayed away over a single night. Now to hear, and from Calvin, that all this time Mary really had not belonged to them at all, that she had been married for a whole year, to hear—Calvin quite honestly believed it, of course—that she wanted to leave them, wanted to have a home of her own—why, it had broken their hearts!

And Lindsay had burst out crying. Mary writhed in the dark, thinking about it. She could not bear to imagine Lindsay crying, Lindsay wondering how she was to meet all the difficulties of the days to come without Mary! Washing dish towels, buying cornstarch and onions and coffee, keeping the pantry neat and somehow getting the beds made! It was much too much for Lindsay; she could not possibly do it.

Mary's whole being burned with a fierce yearning over every one of them; every fiber of her was agonized by the need to go back, to belong there again, to be free.

IT WAS midnight before the sudden thought came to her: she could go down and see them all tomorrow! Ah, yes; she could do that! The hope spread balm upon her sore spirit; she could go early, have lunch with them—no, Calvin would expect her to be home for lunch. Well, then she could go immediately after lunch, talk to them all, cry and laugh and explain, have an arm about Lindsay again, kiss Barty's rough little head and catch the smell of sunburn and haycocks and earth that was small boy. She could buy something for their supper—a pie, or some fruit, and if there were dishes to wash or beds to make she and Lin could fly through them in the old way, laughing and chattering.

Dreaming of it, she fell asleep at last, and the plan was in her head when she awakened, and went crisp and fresh from a bath to the crisp, fresh little kitchen to start breakfast. The coffeepot was green, there were green bowls, and green handles on the can opener and chopper and forks. Calvin liked iced tomato juice for breakfast in hot weather; Mary served it in an amber glass. Everything was colorful and shining this burning summer morning. Calvin reminded his wife that it was Friday. Tomorrow they could go over to Santa Cruz and swim and have a beach supper. And Sunday—ah, he had a swell plan for Sunday.

"What fun we're going to have, Pussy!" he said, handsome and freshshaven and happy, as she poured his coffee. "I've imagined you doing that for me a thousand times. It seems like a dream that we're really in our own home, alone together!"

"It seems like a dream to me," Mary agreed smilingly, "because I never saw so much as a teaspoon of it all before!"

"Ha, you have to admit I was smart about that!"

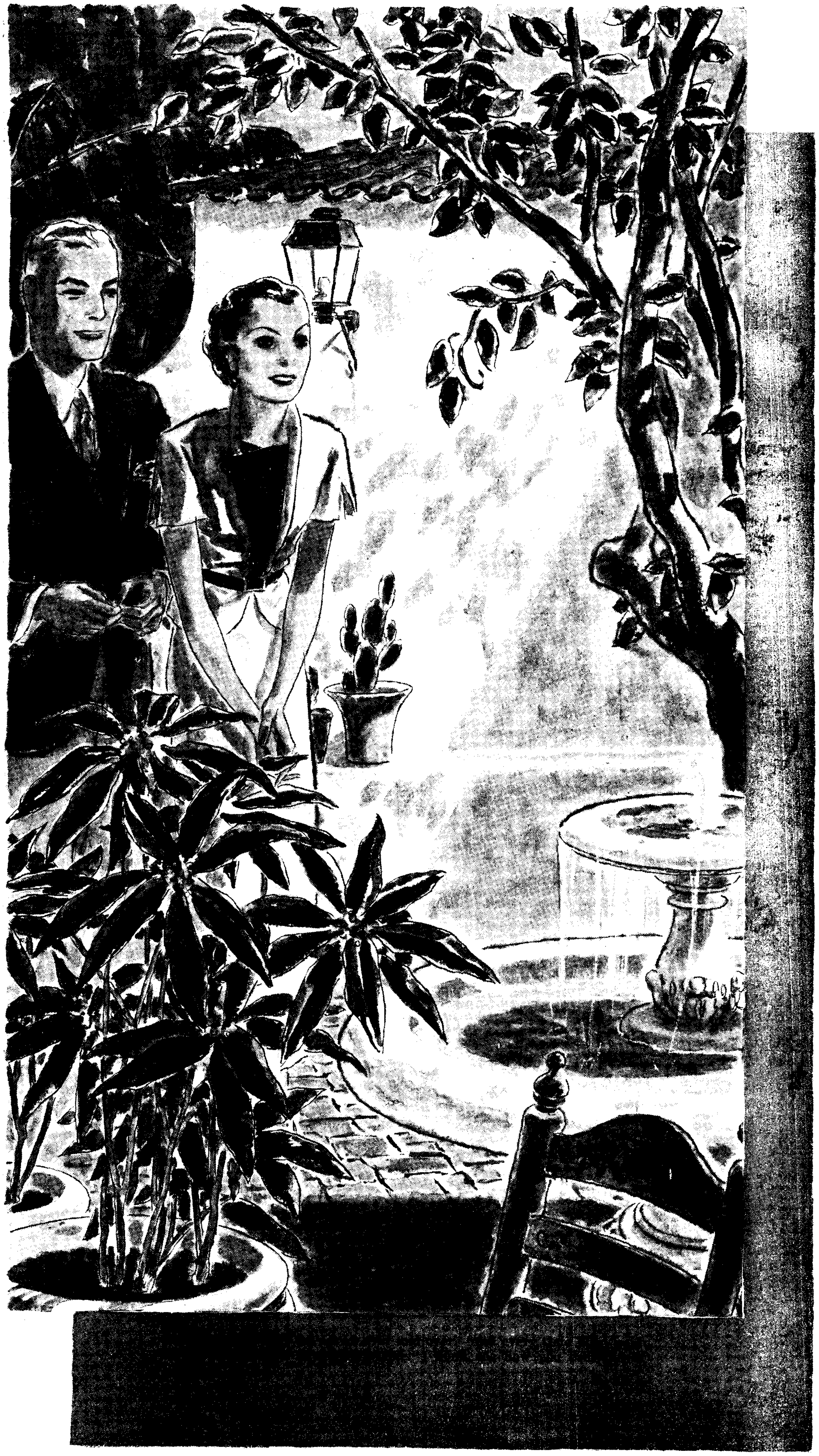
"Smart! I don't see how you ever did it."

"It was extremely simple as soon as I'd convinced your family that you wanted to live your own life."

Agony in her heart again, homesickness crushing her, sickening her.

"*And* convinced Uncle John," she suggested.

"Oh, well, he didn't matter! You see, Mary," Calvin said, still full of his surprise, "I knew I'd never get you away



if I left it to you. You wouldn't go south with me in March—"

"Well, darling, with Chris plunging her hand through a glass door and having to have it stitched and then cut open and stitched again!"

"I know, but it was always something. So I just had to take the law into my own hands."

"I should say you did!" It felt very wifely to go out to the patio with him, and scrape a tiny dried spot from his coat with her thumb nail, and kiss him goodby. The house was cooler than the world outside this morning; dry burning heat was already in full possession of the pretty Spanish houses in La Crescenta Drive.

"I'll be home early!" Calvin said, departing.

"Oh? Oh, I thought I might go down and see how they're getting on without me."

He hesitated a second.

"Aren't there a lot of things you want to do about the house? I mean—the places Agnes has put the china and books and things. Don't you want to change them? And how about ordering for lunch? I only got enough for yesterday."

"I'll take care of all that," Mary said soothingly. She saw that she had made a mistake, and hated herself for the ungenerousness that could not give him even this first morning unclouded. "And I'll have a lunch that'll surprise you," she promised.

"You darling!" He was happy again. "Wait until about three-ten for me," he suggested brilliantly, "and we'll go down and see the tribe together!"

"I'm going to telephone to the market and the grocery. I'm afraid to meet people with that news in the paper last night! I don't want you to come home with me," Mary added in her thoughts. "Let me have an hour or two with them alone!" Aloud she said cheerfully: "Every woman in town will be counting up on her fingers when she tries to explain why we announced it!"

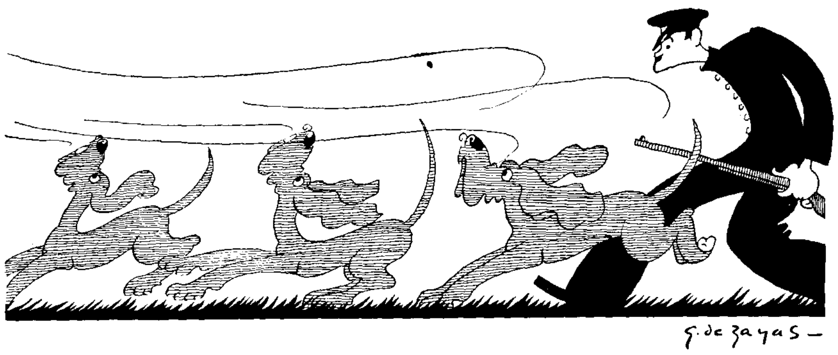
CALVIN, joyous, had come back for another kiss.

"Ix-nay on the amily-fay," he said warningly, laughingly.

"Ah, don't say that!" She was smiling, but she went back into the house feeling all wrong with the world. It was a doll's house indeed in which he had placed her, Ibsen's doll's house. He'd never know it; he didn't read Ibsen. But he was making another Nora of this wife of his, who had faced responsibility and poverty and hard work for a long year, who indeed had never been the child she was in years. Mary's mother had told her lovingly, more than once, that her illness and helplessness had aged Mary before her time, had made a woman of her in what should have been little-girl years. Now Calvin was putting her back into childhood again. Her house was complete with no word of choice or advice from her. She was to fuss happily in it, making a pudding for him, straightening books, arranging flowers. Good-naturedly, firmly, he would forbid her the full completion of her womanhood; it was for the man to say that a woman's delicate body should be used for his pleasure, should be denied its honest natural fruitfulness.

Mary did not want children. Her younger sister and brother had made heavy demands in the last year upon whatever maternal instinct she possessed at twenty; money anxieties and the troublesome secret of her marriage had combined to put any dream of motherhood out of her head.

But whatever her personal reaction, it was something else again to have Calvin superbly settling the matter. It hurt her pride somehow, belittled her



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Bloodhounds do not always track down a person with their noses directly over his trail. When a strong wind is blowing across it, they will often follow the scent as far as 150 feet to leeward.

The baby-checking nursery, the play-room where an infant may be left for several hours while its mother attends to other matters, is found in many department stores, theaters, churches and amusement parks around the world. But London goes a step farther. There this thoughtful service is also available in saloons.

Incredible as it sounds, there are states in this country today in which a father can not only will away the guardianship of his children—without consent of their mother—but also will away the future custody of an unborn child.—*By Bessie Lowery, Presidio, Texas.*

More than 2,800 persons in about 60 countries are authorized to sign checks on the Treasury of the United States.—*By H. W. Parsons, Lakewood, Ohio.*

Stuttering usually is not caused by a defect in the organs of speech but by a highly nervous state which interferes with them. Persons so afflicted can always whisper and sing and even speak normally at times. Some become so nervous that they "stutter" in other ways. A musician may sound the same note and a typist may hit the same letter several times spasmodically before going on to the next one.

Even such a lowly creature as the earthworm can be taught a thing or two. Recently a scientist did it by making a worm crawl along a passageway with a right and left exit. When the worm turned left, all was well. But when he turned to the right, he was given an electric shock. After about a hundred trials, he had learned his lesson — and always turned left.—*By Dale Hardman, Malad, Idaho.*

No group of people were happier to see the repeal of prohibition in the United States than the ministers of Scotland. It meant an immediate rise in the low salaries of those who are still paid according to the current price of barley. During the past year some of these increases have amounted to more than $500.—*By J. K. Moorhead, Exeter, New Hampshire.*

One of mankind's strangest parasites is the filaria, a microscopic eel-like worm of tropical and subtropical countries which gets into the body through drinking water or the bite of an infected mosquito and frequently causes elephantiasis. These worms swarm in the victim's blood during the night and completely disappear during the day.—*By B. H. Brinton, New York City.*

Although the soy bean has been an important food in China and Japan for thousands of years, its extensive cultivation did not spread to other countries until recent times. Today it is destined to become one of the leading crops of the United States and Russia. Soviet scientists claim that it is an almost perfect food, one pound of soy flour containing as much nourishment as 25 eggs.

Of the many impostors who have claimed to have fasted for years and earned considerable money as curiosities, the only one who did not confess, when undergoing an official watch, was Sarah Jacobs of Wales. In 1869, after her parents had sworn that for two years no food had passed her lips, she was placed under the surveillance of professional nurses and died of starvation in nine days.

Once upon a time Webster's Dictionary was banned by the state of Arkansas because the fundamentalists discovered that it contained a definition of the word evolution.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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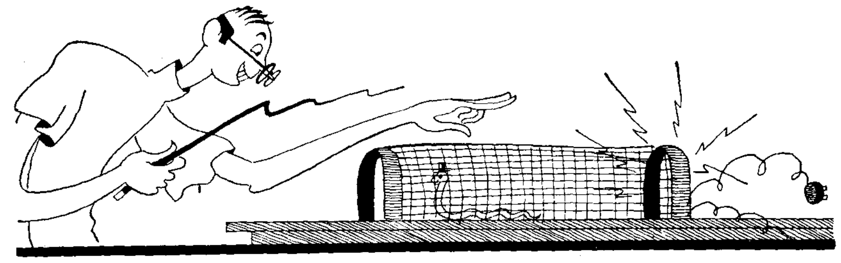


womanhood. If anyone decided such a point, surely it should be the woman who would bear the child, the woman whose exquisitely balanced being must suffer change and agony for the child—

"Well, what's the matter with you? You're all out of sorts this morning!" she said to herself bracingly, as she made the beds with stiff new sheets and hung up the towels whose little price-mark pasters had first to be removed. "He did forget a duster," she said aloud. "I'll get a duster at the five-and-ten. Now for my ducky kitchen. How Lin would love it! How she and I would both love this house if we could live in it together!"

The extra bedroom was completely unfurnished; the house was not a year old, but it had been tenanted before, and there was a frieze of little paper animals marching around the walls; this had been a nursery. When Mary, her kitchen in order, herself bathed and dressed, peeped in there, the sight of the camels and elephants made her face flush and her heart stir resentfully again. Ix-nay on the amily-fay indeed! How dared any man issue casually any such decree as that!

BUT she was quite her unruffled self again when Calvin came in flushed and happy for lunch, bringing her an account of the excitement and interest his marriage had created in the office, and the news that Aunt Julia would probably come in late in the afternoon to call on the bride.

"I thought I'd walk down to see them at home, Cal, and have you pick me up there."

"Oh, no; wait for me! I'll be home at ten minutes past three. I want to hear all about it, how they feel about having you married and what you tell them about the place!"

Mary felt rather like stamping her foot, like crying out: "Oh, for heaven's sake let me go! I won't be happy until I know they've forgiven me; I can't *breathe* until I see them all!" But she knew that this would be unreasonable, would amaze and hurt Calvin and make her feel ashamed of herself, and she constrained herself to remain calm and friendly, and to go back serenely to the inexhaustible discussion of Las Palomas' surprise, as a community, at the Tait-Burleigh marriage.

Left alone, she remained at the table in profound thought for a few minutes, wondering what years of this would be like; coffee and a kiss in the morning, bank reports and another kiss at luncheon, cosy little supper for two, candlelight and complacency, more kisses at night.

"Sufficient for the day," she reminded herself, going back and forth between the little open breakfast ingle and the sink. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It had been her motto in hours of panic and despair at the house in Buena Vistita Avenue. It seemed strange to have recourse to it already in this new life. "But I know this," Mary said vigorously, opening a can of soup, shelling peas, setting jelly in the icebox, "I'm going to see my family every day if I want to! And when I get ready to have a baby, I'll have a baby! That's *my* business."

The first call of the young Calvin Taits upon the Burleighs was not a success. The time was to come when Mary and Lin could laugh at the memory of its stiffness and strangeness, but it seemed to them no laughing matter on this hot, dry afternoon, when the Burleigh kitchen was odorous of grease-soaked splintered wood and zinc that had been wiped with a sour cloth, when Lindsay's eyes were swollen almost beyond use with tears, and Aunt Joan was completely at sea.

Mary sat in the old low rocker with Chris on one knee and with her free hand stretched toward Lin. She was so near tears herself that she dared make no allusion to Lin's pale face and reddened eyes; Barty, bursting in from school, was so upset by finding his Mary back again that he could do nothing but sob and cling to her violently in spite of the shoves and shoulderings of the displaced Chrissie. For awhile they all cried together, except Calvin of course, who said amiably enough that he thought they wanted Mary to be happy.

"Mary, we made an awful mess of dinner last night!" Lin said, drying her eyes, trying to laugh, "and I know Peter didn't get enough, because after he came back from the office about nine he made himself a fried-egg sandwich."

"What are we having tonight?" Mary smiled.

"'We'? Where'd you get that 'we'?" Calvin demanded adoringly.

"Oh, I forgot! I mean what are *you* having tonight?"

"There's hamburger there, Mary, but I couldn't remember just how it started."

"Let's stay and have it with them, Cal, and then I'll see Peter!" she suggested.

"Aunt Julia!" Calvin countered, smiling.

"Oh, I'd forgotten. She's coming in to see our house, isn't she? Oh—well, then, tomorrow?"

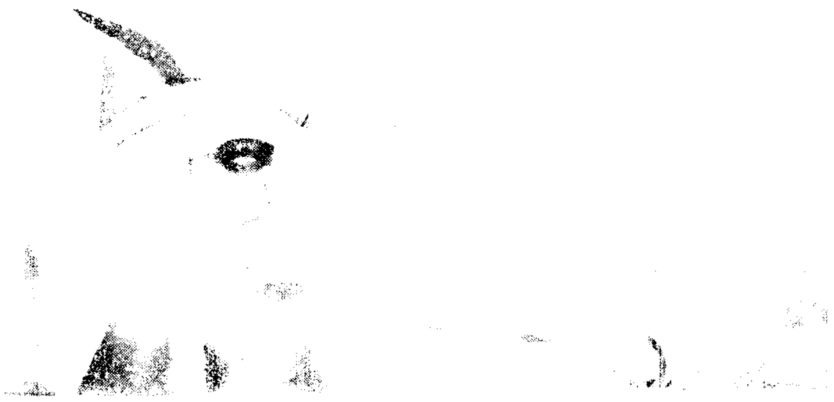
"Santa Cruz! And if it's as hot as this it'll be a day for it," Calvin said. He did not ask Chris and Barty to go with them to the beach and run barefooted on the sand, and plunge into the icy Pacific, Mary thought; it did not occur to him, of course, and of course she could not press it just now. But it would have been such a day of ecstasy for them.

"I think we'd better get started!" Calvin presently told her. Mary rose obediently, scattered goodby kisses indiscriminately. It did not matter how soon they went; this was not a real call; not one of them had been his natural self for one minute! Driving home with Calvin, her thoughts were far away from him in that inner region of the spirit where she was about the tremendous business of hammering her soul into docility, into rightness. She answered him pleasantly, intelligently; she heard nothing that he said. "I must do my best from here on," she reminded herself. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within me. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

AND a day or two later, incredibly, he had to go to Sacramento upon a really important matter, and it was not just the trip to take Mary. So she was free to rush home in mid-morning to Green Oaks, to the shabby, ugly house that was still home to her in her mind, carrying broilers and green corn and packed ice cream, ready to do all the laughing and crying and apologizing and explaining for which her soul had been hungering, ready to straighten everything with Peter—to assure him that whatever happened or wherever she was, his problems were always her problems and his life her life. Before the evening was over, in his arms, with her head on his shoulder she could ask him the question that had been smarting in her heart for months: "Pete, do you think it was wrong?"

"Wrong?" Pete said almost impatiently. "Mary, you are the most conscientious little fool that ever lived! Here you've been slaving for us for the eighteen months since Mother died, and you fall in love with a man and want to marry him, and you keep it a secret for a year! Don't," Peter finished severely, "don't be a complete fool!"

(Continued on page 36)



The Masquerader

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA E. SCHWINN

ORDINARILY when on business bent, Mr. Manly, though quite a lady-killer, was strictly business. But tonight somehow it was different. Perhaps it was the blonde, more probably it was the Florida moonlight. Mr. Manly belonged to Broadway, but he had heard that the pickings were good in and about Miami, so here he was. And he was not inured to moons.

"Gee, I think you're wonderful, Ed," said the blonde. "Know what I mean, Ed? I think you're wonderful."

"Just because I gave you that little bracelet?" asked Mr. Manly tenderly. He knew it wasn't that, though. Somehow he knew that this was love, that this wonder-girl liked him for himself alone. Dolls liked diamonds, of course, but she liked him too. Not that that was not a good bracelet. Mr. Manly knew diamonds.

"Gee, and we've only known each other a week," breathed the blonde, lifting newly glued lashes in a way which caused a disturbance in his heart. "Just think, if it hadn't been for that masquerade ball we mightn't ever of met."

"It was written in the stars, baby," whispered Mr. Manly across the night-club table. "Just written in the stars," said this poet-at-heart. She smiled and he smiled back into the white mirrors of her teeth. "You were a knock-out, baby, with your blue eyes shining through that mask. . . ."

"And you were so romantic. You know what I mean, Ed? So tall and mysterious in your mask. Like that Robin Hood."

"Who's he?"

"You know, in the movies, a kind of old-fashioned stick-up man."

"Stick-ups don't wear masks no more, baby," he said practically. "Nobody wears masks anywhere but at balls maybe."

She yearned. "You looked just like pictures."

So he was like pictures! Mr. Manly's ego touched the stars. This sure was some doll! He lifted his narrow eyes from his highball and sent her their clear and shallow light.

"Would you like another bracelet, baby?"

"O-oh," she said adoringly.

ONCE again they swayed together across the table. He pressed her hands and wrists between his. Her fingernails enchanted him; they were like the hibiscus flowers which grew outside. He wanted intensely to stay but he had work to do.

"The ponies got you that bracelet," said Mr. Manly innocently. "Now I'll see can I get you something else tonight."

"Gee, you must be a wonderful gambler, Ed." She sighed happily; her eyelids shone with silver paste; her eyes were like the cut faces of sapphires.

The piano spoke. It was her cue. "I'll see you in the morning," she sighed. She moved out into the lemon patch of light and began to sing.

"Sure, baby." But Mr. Manly knew he would be far, far away before she was awake in the morning. Mr. Manly was not pressing his luck.

He glanced at his platinum watch. Two o'clock. He favored the blues singer with one more soft look, then moved out into the velvet dark, into the faint, illusive perfume of the night.

Mr. Manly strolled up the road. All was still. Carefree under its sun-tan, the wealthy resort outside Miami slept.

Outside a white gate he looked around quickly, then darted in. His entrance excited no interest, for there was no one around to excite. Mr. Manly was not nervous. This was old stuff to him. So old that he had a conscious desire to make it a little different. In the shade of tall bamboos inside the patio he deliberately drew on his rubber gloves. The fountain played, a mockingbird was singing somewhere like ten thousand fairy flutes. Mr. Manly listened to it and it sounded to him like the blonde. He wished she might see him now, she who liked stick-up guys of long ago. "Robin Hood," thought Mr. Manly, buoyed up in the tropic night by a substance more heady than air.

He reached into his pocket and felt for his lady's token—the mask which her hibiscus fingertips had untied for him that night a week ago. It was his lucky piece, his souvenir. He had carried it all the seven days. "Like in the movies . . ." she had said. The idea thrilled her. Suddenly it thrilled Mr. Manly. It was that little different touch his heart craved. Smiling in the leafy darkness, he put it on. It was carrying romance into business.

That attended to, Mr. Manly put romance behind him, for men must work and women must weep. Noiselessly he moved through the shadows and vanished through a window he had selected days before. Everything was splendid. The jewels were not even in the safe but were lying in a dressing-table drawer, welcoming him.

When he appeared again under the bamboos he was all business. Mr. Manly had that caution which the artist in any profession must exercise lest, through sheer overconfidence, he fall into error. He reviewed every second since he had left the bamboos. His mind told him that there had been no slip-ups, he had left not a trace behind. He made sure that the jewels were safe in his pockets and that they made no revealing bumps. He tucked his gloves into his one empty pocket, and for a second stepped out into the patio's revealing moonlight to look himself over. That was safe, for this part of the patio was not in view of the house. His white shirt front was immaculate, not a wrinkle in his London-tailored dinner clothes.

EVERYTHING being highly satisfactory, Mr. Manly now went through the gate and out into the moonstruck road. This was the moment when boldness counted. That bold nonchalance in the critical moment was the secret, he had always realized, of his past successes.

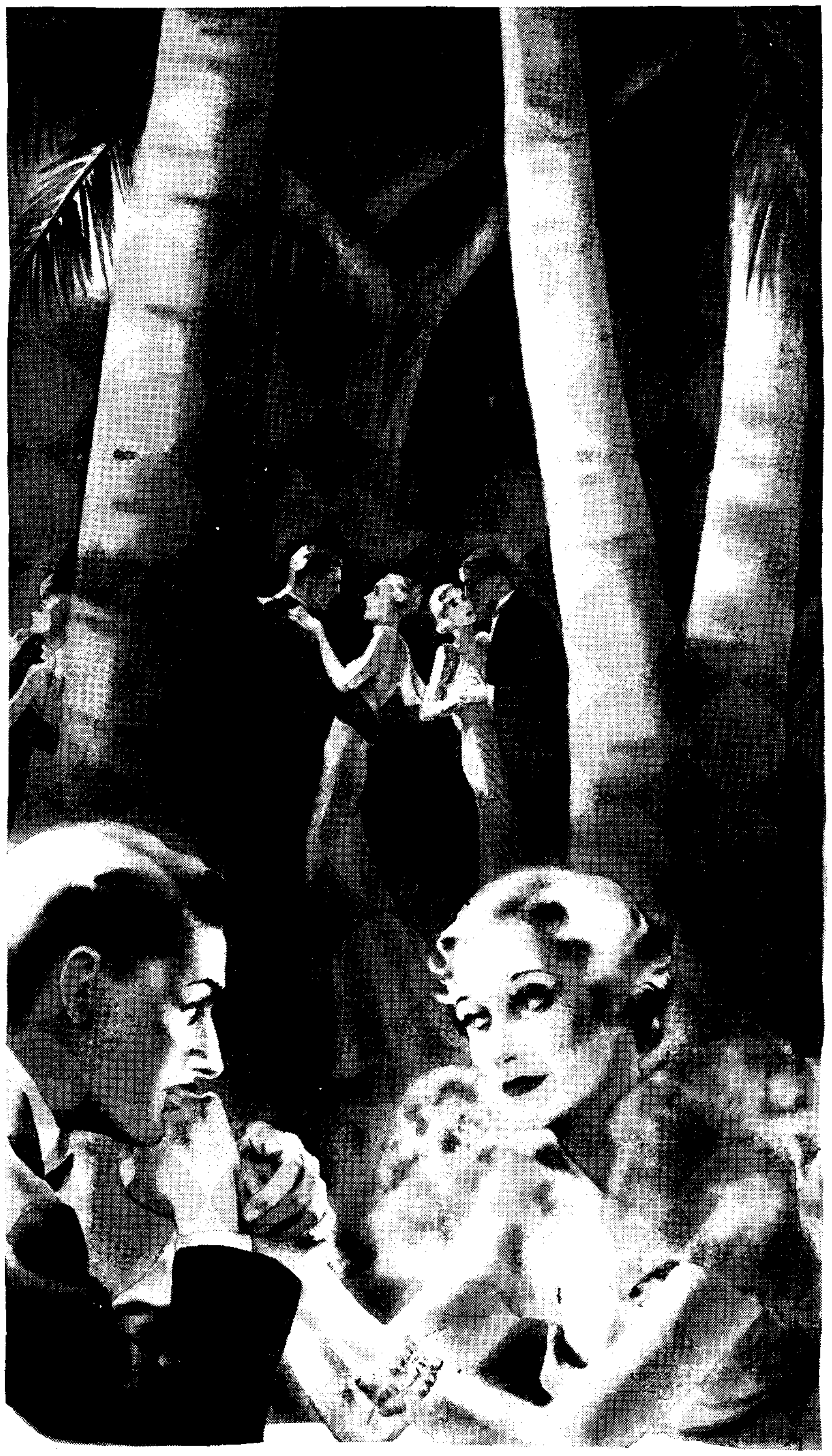
Whistling softly, he emerged, a wealthy young man of Southern night life, issuing from some rendezvous unknown. His was the peace which follows a beautiful piece of craftsmanship. He was not only outwardly indifferent, but inwardly so, to the two young men so like himself in outward appearance and nonchalance who were passing.

He strolled on as the young men glanced at him and then, by the turning of their heads to the left, looked after him. The young men's eyes met. To every man his own eccentricities was their view of life, but, even so, with one accord they turned and followed him.

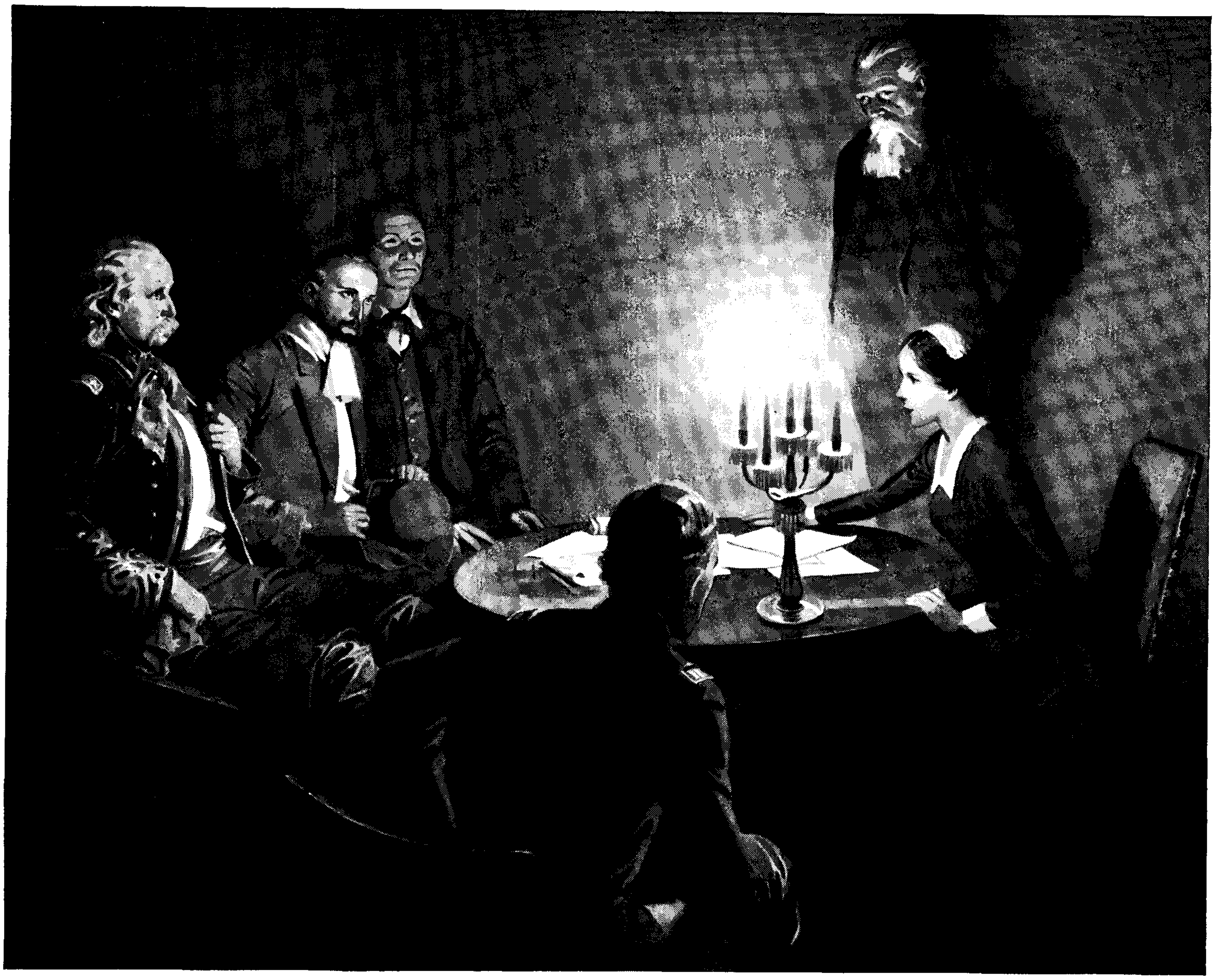
It was as though, in that exquisite night, in that tender air, fate had combined with the tricky, mischievous spirit of romance to give Mr. Manly, quite suavely, a most severe slap across the face.

For while Mr. Manly looked to the four eyes behind him richly idle, whistled richly idle, walked richly idle; while he had a grace, a bearing, an air, romance had done for him.

For there was really no rational explanation of the mask which he had never worn to work before, which he would not for many imprisoned years wear again, and which he now in this bewitching moonlight had neglected to remove.



"The ponies got you that bracelet," said Mr. Manly innocently



There was a cold, brittle silence. "The man of whom I speak"—her words were a whisper—"will be killed by an Indian"

The Same Brave Star

Of a girl who was not afraid to face death—
a Civil War romance of extraordinary beauty

By MacKinlay Kantor

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

AS THE two horsemen felt their way around a hairpin turn in the narrow road, a boy's voice challenged from the blackness directly ahead.

He ran his words together nervously; no doubt he was a new recruit attaching dire significance to his duties as sentinel on a farm lane, a good three miles from the nearest Confederate outpost.

"Haltwhocomesthere—!"

The two riders, shapeless in the damp spring night, pulled their horses to a halt. "We're friends!" called the foremost quickly. "We got the word—"

"Friendswiththecountersign? Advance friendsandberecognized!"

They blinked in the sudden glare of a lantern held before their eyes, and counted three threatening revolvers.

"Countersign! Hurry up, Mr. Farmer—"

Mr. Farmer was a tight-faced little man with a sharp, bent nose and pale blue eyes; he wore the stained flannel and homespun of a Culpeper County rustic. His companion appeared to be a servant, and hung respectfully one pace in the rear: a huge, long-haired specimen with bulging cheekbones and a face the color of old harness.

"I clean forgot the word," cried the farmer. "Hold on . . . now I got it! 'Revere.'"

The eldest picket, with the stripes of a corporal on his blue sleeve, demanded, "Who are you? Where you bound? Have you got a military pass?"

The civilian gestured clumsily. "Name's Ryder, sir—live over by Ryder's Church. We're goin' to see the young woman in the Hill house—the German widow woman. I got a pass . . . this here's my hired man, Chalk."

"Not a nigger?" asked the corporal, frowning suspiciously at the hired man's impassive stare.

"Pamunkey Indian. Here's my pass: signed by General Holdman. I sell him chickens and victuals."

They examined the pass and handed it back. "You better shake along. Frau Frieda won't let any men come in to see her after midnight."

"Yes, sir, we'll shake! First turn on the left, ain't it? We're plumb tangled up in the dark."

"That's it—first turn left. You won't have to pass any more pickets. We're the last—you're practically outside the Union lines after you leave us."

THE youths nudged their horses aside, and the farmer and his man rode past.

The travelers did not speak until they were two hundred yards farther on the road, and the lantern light had been blotted out behind. In wet forests near them the wind of early spring murmured sleepily. Faintly from the south sounded the wail of a locomotive within the rebel lines.

"Our pass seemed in order, Choctaw. Spaneel is an expert forger."

"Yes, sir."

The bogus farmer rode in silence for several minutes. "I dislike this," he said presently. "Had it not been an urgent request from General Stuart, I should not have attempted it."

"I reckon," said his aide, "we've got a hemp collar around our necks, this minute."

The officer grunted. "Disguise and petty espionage are disagreeable, but at the same time a necessary part of war. I have not explained our mission to you, Choctaw."

Since his commander had not spoken five words in the five miles before they met the vedette, Choctaw Simms could only nod in the gloom.

"This woman, Frau Frieda Schnell,

has been living in the old Hill house near the Rapidan, accompanied by her father, or a person alleged to be her father. She is said to be the widow of a German astronomer, and refugeed here from Alexandria."

The half-breed said: "Most people know. She tells fortunes by stars, for a dollar. Yanks or Rebs, she does not care."

"Quite correct. General Stuart believes that she may be a spy, preying off the giddier Confederate officers who visit her, extracting information by this means. He sent word through the lines this afternoon for me to investigate at once, in person."

The Partisan Ranger added, half to himself, "Certainly it is not my custom to discuss such matters with my subordinates. . . . But this might well mean hanging for you, Choctaw. And for me."

"If the Yanks get us. Yes, sir."

"Remember, you are my hired man—Chalk. I am Farmer John Ryder."

"Yes, sir."

They turned in at a steep lane, and the lights of the Hill house shone ahead. Horses whickered from the surrounding grove. It was evident that Frau Frieda had other visitors.

THE girl clasped her tiny, white hands. She leaned forward, her jet silk elbows reflected in the polished mahogany, until her forehead rested on the cup of her hands.

"Love?" she repeated slowly.

Colonel Pray twisted the single tuft of damp whiskers on his bluish chin. "Love, marriage, romance, anything like that." He watched her narrowly.

"Nothing," she said. And then, as she stared down into the mirror of varnished wood, she made a new sound in her throat. "But—wait—" The Teutonic v-sound intruded somehow. "By you is always desire for one woman. You admire her. But a certain thing she asks to have you have never given her."

The officer straightened the collar of his blue blouse. He did not smile. "What is this thing I have not given her?"

Even an egotist like Colonel Rothwell Pray could feel the hard disdain of her eyes.

"The respect due a lady from a gentleman, Herr Colonel!"

"You little devil!" He was on his feet, his face swollen and red, all in that instant. The narrow chair on which he had been sitting toppled to the carpet. "Somebody ought to teach you a thing or two—"

Frau Frieda arose calmly, with a modest rustle of silk. "You may go," she told him. "Out you should now go, and away. I can tell you nothing more!"

Pray tried to laugh. His arm shot forward and his fingers locked around her right wrist. "You're mighty clever, my lady, but not clever enough to—"

HE TOWERED over her, his breath burned close, but she pushed his face away. Pray reached for her left hand; then he heard the door squeal on its hinges behind him. Flames of every candle in the huge pewter candelabra lay back, whipping in the sudden gush of air. Colonel Pray dropped the girl's wrist hastily.

An old man, gray-bearded, mighty in frame as a Saxon warrior, stood with one hand on the doorknob.

"*Mein Vater*," said the girl's clear voice, "now the Colonel Pray has said he must go."

"*Ja, mein Frieda.* A companion of the Colonel Pray is here also."

She nodded soberly. "He may come to me. And after that, are there more?"

"*Nein, Liebchen.* So late it grows."

The officer drew a pair of gloves from beneath his belt, and picked up his stiff, black hat. There was stark hatred in his eyes, but he managed to keep his voice smooth.

"I shall see you again, soon. Good evening, Frau Frieda."

They heard him clank down the hall and into the yard.

Closing and locking the door, the man whom Frau Frieda had called her father came quickly across the room. He picked up the fallen chair and restored it to its original position. "You should thank Providence for that one, young woman," he muttered.

"He's the worst I have to bear, Sixteen!"

"Nothing is wholly bad if good can come from it. I have just returned from the picket line. Were any Rebs here tonight?"

"Two. An hour ago. Mere boys. They'd been gone only ten minutes when the colonel arrived. Sixteen! Quick—write this down—"

Instantly, from inside his huge mat of gray beard, he produced a tiny tube, half the diameter of a lead pencil and perhaps one quarter as long. It was tied securely amid the hairy thatch by threads. The tube gave forth a sheet of tough paper so thin that it could be unrolled to respectable size.

"Fire away, young woman."

She closed her eyes in concentration. "Change batteries covering Ryder Church crossroads, as follows: one battery moved to Saterlee house, one to Tucker Bridge, with very small force of infantry in support."

"Excellent work, young woman!"

"It's trivial."

He snapped the little tube back into his beard. "Captain Ridgway is waiting in the grove. He accompanied Colonel Pray. . . ."

Their eyes met. The girl cried in a wild whisper, "Why must you look at me like that? You accuse me with your eyes whenever you mention his name. Do you mean that you doubt me?"

He passed his calloused hand carelessly over the candle flames, and an enormous, fluttering shadow danced across the room. "I am sure," said Sixteen, "that you will never offer necessity for doubt—either to a comrade or to your superiors."

Once more he was the German father—homely, kind. "A clever warrior never underestimates his enemy. . . . I go now to bring the captain." He unlocked the door and went away, closing the door carefully behind him.

FOR a few seconds the girl gazed at the panel as if it had shut unseen enemies inside with her, rather than barricading her from them. Hard as pebbles, her white knuckles drummed upon the table. Outside she heard the mutter of men's voices, then a shrill laugh. It was the laugh with which Colonel Rothwell Pray advertised his scorn for all creation. . . . A horse went down the lane, trotting in muffled pace over the damp clay, and another horse called after it. Pray had gone; there was that to be thankful for.

Steps sounded in the hall, and Frau Frieda had barely reached her high-backed chair when the door was opened by her bearded guardian.

"Comes the Herr Captain Ridgway, *Schätzchen.*"

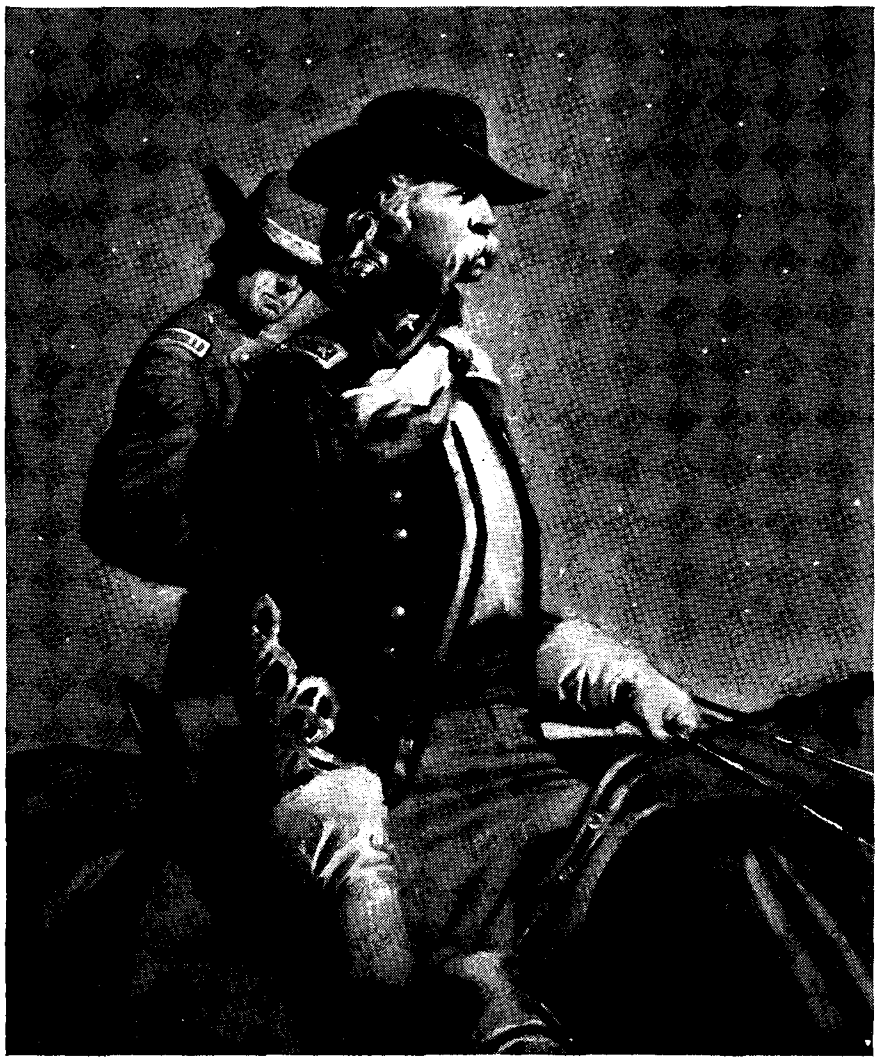
"It is good," she replied. "The stars may have messages for him this night, *nicht wahr?*"

Sixteen closed the door; you had the feeling that he was standing outside for a moment, regarding the oak planks searchingly. Then he went away.

"You're beautiful," whispered Hugh Ridgway to the woman.

He was sturdy, muscular, not too tall. His tanned face had the honest brilliance and defiance of a young man who is very much in love and wishes to make no secret of it.

"A long life, success, glory. We all desire them, Captain"



There was rich color in Frau Frieda's pale lips, for the first time this night. "Hugh. . . ."

He came around and lifted the girl from her chair.

"Oh, no. Not now. . . ."

"Once," he said. "Once, and then perhaps again." He kissed her; her eyes were closed. His smooth chin rubbed ruthlessly at the little cap of lace and black ribbon tied across her smooth hair. "How can you be a widow, darling, when you've never been a wife?"

"That is not astrology." She thrust him away as if she dared to have him touch her no longer.

Captain Ridgway's firm brows were drawn in a frown. "My dear, your comrade-in-arms has me worried."

Something hot rose in her throat.

"It's the way he looks at me, Frieda. You may doubt, but I am certain he suspects that you've told me about your being a spy."

She heard herself whispering, "You are mistaken."

"Daren't you make a clean breast to him? You trusted me. Why can't he?"

Frau Frieda tried to keep her hands flat upon the table. "No. My superiors—the War Department—Secretary Stanton is notorious for his harshness. If he found that I had divulged my identity—to you or to anyone—"

"Good heavens, woman! He'd never dare to—"

"The old Capitol prison is filled with people who have miscalculated in one way or another," she said.

THE frown tightened in Ridgway's face. "But if this man suspects, he may send word to Washington."

"Nevertheless, I can make no confession—except to you. Do you realize how secretive I must be? Not even General Meade knows why I am here, or who I am."

She fingered a bundle of papers and charts which lay beside the candelabra. Ridgway covered her hand with his own.

"But, dearest—there is someone else who has suspicions."

She tried to rise.

"Don't be alarmed. It's only Colonel Pray."

"That man—"

Ridgway chuckled bitterly. "He's not half a man. A dismal mountebank if ever there was one! Just now he is my superior officer; at headquarters they regard him as an important person. But as soon as the command of the army changes—"

He stopped suddenly.

She nodded. "Possibly. As soon as the command—"

Ridgway bent close. "Then—you know?"

"There are always rumors," Frau Frieda told him.

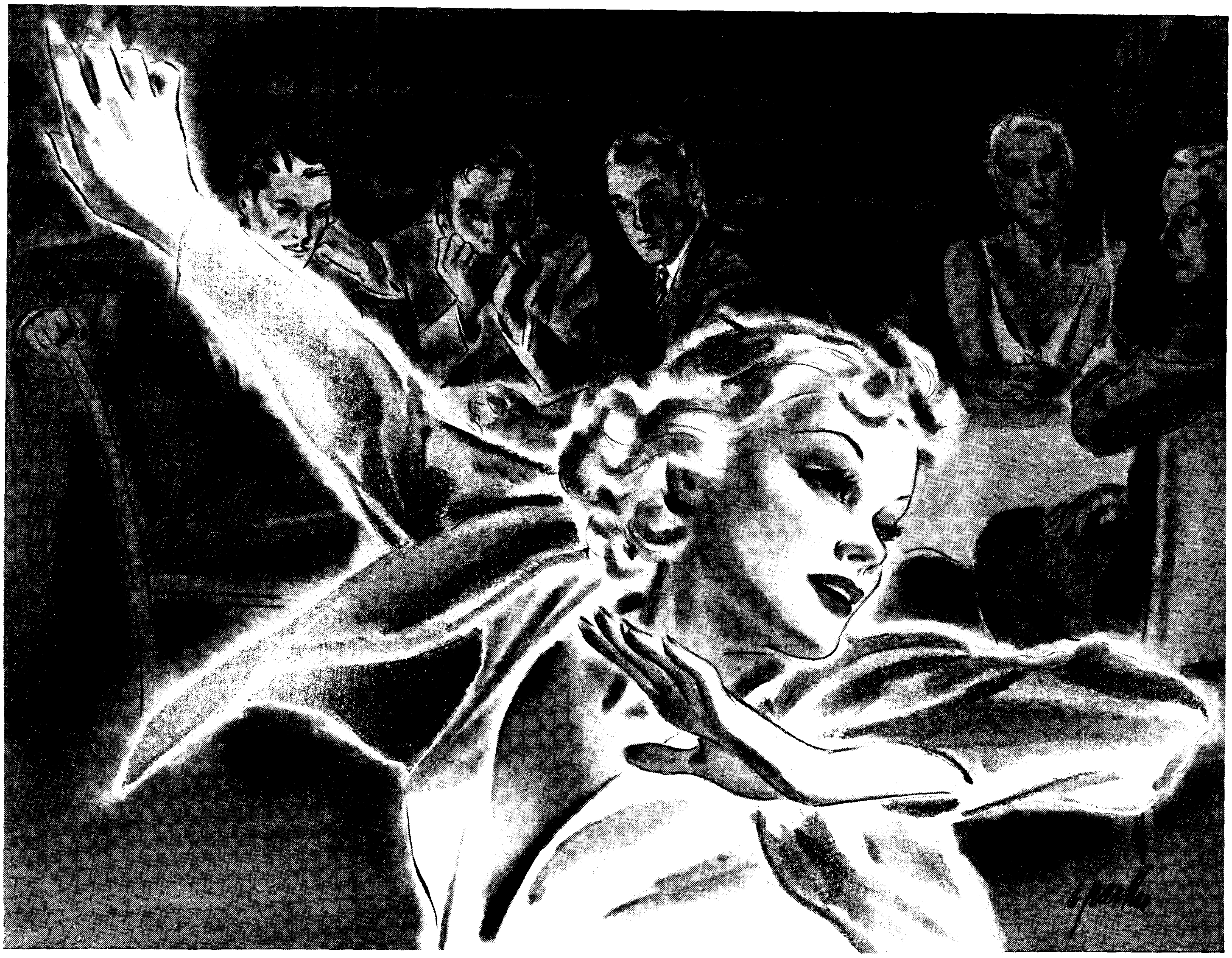
"It's more than a rumor this time. Washburne's fought his fight in Congress, and the way is all cleared. Halleck will be out in another twenty-four hours, and Grant will be in command of all the armies!"

Frau Frieda looked at her charts. There were fish, a ram, scales, a lion . . . the entire zodiac seemed to spin as she studied it. "Surely no official commitment has reached General Meade yet?"

"We heard this evening, confidentially. It went through the staff like wildfire. The general order is to be published day after tomorrow."

Frau Frieda was drawing lines, jotting cryptic symbols with the practiced hand of one who had done the same thing many times. "The stars

(*Continued on page* 39)



When Maisie appeared and skipped around singing, Henney was sold. It was as easy as that

Cigarette Girl

By Burnham Carter

The love story of Maisie Reynolds, who seldom asked herself the question: What will people say?

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

GEORGE FOSTER was a reporter on the New York Morning Star and I was working on the night shift in the railroad ticket office. We used to finish at about the same time, shortly after midnight, and occasionally we would meet for scrambled eggs and coffee before going to bed. One night he telephoned me and said it was too bad that a young man like me should spend his youth bending over a desk while life went roaring by.

"All right, where shall we go?" I asked.

"Let's try Callahan's."

Callahan's is the kind of place that never exists after one is thirty. But we were under thirty, and we thought it was amusing and different and something that ordinary people couldn't find. It was down on the lower East Side and was run by an Italian called Pete. It had a small dance floor, an informal show, and a lot of food for a dollar (no cover charge). When we arrived, George was in a careless mood and called immediately for highballs. Then he surveyed the room and exclaimed:

"Well, look at what Pete's brought in!"

It was a cigarette girl—the first cigarette girl ever to appear in Callahan's. She was sturdily built, with a cheerful, pretty face and yellow hair. She wore a red jacket and a short black skirt. Her smile was not professional.

"She's cute," I said.

"We'll ask Pete about her right away," George said.

Pete was fat and lazy. He was very nice to George because he knew George was a newspaperman.

"That cigarette girl's worth a column and a half," George said. "What's her name?"

"Mees Maisie Reynolds."

"Maisie! That's wonderful."

"FROM a very nice home," Pete assured us earnestly. "Very quiet. She works here to earn her money for college."

"She's probably a little hell-raiser," George commented, "and Pete's just trying to steer us off. We'll kid her a little when she comes around."

After about fifteen minutes the girl approached our table.

"You boys having a good time?" she asked, smiling.

"Fine," George said.

"Yes, fine, thanks," I said, trying to smile back.

She moved on and we felt like a couple of schoolboys. "Gosh, you certainly kidded the life out of her," I remarked to George, but he pretended not to hear.

There was a surprise number at the end of the show, and the number was Maisie. She came out wearing a blue suit and a blue felt hat, and sauntered around with her hands in her pockets singing a song that began:

"I'm not waiting for my ship to come in—
I'm waiting for the fleet."

It was a tough little song, but she sang it with a swagger and a lilt that had everybody laughing.

"That's a fine girl," George exclaimed, forgetting to be bored.

We were on the third highball and the last dollar before Maisie came over to us again. "How are you boys getting along?" she asked.

"All right. We liked your dancing."

She was pleased. "Thanks. I like doing it."

"That's probably why it's good," George said.

"You have to feel right about a thing, if you're going to do it right," Maisie assured us.

"Would you feel right about dancing with me?" George inquired boldly.

She grinned: "Sure."

THEY went off dancing. I felt through my pockets and collected forty-five cents. I knew George had a quarter. A highball was seventy-five cents. I went to the cloakroom and found fifteen cents in my overcoat. When Maisie came back to the table, I invited her to have a drink and she accepted.

"What would you like?"

"A mint frappé, thank you."

I told the waiter.

"Aren't you having anything?" Maisie inquired.

"We just finished one," I said, shooting a warning glance at George.

Maisie looked at me and looked at him.

"I'll tell you what," she said, pursing her lips. "You buy me a drink and I'll buy you a drink." She turned quickly to the waiter and told him to bring two more of what we had had. I couldn't have said anything, and she began to talk right away about New York—she had only been here a month—and how she was going to Coney Island as soon as it was spring.

The check, when it came, was for one mint frappé.

When George telephoned me a week later, we both took it for granted that we would go to Callahan's. Maisie gave us a beaming smile across the floor. She was wearing the short black skirt and the red jacket, with a red beret perched on her yellow head. She looked even cuter than before.

"I like to see you boys here," she remarked. "You're more my age. I'm glad I'm young. I feel sorry for these older men—they try so hard to be young."

"You would make anyone feel younger," George said. He was improving, I thought.

"Thank you," Maisie said. "That's nice."

"Are you going to dance tonight?" I asked, because I wanted to say something.

"I'm going to dance a real kicking dance in tights. George saw it Thursday when he was here, but you haven't seen it yet."

I stared at George. He looked sheepish and pretended to watch someone across the room. All right, you rat, I thought grimly; it'll be my turn next time.

When Maisie came out for her "kicking dance," as she called it, she wore a scanty ballet costume that showed her good-looking legs and arms. In a style of her own she did a lot of pirouettes and slides and high kicks and dying falls.

"Good, isn't it?" George said.

"Uh-huh," I replied. I wasn't inclined to be friendly with George yet, and we avoided each other's eyes.

I SUPPOSE George was in love with Maisie half the time in the next two years. We saw her a lot; I moved in from New Jersey and took a couple of rooms with George, and she would often have lunch with us. We cooked it ourselves; that is, we took it out of a can and heated it over a gas burner and made coffee and had bread and strawberry jam. Maisie liked jam better than anything in the world. She would sit there with her yellow hair fluffed about her head and her bright laughing eyes and make neat little circular bites in the square of bread, while she told us what the men at the night club said to her.

"You want to be careful about going out with them," George might say.

If he were serious, she would pat his hand and tell him, sure, she was careful and change the subject; if he was kidding, then she might describe what the man's apartment looked like and how he wanted to get her a job on the stage.

She wasn't at all "conventional"; she did what she wanted to do. She went with men because she liked them or because she wanted to be kind to them; and there must be a number of men living now who, if they have any gratitude at all, are grateful to her for having cheered them up when they were depressed about something. She cheered me up lots of times just by coming to the room and talking to me. Sometimes I would be discouraged about my job because I didn't seem to get anywhere, and I wanted to be married to someone. Maisie made everything all right just by being by my side. She always *gave* people something, which often seems more important than just obeying the rules.

"Down inside you there's something that tells you that things are *good*," Maisie once explained to me, "and then you do them, and it's all right. Sometimes it's a mistake, see? But it's still all right because it was the way you *felt*. You just had bad luck that time. I know, Billy, that you and George think about things a lot; but I'm not so good at thinking and I do what I *feel*. Then I'm not ashamed about anything."

ONE night George and I went down to Callahan's—we were old-timers there now, and Pete had a special table for us, although we never spent more than a couple of dollars each visit—and a fellow named Morgan Arthur came in. Morgan had been a newspaperman once, but, like so many of them, he slid off the track into a press agent's job where he was paid more money and had less work to do. This didn't improve him any. He steered for us at once and asked if he might sit down. When a newspaperman sits down with another newspaperman, there's one question that has to be asked, willy-nilly, and George asked it.

"No, thanks," Morgan replied. "I'm on the wagon."

He settled himself and looked around and, of course, the first thing he noticed was Maisie. "Neat, but not gaudy," he exclaimed admiringly. "Look at that figure! I'm certainly going to make a date with that baby—I'm looking for speed!"

There was a silence. Then I said: "She's a friend of mine."

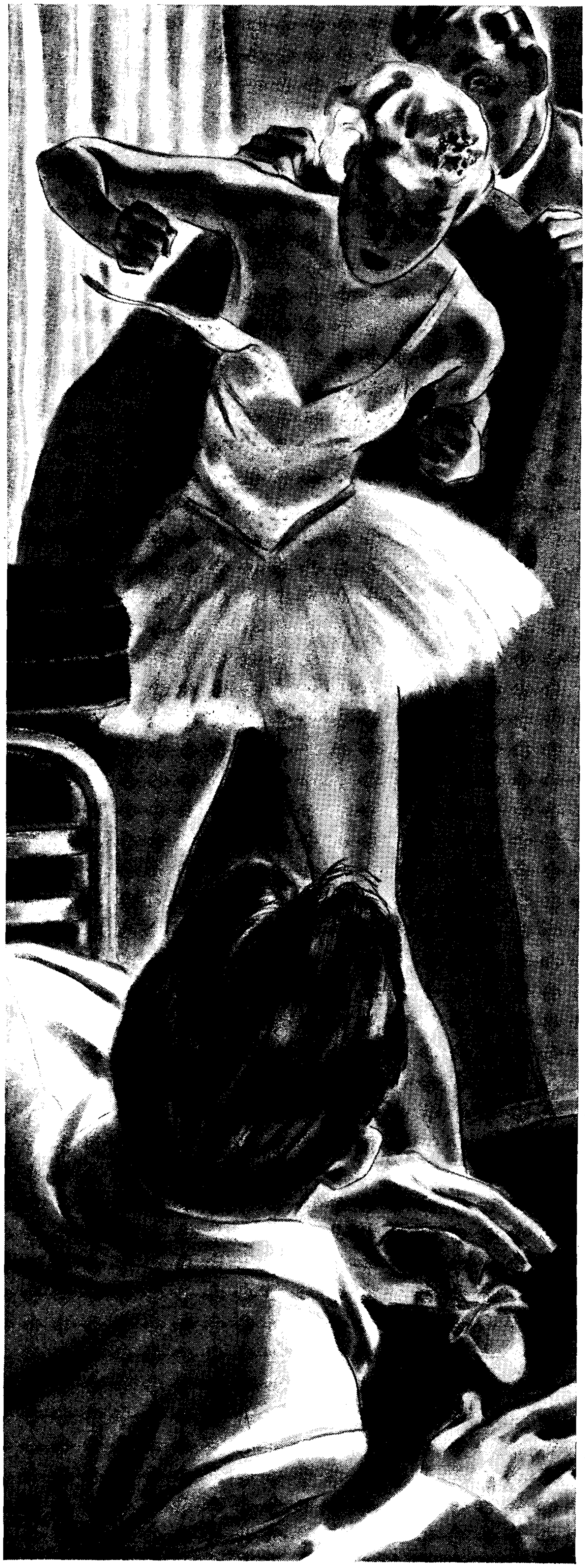
"She's a friend of mine, too," George said.

Morgan's face got red. "Oh, so you're all good friends," he sneered. "Well, I'm going to crash the gate."

He rose and walked across the floor and sat down by himself. When I glanced at him again, he was glowering over some whisky. Then a little later he was dancing with Maisie.

No anxious mother ever watched her prize daughter with a more eagle eye

(Continued on page 50)

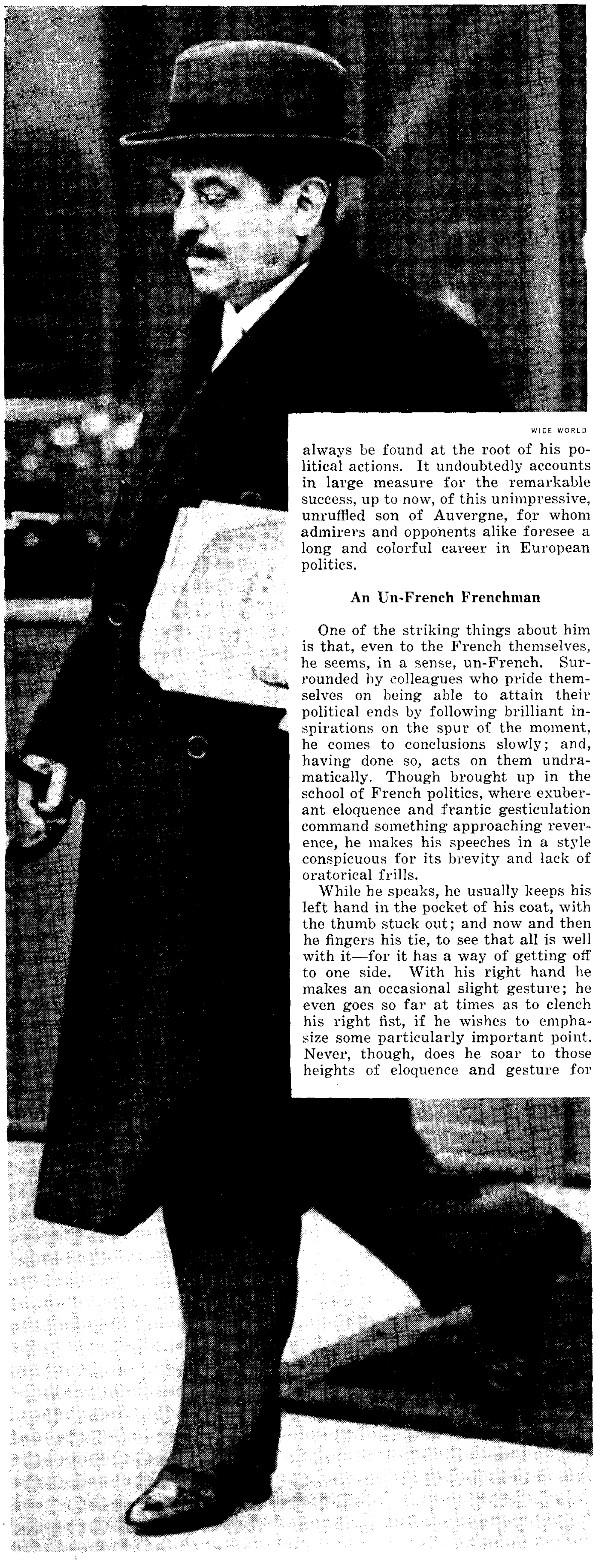


Maisie stood on guard, fists clenched and dangerous. George slipped his overcoat around her

Dark Silent Man

By T. R. Ybarra

When France is faced with a crisis, when she has talked to it and told it to go 'way, when she has exhausted her best rhetoric and the crisis is still there, she inevitably turns to one of her realists—and then action begins. Meet one of them — Pierre Laval



WIDE WORLD

Pierre Laval, Foreign Minister and Premier of France

ALONG the corridor outside the French Chamber of Deputies in Paris a swarthy, thick-set man came sauntering one day not long ago. He was wearing a sack suit and a white tie, holding both hands in his pockets, with the thumbs pointing forward, exchanging pleasantries, in a strikingly melodious voice, with political friends and political foes. Observing him, one of the latter, a dyed-in-the-wool French believer in the sanctity of legacies from the past—especially in the sanctity of the terms on which the World War was settled sixteen years ago — remarked disgustedly to an acquaintance standing beside him:

"There's that fellow Pierre Laval. To think that he is Premier of France! I don't see how he gets away with it. Why, I don't believe he has ever even read the Treaty of Versailles!"

"No more do I," rejoined the other. "That is the secret of his strength."

There was much truth behind that quip.

The man who made it was not implying for one moment that Pierre Laval was an unpatriotic Frenchman, indifferent to the safeguarding of the fruits of France's victory in the war and to the strengthening of her security in the future. What he wished to convey was that Laval was no slave of dead yesterdays. And he was right.

Pierre Laval is a very wide-awake individual. He looks at things as they are. He believes in fitting policies to facts. He has a lively sense of reality. That is the keynote of his whole character. If, for instance, he should ever come to the conclusion that blind adherence to the letter of the Versailles Treaty is tantamount to ignoring facts, he would cheerfully do his bit toward consigning the treaty to the ash heap—not, however, before he was perfectly sure that Versailles stood in the way of other and better solutions for French problems.

As France's Foreign Minister, or as her Premier, or as both (which he became last June), or as neither (which he may find himself tomorrow), one thing may be predicted of him with a tolerable degree of certainty: sense of reality will always be found at the root of his political actions. It undoubtedly accounts in large measure for the remarkable success, up to now, of this unimpressive, unruffled son of Auvergne, for whom admirers and opponents alike foresee a long and colorful career in European politics.

An Un-French Frenchman

One of the striking things about him is that, even to the French themselves, he seems, in a sense, un-French. Surrounded by colleagues who pride themselves on being able to attain their political ends by following brilliant inspirations on the spur of the moment, he comes to conclusions slowly; and, having done so, acts on them undramatically. Though brought up in the school of French politics, where exuberant eloquence and frantic gesticulation command something approaching reverence, he makes his speeches in a style conspicuous for its brevity and lack of oratorical frills.

While he speaks, he usually keeps his left hand in the pocket of his coat, with the thumb stuck out; and now and then he fingers his tie, to see that all is well with it—for it has a way of getting off to one side. With his right hand he makes an occasional slight gesture; he even goes so far at times as to clench his right fist, if he wishes to emphasize some particularly important point. Never, though, does he soar to those heights of eloquence and gesture for which the politicians of France have always been renowned. Aristide Briand, whose love for peace Pierre Laval has inherited, certainly left him none of the celebrated Briand gift for oratory.

Yet Laval gets there just the same. His calm, of course, accounts for much of his success. Being a good son of the soil, with the quiet blood of many generations of fact-facing Auvergnats in his veins, he refuses to get excited. In the midst of even the most agitating political crisis, he remains as unimpressed as he is unimpressive. An admirer once said of him:

"Pierre Laval has the best quality of the people of Auvergne—he never explodes."

As Premier, he is expected to tackle successfully one of the most serious internal crises in the history of the French Republic. Simultaneously, as Foreign Minister, it is confidently assumed by fellow countrymen who believe in him that he will continue his success in promoting French security on the European continent by fostering closer relations with a number of nations which, like France, consider Herr Adolf Hitler, supreme Nazi overlord of Germany, a man to be looked upon with misgiving and kept within bounds by firm international action. Either one of these tasks, it would seem, would suffice for the most ambitious of men; both together, one would suppose, might cause any European statesman to crawl off into a corner and go stark mad.

But Laval took on the combination a few weeks ago without a tremor. He made no fuss. He made no extravagant promises. To him it was all in the day's work. He simply straightened that famous white tie of his, without which he is never seen, and got down to work.

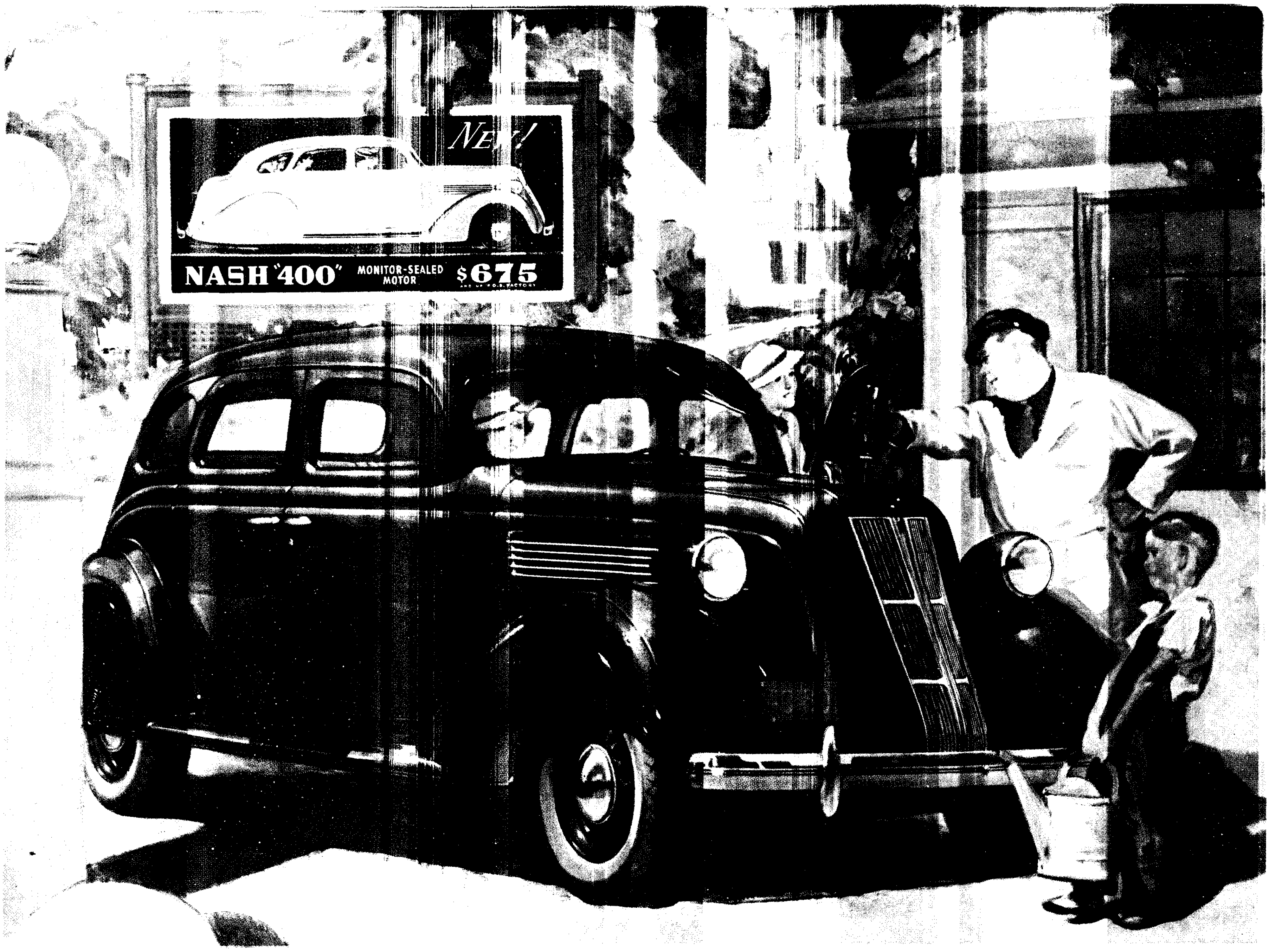
At home, he is confronted with an unbalanced budget, showing a deficit of billions of francs. Every time one of his predecessors has hinted at remedying this state of affairs by drastic deflation, especially by cutting official salaries and pensions, he has found himself in a hornets' nest. And, equally, every time there has been talk of devaluation of the franc, the hornets have come buzzing around from other directions.

Where a Cool Head Is Needed

If Laval gets France out of this mess, he will be justified in laying claim to genius—also if he manages to get along well with the French Chamber, when it meets again. To call the present aggregation of French Deputies obstructionists is putting the matter mildly. Their fear that they may wake up some morning to find that they have allowed the French government to develop into a dictatorship amounts to an obsession. Yet almost everybody with whom one talks in France believes that, unless allowed special powers, no French government can face the internal crisis with any real hope of success. Laval managed, when he became Premier, to persuade the Chamber to grant him special powers of a sort. But will they suffice? And will he be permitted to exercise even these limited powers efficaciously? It is lucky for Pierre Laval that he is a cool Auvergnat, instead of a hot-headed native of some other part of France.

His sense of reality is never more conspicuous than when, as traveling salesman of France's anti-Hitler policy, he goes from Paris to Rome, or Warsaw, or Moscow, patching up old alliances and framing new ones. It keeps him from underestimating Hitler as a potential foe of France in a future war; and, at the same time, it keeps him from forgetting that, despite anti-Hitler combinations which seem essential for

(Continued on page 26)



"*Why didn't somebody think of all these things before!*"

★ Gas station men from coast to coast naturally welcome the fact that they never have to lift and lower the hood of the 1936 Nash "400" . . . that it is the one car today in which oil and water may be added without fuss or bother by simply folding back the car's hinged radiator ornament, under which are both filler caps.

And this is only one of the many advanced features in this "newest new car in years" . . . new features far out of the ordinary, and yet so simple that people everywhere say in amazement, "Why didn't somebody think of these things before!" Read what the new "400" has:

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And Up F. O. B. Factory
Subject to Change Without Notice — Special Equipment Extra

STEEL TOP, ALL-STEEL BODY—First car to combine the safety of an all-steel body with a seamless steel top and reinforced steel floor.

ROOMIEST CAR AT THE PRICE—Front seat 1½ to 6 inches wider, rear seat 1 to 4 inches wider, than competitive cars. Big car of 117-inch wheelbase.

SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING—Spring action equalized front and rear. Puts a new road under the wheels.

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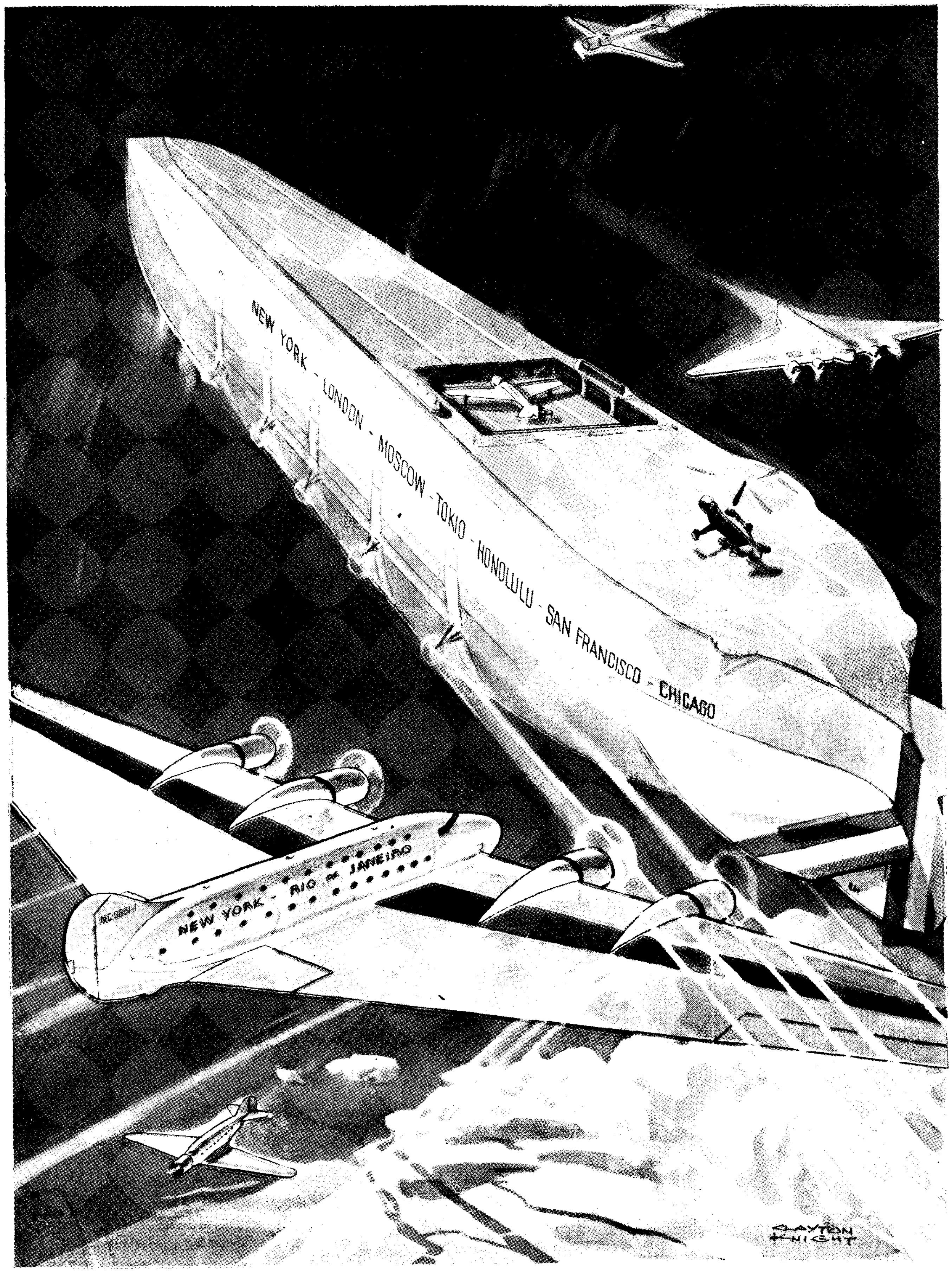
NEW NASH "400"

And Leave the World Below

By W. B. Courtney

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

The stratosphere may be just a name to you now; soon you'll be flying through it with the greatest of ease and in complete comfort. The commercial possibilities are so great that airplane companies keep under armed guard the secrets of the argosies they are constructing for the upper air. Mr. Courtney takes you for a trip across this last frontier


NEW YORK - LONDON - MOSCOW - TOKIO - HONOLULU - SAN FRANCISCO - CHICAGO
NEW YORK - RIO de JANEIRO
CLAYTON KNIGHT

Today's pioneers of the air look into the stratosphere, now cold and dead and remote, and see this picture of how you will travel up there in the years to come

BEHIND locked and guarded doors at a dozen places—half of which are within the United States—in the world this very day history is grimly busy preparing to repeat itself. Bullets and whispers surround hangars where men work swiftly upon the translation into rated horsepower of the boldest dream our earthbound race has yet entertained. Fantasy, suddenly, is embodied and tangible; we are peering out across unexplored depths, challenged by outer darkness, precisely as our ancestors were long ages since.

Many thousand years ago men stood on the shores of Crete, lovely Aegean isle, and fashioned boats. Before them, afar, blue sea dissolved into blue sky to make the haunting mystery of a visible infinity. Sail there!

The idea of the conveyance of man and his goods upon the water was not new: it dated back to the smart caveman who had observed a tree floating upon the river past his home, captured it, and hollowed out with stones or fire a space for his body; or had lashed together several fallen trees or bundles of brushwood or rushes with vines, and pushed off dry-footed upon them. The dugout arrived at a hull, and the raft at a floor and eventually a deck. Voyages lengthened; went from river mouths out to the open sea, but always turned along the coasts and kept prudently within sight of land. There are evidences of lost epics concerning men blown involuntarily from continent to continent. But no one knew what monsters, what perils, lay over the horizon and there were dark conjectures and chilling fables. The ocean was the foremost enigma in ancient life.

Because man is a land creature, the conquest of continental areas—however difficult and remote—has not offered a gamble equivalent to the conquest of the ocean. Now, however, the sea finds a bewildering parallel in the stratosphere. The deep sky looms above us, beckons to modern pioneers, as the deep sea rolled before the ancients. We prepare to repeat our subjection of the unpredictable. It is but reasonable to suppose that victory will bring even more profound changes in war and science, in social relations and education, than were caused by the conquest begun by the Cretan mariners. A score of men, and at least one woman, who tread the earth today actually have penetrated the stratosphere—Lecointe, Schroeder, Uwins, Kepner, the Picards, Donati, Anderson, Stevens, Champion, Settle, Fordney, the Souceks, Wiley Post and others. Within your lifetime and mine the stratosphere will be as well traveled and familiar as your favorite automobile highway will be this week end.

Government savants, commercial experts, the geniuses of capitalism and of proletarianism, fortified by the resources and the money pots of dictatorships, monarchies, and of democracies, are racing up Jack's beanstalk. A golden egg

(Continued on page 43)

AMERICA'S PROFESSIONAL TRAVELERS ARE PLYMOUTH'S BEST CUSTOMERS

DEPENDABILITY • COMFORT • SAFETY—APPEAL TO BUSY SALESMEN

THEY'RE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION "car punishers"... the army of salesmen who drive anywhere from 50 to 300 miles a day, over all kinds of roads... all year 'round. They have to pick cars that can take it!

Three times as many of them are driving 1935 Plymouths as drove 1932 Plymouths... more than tripled in three years! It's the biggest group of Plymouth owners, among all vocations or trades.

This big Plymouth gives hard-driving salesmen the speed they need... the power for every hill... strength-saving ease of handling... the comfort of the Floating Ride. They *know* that genuine hydraulic brakes and all-steel body make it the world's safest low-priced car.

Then ask these business-travelers how much it means to have a car like this new Plymouth... that runs on 12% to 20% less gas and oil!

Drive one of these beautiful new Plymouths for a test... and find out why salesmen are saying, "Pick a Plymouth, by all means!" Ask any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. (Through the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan it's remarkably easy to buy and pay for a Plymouth.)

Only Plymouth gives you All Four:

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3. **WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION**
4. **12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL**

PLYMOUTH *Now only* **$510** **AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT** Special Equipment Extra

Dark, Silent Man

Continued from page 22

French security today, there is always an off-chance of Franco-German reconciliation tomorrow. Like a true disciple of that grand old French statesman, Aristide Briand—who, during his lifetime, seemed to have a personal understanding with the Dove of Peace—Pierre Laval has a horror of war. He realizes that the best way to banish it from Europe is for France and Germany to bury the hatchet. And he refuses to abandon the hope that some day both nations will take part in that highly desirable burial.

This optimism, which persists deep down in his mind, no matter how black the European outlook may get, accounts for the meeting early this year between him and that other traveling salesman of international policy, Hermann Goering, right-hand man of Adolf Hitler.

Laval was in Poland, attending the funeral of Marshal Pilsudski, the Polish dictator. So was Goering. Now, the average, old-line French statesman would have given Adolf's representative a wide berth. Not so Laval. He made a point of getting together with Hermann—just as any traveling salesman, out on the road, might get together with a traveler for a rival concern, and ask him to have a drink.

Talkative as a Clam

Exactly what happened at the meeting has not come out. But anybody who knows unconventional Pierre Laval and equally unconventional Hermann Goering will guess that they showed each other their respective lines of international goods, and discussed the possibility of ending the cutthroat competition between their respective concerns—all quite confidentially, while they sipped their drinks.

And there is nobody who gets along better with men of the most divergent political views. One day recently, after Laval, as Foreign Minister, after months of clashes with French Communists, had announced in the Chamber the conclusion of a treaty of mutual assistance between capitalistic France and the great communistic state of Russia, he noticed, as he passed through the corridor outside the Chamber, a leading French Communist who had been for years one of his bitterest antagonists. Going up to him, with twinkling eyes, Laval asked:

"Well, old boy, are you pleased with me now?" What could the Communist do but shake his finger in the other's face, and exclaim:

"Pierre, you're certainly a slick one!"

Laval is well-known in America. He visited our shores four years ago, at the time of the discussions about inter-Allied war debts. He talked with President Hoover and many other important personages and, with all of them, he held his own. Everyone who met him was impressed by the poise of this Auvergnat visitor, with the skin of a Moor and the reticence of a clam.

I saw Laval for the first time shortly after his return from America. Some time before, a Frenchman, whose judgment is a thing to be respected, had said to me: "Watch Laval! He will go far!"

So I watched him with interest, when I caught him one day strolling outside the meeting-place of the French Senate, of which he was then a member. I asked him to tell me what he thought of Americans in general and Mr. Hoover in particular. But he shook his head.

"I have come back from America with a pair of ears but no tongue," he said.

The next time I encountered him was in Warsaw last spring. He had gone there to try to talk the Poles out of flirting with Hitler. It was a tough job.

Hitler and the Polish regime, headed by Marshal Pilsudski, were getting along beautifully, so much so that many Poles seemed to have forgotten completely that their country was still officially allied with France. Laval went at his task with thoroughness. And, while at it, he acted as if the whole thing were just a holiday jaunt. In Warsaw, as in America, he was accompanied by his sprightly young daughter, Jose; and anyone seeing the two, as they went their even way amid temperamental Polish reception committees, might have supposed that international entanglements were of no concern to either.

Laval's age is fifty-two—he is just as old as Mussolini and considerably older than Hitler. Like Mussolini, the ex-stonemason, and Hitler, the ex-house painter, he comes of humble beginnings.

"It's your fault! You're a bad influence on him!" JAY IRVING

His father ran a small store and café at Chateldon, in Auvergne, where the son was born in 1883. Young Pierre, among other things, was apprenticed in his boyhood to a butcher, for whom he delivered packages of meat and ran errands. At one time, too, he used to drive a horse vehicle between the town of Chateldon and its railroad station. Even in those early days he had no intention of sticking at home. He was bent on educating himself, on getting along in the world. So, profiting from the fact that the old horse which he drove knew the road between town and station so well as to need practically no guidance, he used to spend a good part of his working hours plunged deep into books, which he bought with his scanty pennies, or borrowed from more affluent acquaintances.

One day he had a priest as a passenger. Noticing the young driver immersed in reading, while the horse went plodding along, the priest asked what kind of book it was that was absorbing his attention. He doubtless expected the answer to be: "A dime novel." Instead, to his astonishment, Pierre replied:

"A Greek grammar."

The priest was so impressed that he lent the boy more books and encouraged him to keep on studying. Partly as a result of his kindly interest, Pierre, at eighteen, got a job as a village schoolmaster. But that, too, was not enough for him. Within a few years he was studying law in Paris; and, not long after, he had embarked on that political career which—though still far from its climax, according to many admirers—has already brought him three times to the premiership of France.

When he became premier this summer he showed, in the tactics which he adopted, his capacity for grasping the essentials of a political situation.

For days there had been a deadlock; the French franc was dropping steadily in value; gold was pouring out of the country; and to prophecies of financial chaos were added ugly hints of imminent street riots. France's leading statesmen, including President Lebrun, had stayed up again and again until the small hours, trying to find a way out; and, each time they seemed to have succeeded, a rebellious Chamber of Deputies, suspicious of possible dictatorship, had refused to grant to the government special powers for overcoming the crisis. So the lights would be turned on again at the palace of the Elysée, where the French President lives and works, and again they would burn there until four or five in the morning; indeed, they burned so often that a Parisian wit remarked:

"Don't look for the night life of Paris on Montmartre; the place to find it is the Elysée!"

Twice President Lebrun asked Pierre Laval to form a government. Once Laval refused. The second time he accepted—and failed. Then the President asked him again. He accepted—and succeeded. What is more, he formed the new government in record time; never before in French history had a cabinet been presented to the Chamber within less than twenty-four hours after its formation.

There was method in Laval's mad speed. He knew that the deputies, exhausted by the weird hours they had been keeping, wanted, above all else, to get to bed and have a good long sleep. Therefore, they could not help being pleased when, almost before they had realized that Laval had begun to get his ministry together, he appeared with it at the Chamber and asked the deputies to give it their blessing. They did. And they also presented Laval with a modified form of the special governmental powers which, until then, they had resolutely refused.

So Laval, and his ministers, and the deputies, were free to tumble into bed—also poor President Lebrun. That unfortunate executive had not even been able, while the crisis was on, to see a theatrical performance from start to finish. One evening, while he was witnessing the tragedy of Lucrezia Borgia at the Comédie Française, he was hustled out of the theater long before the final curtain by a message to the effect that Laval, or somebody, was at the Elysée clamoring to see him. Next day the President's valet asked permission to go to the theater.

"Go ahead," said Monsieur Lebrun. "And, by the way, what do you intend to see?"

"Lucrezia Borgia."

"Why that particular play?"

"Because I want to tell Your Excellency how it ends."

Through Thick and Thin

Laval's foreign policy may be described as the Barthou formula with Briand trimmings. After becoming Foreign Minister last October, in succession to the unfortunate Louis Barthou—who, with King Alexander of Yugoslavia, was murdered at Marseilles — Laval pursued, to a considerable extent, his predecessor's tactics of "encircling" Germany with a ring of nations friendly to France.

But there was a difference. It has been aptly said of Barthou that he wished to insure France not against war but against defeat in war. Convinced that European peace was too precarious to be maintained indefinitely, he devoted himself to making France the center of a coalition which, he believed, would be found invincible in the event of armed conflict.

He worked with war in his mind. Laval, on the other hand, steers much the same course with peace at the back of his head. The idea underlying his policy is that Germany—deeming it hopeless to get into a fight against France, Russia, Italy, the Little Entente, and (possibly) Poland and Great Britain—may be persuaded to do her share in bringing about genuine peace in Europe. Of this genuine peace, Pierre Laval, trained in the school of Briand, never ceases to dream.

But he is no impractical dreamer. Anything but! Through thick and thin he remains a hard-headed Auvergnat, with no use for anything but hard facts. I join my French acquaintance of years ago in saying: "Watch Laval!" It is good advice.

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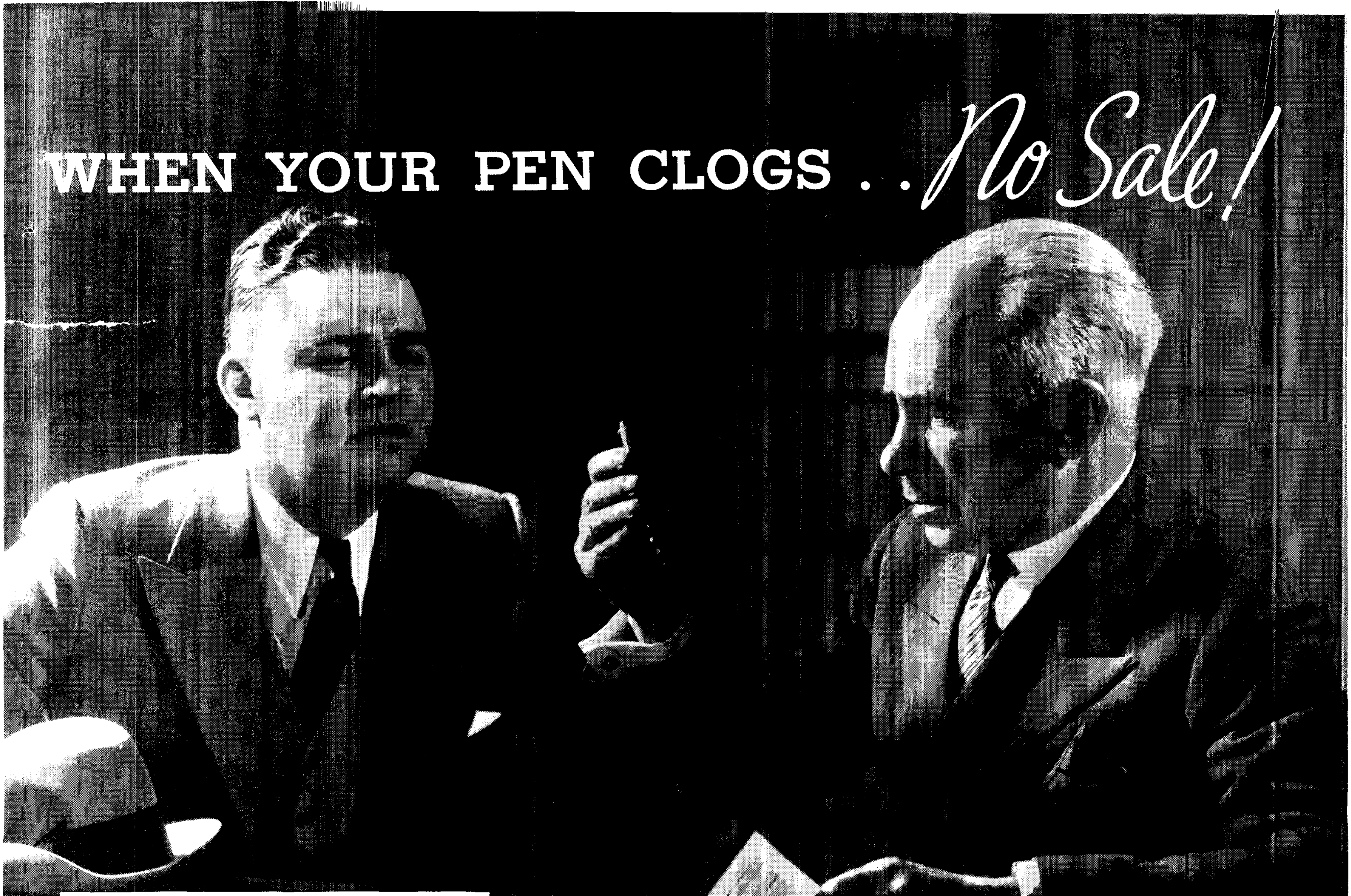

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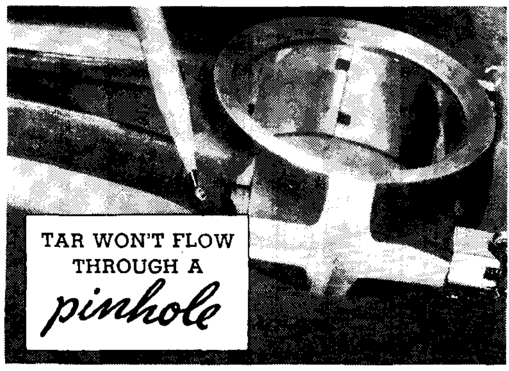
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pinhole

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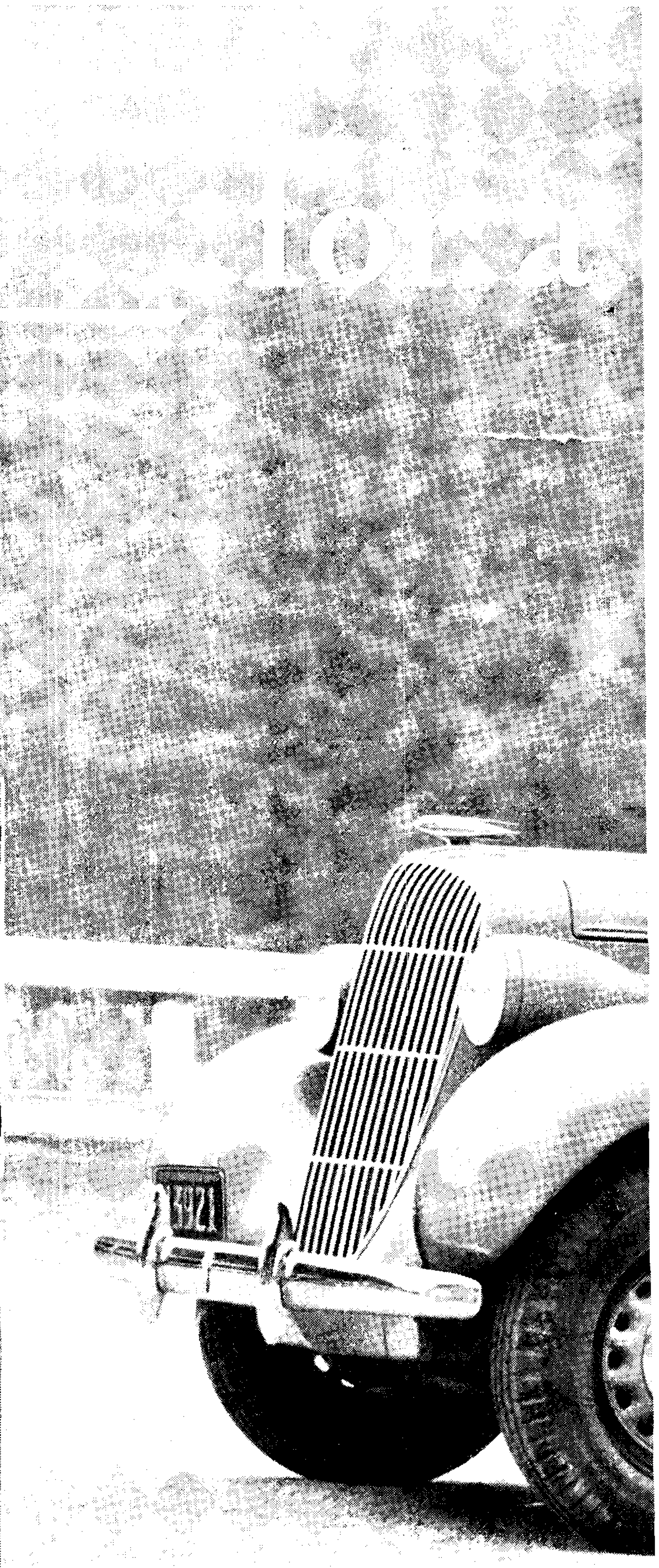

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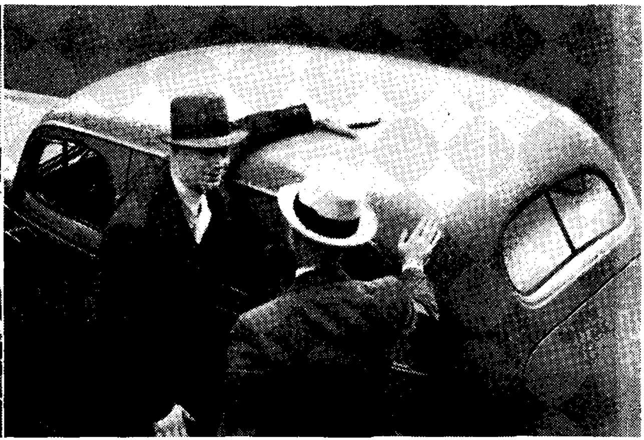

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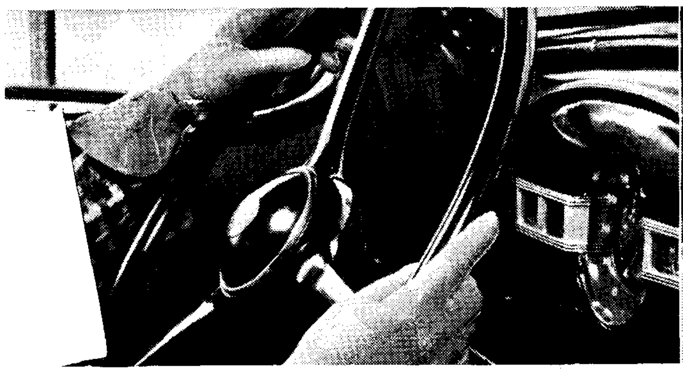

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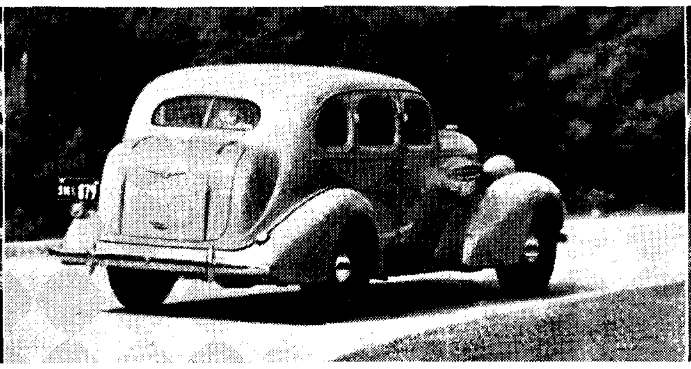

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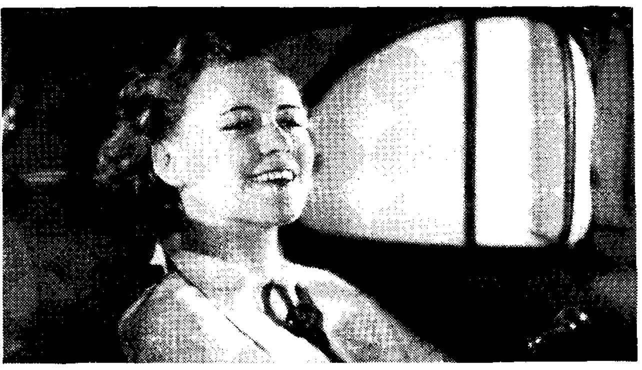

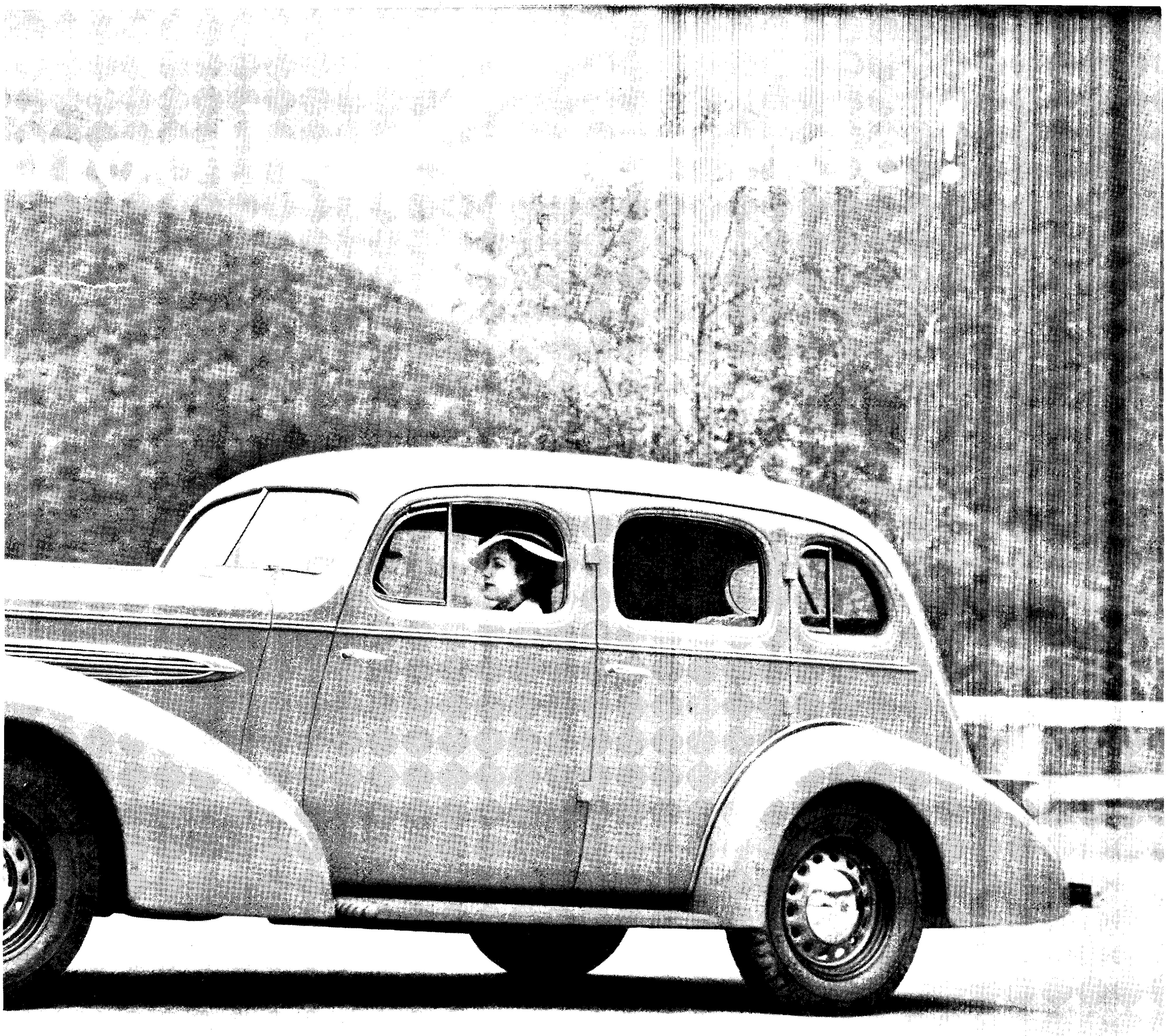

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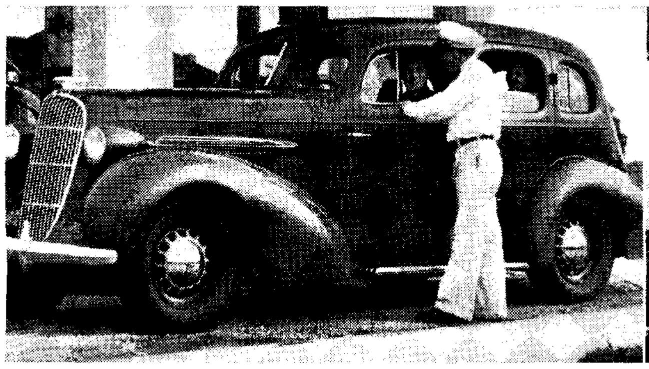
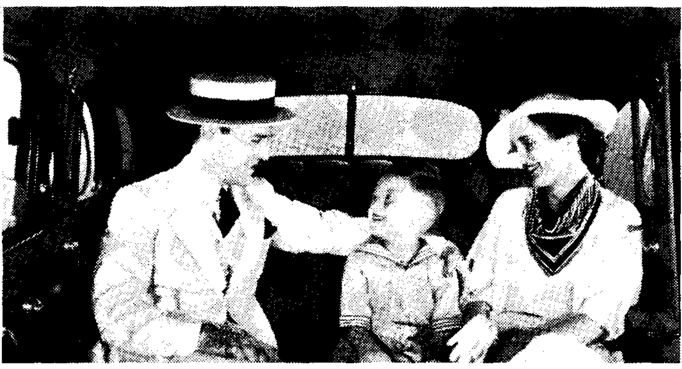




$675*

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 9

it was about the only piece of civilization up in the North."

Judge Sillavan cut in dryly: "You wouldn't exaggerate if you said it was still about the only piece of civilization there."

"The wild and woolly West still lives," murmured Lily with a faint skepticism.

Timmy Akin broke in: "Well, I heard this today. A man was shot dead at a water hole last night, not far from here."

Judge Sillavan bent toward Tom Sebastian. He said: "Did you know about that?"

"Yes. It was Pete Rice."

"At Crockford Wells, then?" said Sillavan quietly.

"Yes."

Sillavan's talk was obscure to Lily. "That's hitting close to home."

Tom Sebastian said: "Didn't I tell you all cattlemen were dumb? They don't change—they die." But he shifted from that topic casually, turning to Lily: "You don't have much faith in the traditional West, do you?"

"I think you cling to sentimental memories. You are a modern man, but you wish to believe you are a part of the old times. I have seen the gambling tables and the long mahogany bars in Reno. They are picturesque. They're good theater for the tourists. But they are 1870 and this is 1935."

"Let us grieve for the lost innocence of this irreverent generation," complained Sillavan.

"Not irreverent," corrected Lily with a faint smile. "But unsentimental."

"There you have it," applauded Kit Christopher from the end of the table.

"You are hard people, you youngsters," said Sillavan. "You don't believe in anything. So you are all turning brittle and transparent."

"WE ARE being spanked," intervened Kit Christopher.

"And don't tell me you're a realistic generation," went on the judge, amiably severe. "You're novices at that. My generation could step over dead men on the way from church to Sunday dinner and never turn a hair. We could put a school at one end of the town and a public crib at the other. That's realism, my infants."

They were finished with coffee. Lily said, faintly restless: "Let's go somewhere."

Kit Christopher's hands expressed despair. "Lily, can't you ever stay put?"

But Tom Sebastian had risen promptly, his white grin once more breaking. The party adjourned to the living-room and the women went for their wraps. Judge Sillavan's ruffled silver head bent down: he clipped a cigar with a gold penknife attached to his watch chain. His quiet talk was for Tom Sebastian alone. "Pete Rice was a gentle soul. But he was one of your friends."

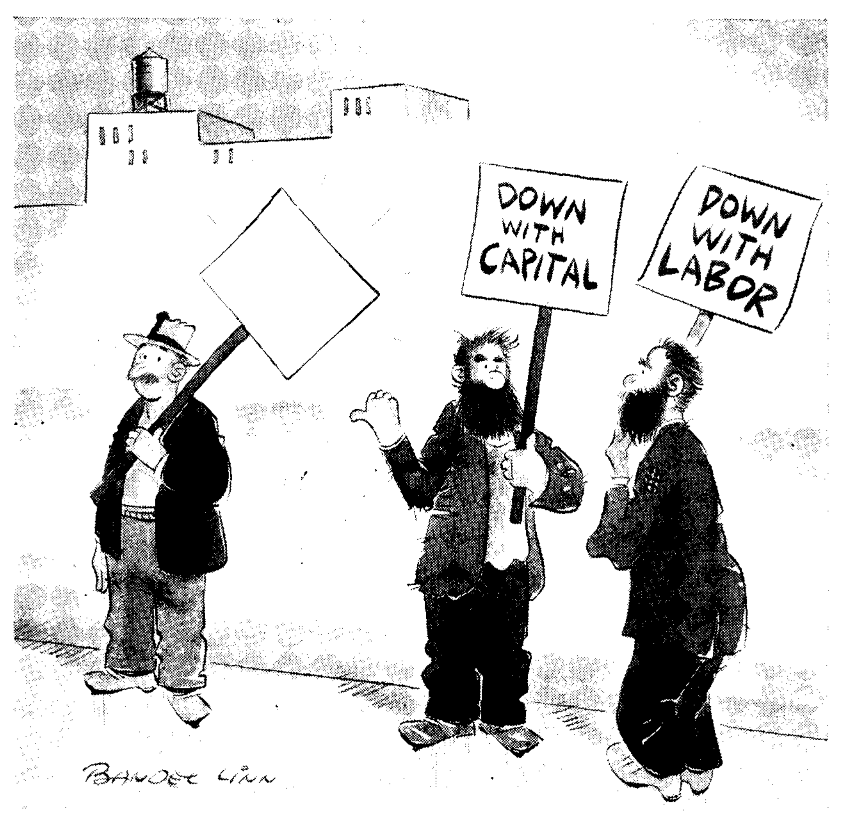
"They are hitting me through my friends," observed Tom taciturnly. "Men can't afford to be my friends any more."

"Certainly—certainly. Nevada politics. Been so since the very beginning." Sillavan looked up and his very old and very shrewd eyes glittered with some of that ruthlessness that had been his long ago. "It will get worse for you. Well, you are as rough and tough as any of your enemies and you have but one weakness, which is a set of scruples against deliberate murder. The other side doesn't have any such scruples. Do you know what it's all about?"

"Freeze-out."

Judge Sillavan's smile was very thin. "Come see me at the office tomorrow." He stopped talking and bowed to the approaching ladies with a gallantry that held the flavor of a distant past. There was something in the manner of this old-type Westerner that reminded Lily of opening an attic trunk and finding there the crinoline and linsey-woolsey of a dead age. The party trooped out toward the cars at the curb, but Lily touched Sebastian's arm and they went walking on through the fragrant dusk of the quiet street. The people behind were cheerfully in argument. These two were silent, and remained so all the way into the brightness of Reno's center. Orchestra music flowed from a hotel and couples in evening dress casually and gaily passed them. Along the curbs men in boots and broad hats watched this parade without emotion. Many of them spoke to Tom.

Lily said: "You know a lot of people."



"He ain't mad at anybody!"

BANDEL LINN

"In Nevada everybody knows everybody else. You want to remember—" He ceased speaking and Lily, following the turn of his head, saw a great mass of a man idly posed against a building wall. He had a chest so extraordinarily deep and broad that it made the rest of his body seem thin; and his features were queerly flattened against a brick-brown skin. His eyes of a muddy, opaque color clung winklessly to Tom Sebastian. And then, in spite of the utterly desolate expression of his face, a smoldering dislike flashed plainly across it. Her glance whipped back to Sebastian and she noticed at once how friendless was his own expression. Afterward, when they went on, that unforgiving tautness around Sebastian's lips remained in her mind. She spoke:

"Who was the grotesque giant?"

"A half-breed by the name of Star Humboldt."

"Not a charming personality."

HE LOOKED down at her, not quite smiling. "He's not in the tourists' guide, Lily."

The party swung into the Goldfield Club, into the sudden confusion of sound and smoke. Down the long room stretched the successive gaming tables, well patronized; and through it moved that queer stream of people which gave Reno its particular color—cowhand and prospector and townsman rubbing shoulders indifferently with the sightseer in his crumpled clothes and the divorcée in evening dress. The party eddied slowly along, propelled by the players drifting from table to table. Five men in white duck served behind a long polished bar.

KIT CHRISTOPHER wanted to try roulette and Timmy Akin obediently found a place for her. The Reno people were chatting with others who had come up. A man passing by touched Sebastian on the shoulder and said: "Want to see you later, Tom," and went on without waiting for an answer. Turning back to Lily Tennant, Sebastian found her regarding the roulette table with an amused indifference.

"Not interesting to you?"

"Not very."

Kit Christopher had tried her luck and found it bad; she came away from the table with an expressive shrug and the party went into the street again, Lily and Tom bringing up the rear. Tom Sebastian spoke with a strange bluntness:

"What interests you?"

Her face rose, showing a queer liveliness. "Anything. Anything that is real."

"You're not bored. You're troubled."

"How would you know that?"

"You're too much alive to be bored."

"Thank you, Tom." The party turned into an alley and entered a doorway overhung by a single light. But Sebastian put a slight pressure on Lily Tennant's arm and stopped; and his head turned back to the main street. Looking that direction, Lily presently saw the great figure of Star Humboldt cruise across the mouth of the alley. Humboldt threw one glance down the alley, toward Sebastian, and then passed on.

"What is it?" asked Lily.

Sebastian only shook his head, his cheeks holding an oblique and secret humor. They followed the party into another of Reno's clubs, this one smaller and quieter than the Goldfield, with its crystal chandeliers throwing off a faint air of elegance. Kit Christopher was again trying her luck, but Lily Tennant stood fast in the center of the room and looked about with a cool curiosity; and then the curiosity died and left her aloof and indifferent. Tom Sebastian turned a little to catch the straight, level effect of her glance. He bent toward her, reserve going from his manner.

"How long are you going to be in Reno?"

"A day—a week. I don't know, and it doesn't matter."

He said: "You haven't seen—" He broke off the sentence and folded his two hands in front of him. His cheeks went keen and perceptibly reckless; he spoke quite brusquely: "You're a lovely woman, Lily."

Her eyes held him. Her voice was serene, speculative. "You are a man of extremes."

"You've seen Reno. But there's another side of Nevada you don't know—"

The party was retreating from the roulette table. Kit Christopher said: "I'm the world's worst gambler." A man came through the doorway with a swift swing of his shoulders and stopped quite suddenly beside Sebastian.

"Tom," he said, "how are you?"

Sebastian's answer fell short of friendliness. It was nothing more than acknowledgment, as all the group saw. "Hello, Buffalo."

HE WAS a smiling man, this newcomer. His eyes were lightest hazel and his yellow blond hair—he had at once removed his hat—curled carelessly down his forehead. He was as young as Sebastian, with quite bold features across a lightly florid skin. In the muscular roll of his shoulders and the glinting liveliness of his glance was a visible hint of animal magnetism. A pointed silence fell as he stood there, half faced toward Lily Tennant. Sebastian, coolly polite, said: "Miss Tennant, may I present Buffalo Galt?" and plunged his hands into his pockets. Then he added: "And Miss Christopher, and Timmy Akin."

Buffalo Galt's bow was deliberately gallant. "This," he said, "is a pleasure I deliberately sought."

Lily said, "Thank you." The man was so smilingly aggressive, so obviously traveling through life at a top stride. Kit Christopher murmured gently: "It is a nice philosophy, Mr. Galt—to go after what you want."

"It's done well for me," said Buffalo Galt. His grin exposed the whiteness of his teeth; his eyes raked Tom Sebastian, and there was in them a lurking malice. "But Tom wouldn't agree to that. Tom sticks to traditions."

"As I've said before," drawled Sebastian, rather dryly, "cattlemen are a dumb lot." He seemed to dismiss Buffalo Galt then from his mind. He looked down at Lily: "You have never seen the Nevada lying beyond Reno."

Lily tipped her head upward toward him. They were at that moment quite alone—all others excluded from their talk. The sense of a challenge lay between them, quite definite. Tom Sebastian's mouth cut a solid line across the darkness of his face. Lily Tennant spoke out of her deep calm: "Is it something I should see?"

"Come to Barrier with me."

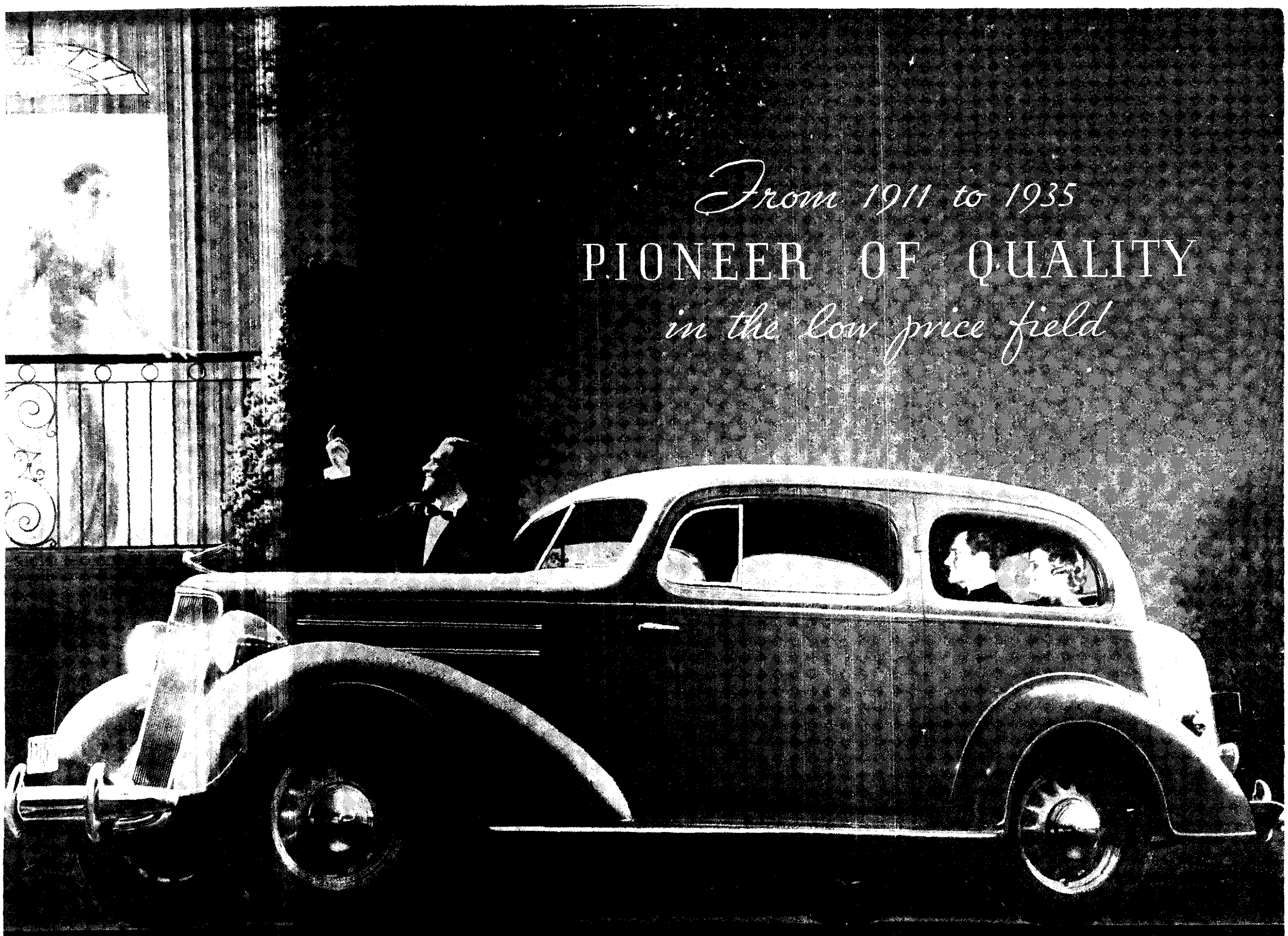
"When?" she asked.

"Tonight."

"What an abrupt sort you Nevadans are," observed Kit. But nobody answered, and Kit's eyes, at once sharp, raced to Lily Tennant and remained there.

Faint color touched Lily Tennant's cheeks; something disturbed her inner calm. Her shoulders rose and became

(Continued on page 32)



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The Silver Desert

Continued from page 30

straighter. Studying Tom Sebastian, she said: “What shall I see on Barrier?”

“Does that matter?”

“All right.”

Sebastian looked up to the rest of the party. “That includes all of you, of course.”

“Me?” interposed Buffalo Galt.

Sebastian stared at the man. “Would you feel comfortable on Barrier, Buffalo?”

“I'm always willing to take my chances,” retorted Galt, with a minute accent of arrogance.

Judge Sillavan's white head reared. The smoke of his cigar didn't quite conceal the harsh brightness of his glance. “You always are,” he said quietly. The silence returned then, and remained until Kit Christopher was prompted to speak by some obscure impulse:

“Come along, Buffalo. I think I should enjoy your company.”

Buffalo Galt laughed and looked at Sebastian with an ironic triumph. “You will find me at least entertaining, Miss Christopher. I never do the expected thing.”

SEBASTIAN'S car headlights glowed down a road as straight as a transit line. Lily Tennant beside him had said very little during the first forty miles. Judge Sillavan and Timmy, sitting on the jumps, only now and then spoke; but Buffalo Galt, riding the rear seat with Kit Christopher, kept up a steady good-humored talk.

Timmy Akin said, in a muffled voice: “Am I stepping on a rifle, by any chance? Something's under my feet.”

Sebastian slowed the car for a sharp turn and Buffalo Galt's laugh was abnormally loud and ironic. Then the car, gathering speed, began to beat up a more violent sound from the rougher road they had taken. One tall water tower loomed and died and a cabin near by thrust out its single splinter of lamplight. Sebastian dropped his hand to the horn, leaving a long halloo behind. The glow from the instrument board fell down on the butt of a .45 protruding from the side pocket of the car.

“Lily, what troubles you so much?”

“It is quite obvious?”

“In you—yes.”

She looked straight ahead, but her shoulder fell against him, so that he might hear. The rush of the car made whirlpools of sound inside the tonneau; speech came faintly from the people in the rear. She said: “When you come to a blind jump and you don't know what lies beyond, what do you do?”

“Jump it.”

“As easy as that?”

“If you've got to make the jump, why stop to think about it?”

“Suppose I can jump or stay behind?”

His shoulders swayed over the wheel; there was a howling echo beneath, a hollow roar bounding away from a plank bridge. Far, far ahead one faint light began to wink intermittently. “You're not the kind to refuse a jump.”

“Are you so sure?”

“You're a high-powered girl, Lily.”

“I'm not sure that's a compliment.”

“It shouldn't matter. I'm being truthful.”

“You waste no time.”

“Not with you,” he said, and stopped talking. His profile was a hard, keen silhouette. It was unsentimental, and touched by a distant bitterness. Without warning he added: “With some people it isn't a question of time. You and I are as good friends as we'll ever be, right now.”

She straightened a little: “Why?”

“Friendship is a mild emotion. I'm not mild, and neither are you. We're the sort that pushes on to the logical end—which is either dislike or love.”

She sat silent, thinking. The car passed into the shadows of a hill on the left hand. The road curved and the wink of the light far out on the desert died. Beyond the curve another light began to send its signal forward. The air turned chilly and a sense of tremendous emptiness began to press against Lily Tennant. Farther on, the headlamps touched a coyote standing in the middle of the road, its tail down and its starveling body gone taut. It slid into the desert without hurry.

“It would be silly,” she said at last. “But it might be true.”

“It is true—and for us it would be disastrous. What is this jump you've got to take and can't see beyond?”

“Fame—of a sort.”

“Come, Mordecai, we all hew to the line around here!” ROLAND COE

The distant light grew stronger; another light appeared beside it—and then a cluster of them. The stark, irregular shape of a series of corrals flitted by, and in a moment they had left this solitary habitation to the rear. Sebastian looked aside at her. “You're afraid of what you've got to give to get it.”

She put her hands together and let out a quick breath. “Yes.”

“Is it what you want—fame?”

“Perhaps.”

“Then give what you've got to give.”

SHE spoke with sudden energy. “That's a little bit brutal.”

His answer touched gentleness. “Maybe. But you can't be Cinderella and Madame Pompadour at the same time. When we reach the ranch I want to show you what the down payment on fame amounts to.”

The car drummed on under a more blackly brilliant sky, devouring the distance by its ceaseless rushing. The talk fell off for long periods of time. Away ahead another light made a thin point through the emptiness, toward which Sebastian pointed. Presently they had reached this ranch and had sped by. It seemed to Lily then that they were racing across a pure emptiness, guided only by these faint beacons, sighting them, straining for them, roaring past them. Once they skirted the margins of a small lake, their lights shining on its lonely, silver surface; another time they seemed to rise and pass into a narrow canyon, beating up ancient echoes as they traveled.

Considerably later Sebastian spoke again: “How far do you think you've come from Reno?”

“Fifty miles.”

“A hundred and ten, to be exact. We're almost home—thirty miles more.”

“Almost?” she murmured. “You don't take your distances very seriously, Tom.”

“We can't afford to. Barrier is about as far from Reno as New York is from Albany.”

“It's such a lonely feeling land.”

They slid into a denser darkness, running again along the foot of a low range of hills. They kept to it, mile after mile. Over in the east the flatness that had no flaw. Sebastian said: “That's desert you're looking at. We're paralleling the Moonstone range. Barrier's southern boundary begins here. Up yonder in the north is the Oregon line.”

“Just a little ride to settle one's meal,” called Kit Christopher. “I should be a lost soul drifting around in space if I lived here.”

They left, at last, the hovering shoulder of the Moonstone range, and lights met them again, not far ahead. The speed of the car fell off, the road slowly turned. Pulling herself from a dark tangle of thoughts, Lily Tennant found fence posts flickering by, pale against an impenetrable night. There was a long low ranch house to the fore and the silhouette of lesser buildings surrounding it. Sebastian let the car coast as far as the porch of the main house and stopped by the steps. His arm went to the latch of the car door, and halted there; and Lily, mildly curious, saw his long frame turn still. A man moved away from the porch shadows and other men came quietly across the yard. Someone called distinctly: “Put out the lights, Tom.”

Sebastian cut the switch. Obvious hurry got into him. He opened the side car door and stepped out and said to the others, “Into the house, please. Matt—where are you?” A slow, utterly cool voice answered him from another angle of the porch, and Sebastian moved away.

Lily got out and waited for the rest of the party. Silence and a cold excitement gripped them all; Timmy Akin cleared his throat nervously, and the clack of an electric-light plant somewhere made abnormal echoes. A tall shadow appeared before Lily and touched her arm. When he spoke she identified Sebastian. “Come into the house as fast as possible,” and he guided her up the steps. He waited on the porch until they had collected around him, then he opened the door swiftly, and reached inside to cut off the room lights.

Only for one moment had the porch been visible. But in that moment Lily's eyes, turned aside, had struck the shape of a man lying a few feet beyond them, face down. Blood glistened along a ragged rivulet on the boards.

Lily swept a startled breath into her lungs and allowed herself to be pushed into the room by the others so quietly and urgently behind her. Kit Christopher's voice sibilantly arrived, “What on earth is this about?”

THE door slammed shut and the room lights came on again. Tom Sebastian stood with one hand on the switch, gray and cold, a dim shadow of fury breaking through his cheeks.

“There's been a little trouble here,” he said, very soft with his words. “One of my men was killed by a party of riders out on the desert—”

A strong yell sailed across the yonder yard; and instantly afterward a burst of rifle fire broke the uneasy quiet. There was a small, spitting sound on the wall, and a star-pointed hole bloomed in a window directly behind Tom Sebastian. Men ran across the porch. Somewhere out on the desert—whence this firing seemed to come—a long shout rose and sailed forward. In one startled glance, Lily saw the party with a frozen, camera clarity—standing closely together, all pale and strained.

Something happened then that she did not clearly understand. Buffalo Galt pushed Timmy Akin and Judge Sillavan roughly aside. His florid cheeks were quite flushed as he stepped to the wall, knocked Sebastian's hand from the light switch, and snapped the room into full darkness again. A moment later he had opened the door; and his chesty command went rolling across the yard, out to the party firing from the desert. It was violent enough to hurt Lily Tennant's ears and it carried a wicked authority.

“Ben—Duke! Stop that—you damned fools! Stop it!”

The miracle was that the firing stopped. The echo of the last shot died out with the sound of his voice, and afterward the silence was almost painful. Cold air flowed through the doorway. The breathing of the party scraped irregularly across the black. Afterward she heard hoofbeats tremble over the desert and grow less distinct.

“Turn on the lights,” said Galt.

Somebody turned them on. Galt stood with his back boldly exposed in the doorway. He was grinning at Tom Sebastian with a malice too open to mistake. And presently his raking eyes went to Lily and she saw the overmastering pride in them—the flame of conscious power.

(To be continued next week)

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A Woman of the World

By Henri Duvernois

Papa Fullemoy's son pays a call upon a lady—a curious romance

BELL CHAMBREUIL had left her car to take a short stroll along the quays when a street scene attracted her attention. An old beggar had just fallen dead of a stroke; his heartbroken poodle was licking his face, pausing now and again to run over to a tin cup which he would pick up and then set down again as though no longer certain where his duty lay. Bell's heart melted: she was very fond of dogs.

Meanwhile a crowd was gathering and making philosophic comment: "He's better off where he is. It's the poor pup that's out of luck." And indeed the dog was howling pitifully as they carried off his master. Bell went up to a policeman.

"Officer, may I take that dog? It will have a good home. Here's my card."

The policeman scratched his head.

"You'd like to come with me, wouldn't you?" Bell asked the dog.

The latter eyed the possessor of this enchanting voice with a moist and uncertain look, then, making up his mind, took refuge in her protecting skirts. The onlookers had expected a little more resistance on the part of the faithful animal, but nevertheless they shouted their approval and Bell, red with confusion, retreated to her car, along with the dog and the dog's tin cup, which he had insisted on bringing with him as a souvenir, doubtless of his past life.

The new member of the household was bathed, brushed, treated with flea powder and baptized Thor. After that he was presented to Kiki, the fox terrier, who received him with fairly good grace.

WHILE this was happening, young Jean Fullemoy was engaged in beautifying himself preparatory to calling on Mademoiselle Chambreuil. He had already tried on and discarded six ties—which is the best proof of love—and was anxiously questioning his mirror. At first the latter replied reassuringly, then, tired of being consulted, it began to discourage him by pointing out the flaws that are inevitable in every human face no matter how charming. And Jean Fullemoy's face was charming, fine and fresh with the ingenuous bloom of his eighteenth year. Just as he was accentuating, with thumb and forefinger, the smooth wave of his hair, his father entered the room.

"Hum!" he growled. "Fixing yourself up, eh? Bet you're going to see a jane."

Monsieur Fullemoy, in the distant days when his figure had been slender and his purse light, had affected the manners of an aristocrat. Fortune had brought with it a certain vulgarity of language which he had never lost and which now constituted an eccentricity that no one noticed, for in growing older he had acquired a silhouette appropriate to his vocabulary.

"So you're going to see a jane?" insisted this unromantic father.

"I'm going to pay a call," Jean corrected him.

"Oh, indeed. Well, keep this in your head, fellow: You're young; you're having a good time. Fine. I give you fifty louis a month; at your age I had twenty francs and used to get enough fun to kill you. We used to eat in dairy lunches and dance in beer halls. And you—you give yourself airs and play around with fashionable women. Don't trust 'em—"

"Father—"

"They'll make you think they love you and they'll get you. They know whose son you are, you fool, and sooner or later they'll present the bill. You'll have to admit that I've been alive longer than you have. Don't be so superior. At bottom you're not so smart; they'll get your shirt."

"But, Father, after all, there are some women of the world who aren't mercenary. . . ."

"Those are the ones who stay home. Where are you going?"

Jean didn't hesitate to lie:

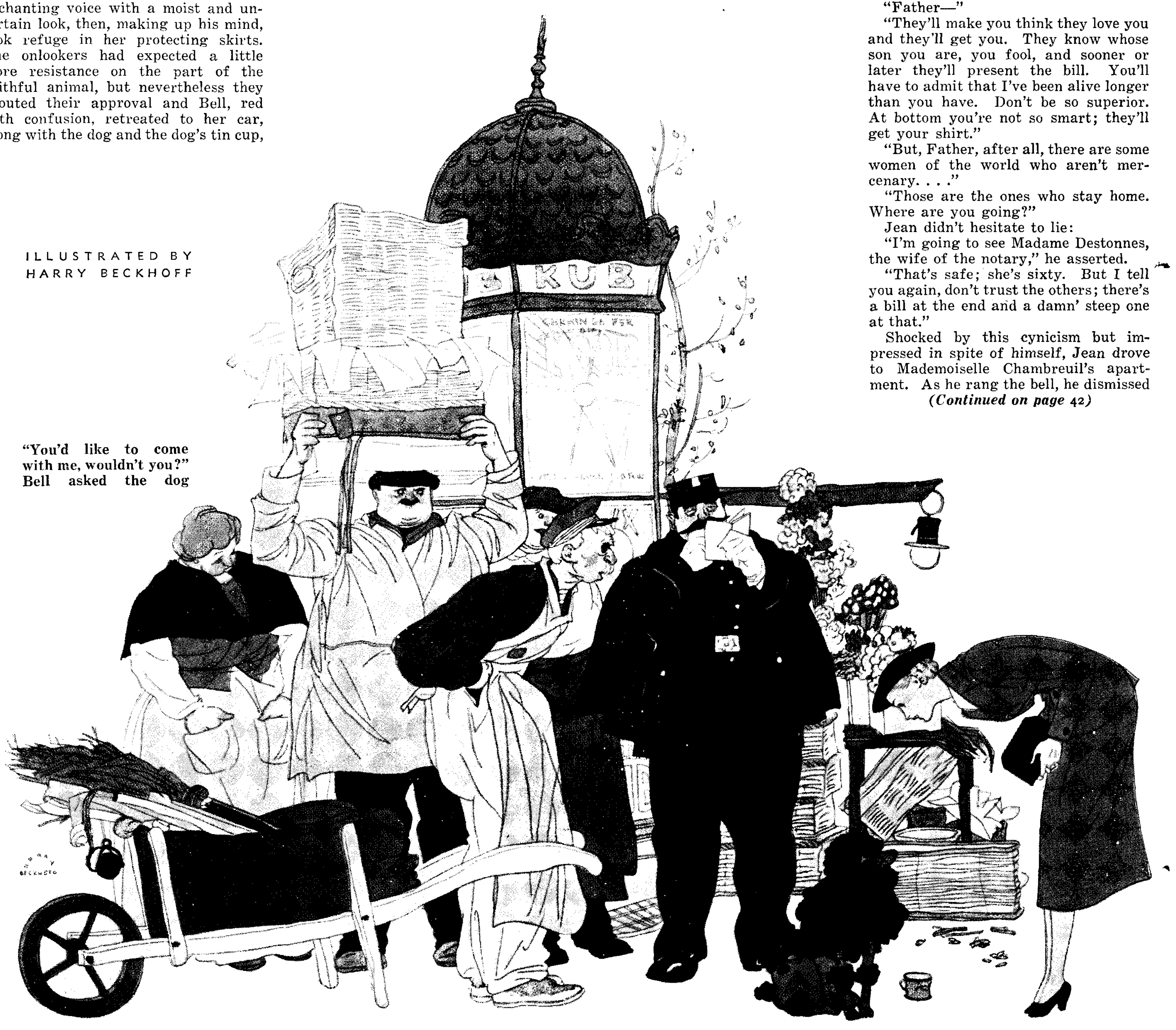
"I'm going to see Madame Destonnes, the wife of the notary," he asserted.

"That's safe; she's sixty. But I tell you again, don't trust the others; there's a bill at the end and a damn' steep one at that."

Shocked by this cynicism but impressed in spite of himself, Jean drove to Mademoiselle Chambreuil's apartment. As he rang the bell, he dismissed

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



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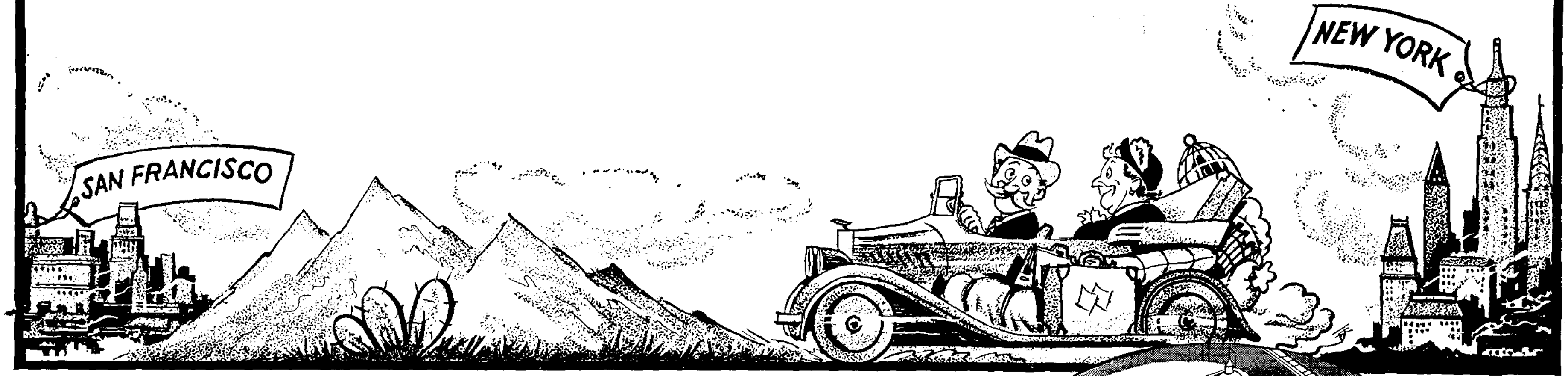

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Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 16

"Yes, I know. But if you get into any trouble here at home, if somebody gets sick?"

"Oh, Mary, buck up! Nobody's going to be sick. Calvin, I suppose you know," Peter added, "put some money to my account in the bank. Enough to make up for months what you're not bringing in. But I don't know that we'll have to touch it—I'm not going to touch it unless I have to. It's all *right*," Peter added, but his tone brought to her face the same quick shamed color that had suddenly risen in his. "It's all right," he repeated musingly. "He wanted his wife; he has rights. But I'm going to try not to touch it. We got a hundred and twelve from the auctioneer the other day, and I got something for the car; it was sold at last. So we're sitting pretty for the moment."

Mary rested her head against her brother's shoulder, and dreamily watched the fire through the little grated gate, and felt her soul at peace. And after that she was much happier; she could soon manage to see her own people almost daily, sometimes walking, sometimes with the car. They all came to her when she and Calvin had a little family housewarming. At Thanksgiving he and she duly shared the large badly cooked turkey that was served on the senior Taits' table, and then drove down through windless, sunless cold to Buena Vistita Avenue, and entered upon Thanksgiving preparations that were almost as satisfactory as those of last year. The men went for huckleberries and greens; Mary stuffed the turkey; Lindsay set a careful table. Chrissie was in one of her celestial moods; they did not occur often, but when they did they gave her family a glimpse of the woman Chrissie might make some day, if the gods were propitious. Merry, amusing, thoughtful, capable, Chrissie was so sweet on this happy Thanksgiving Day that Mary seized a moment when they were alone to ask Lindsay hopefully if there had not been a great change in Chris?

LINDSAY'S jaw set firmly before she answered briefly that the child had been acting fiendishly—outrageously, during the last week; she was merely establishing a balance, that was all. Two of the distracted teachers of Chrissie's grade had agreed to exchange their most difficult pupils, and Chris had been selected by her teacher to change rooms with Lila Coster.

"That overgrown Coster creature? Why, but she's half-witted, isn't she?" Mary asked, dashed.

"Exactly," Lindsay answered simply.

Mary and Calvin went home late and happy after all the old games and songs. "Thank God," thought Mary, "there are times when everything seems all right again. Even if we slip back I'll remember this Thanksgiving!"

The younger Parkers and the Meltons and some other young couples of Las Palomas belonged to a bridge club; Mary and Calvin joined it, and twice in the winter Mary set up the three little card tables, looked up scores and pencils, arranged flowers and thought out the right dessert.

Calvin loved to entertain in his own home. He did not call having Mary's brothers and sisters there really entertaining, although he was always amiable enough when, as a great treat, Mary had Chris or Barty stay with her, and he liked talking with Peter and teasing Lindsay about her unmarried state.

Real entertaining was different. There was the delightful necessity of discussing menus and plans; he liked to come home and find Mary with her hair beautifully dressed and a big apron over her best slip, giving Jessie last nervous instructions in the kitchen. He was always helpful and entertaining with guests; not that Calvin was not usually pleasant enough, even when he was bored and hungry and tired. But as a host to his own friends he was in his glory, and sometimes Mary found herself laughing at him quite spontaneously when a cocktail or two had warmed him, and he was recalling with Filmer Nagle or Art Melton the escapades of their younger days.

NOT long after Christmas Mary said to Calvin one Sunday morning when they were idling over a happy breakfast:

"Remember Bella Wilfer?"

"Nope."

"I thought you might, because your aunt reads Dickens so much."

"Oh? Character in a book?"

"Uh-huh. There's a scene in which she tells her John that a ship is coming to them across the ocean. I think I know why she chose that—that figure of speech," said Mary, turning a piece of bread in the toaster for his second cup of coffee.

"How d'ye mean?" Calvin was interested now; he looked up from the sporting sheets.

"I imagine she was seasick all the time, poor thing!" Mary observed mildly. "Pass your cup, Cal."

"Let me in on this; I don't get you!" Calvin said. "Why should she be seasick?"

"I don't know that she was. I merely thought she might have been because I am," Mary explained. She said it casually yet deliberately; she did not look at him as she spoke.

"Is that right!" Calvin ejaculated rather than said.

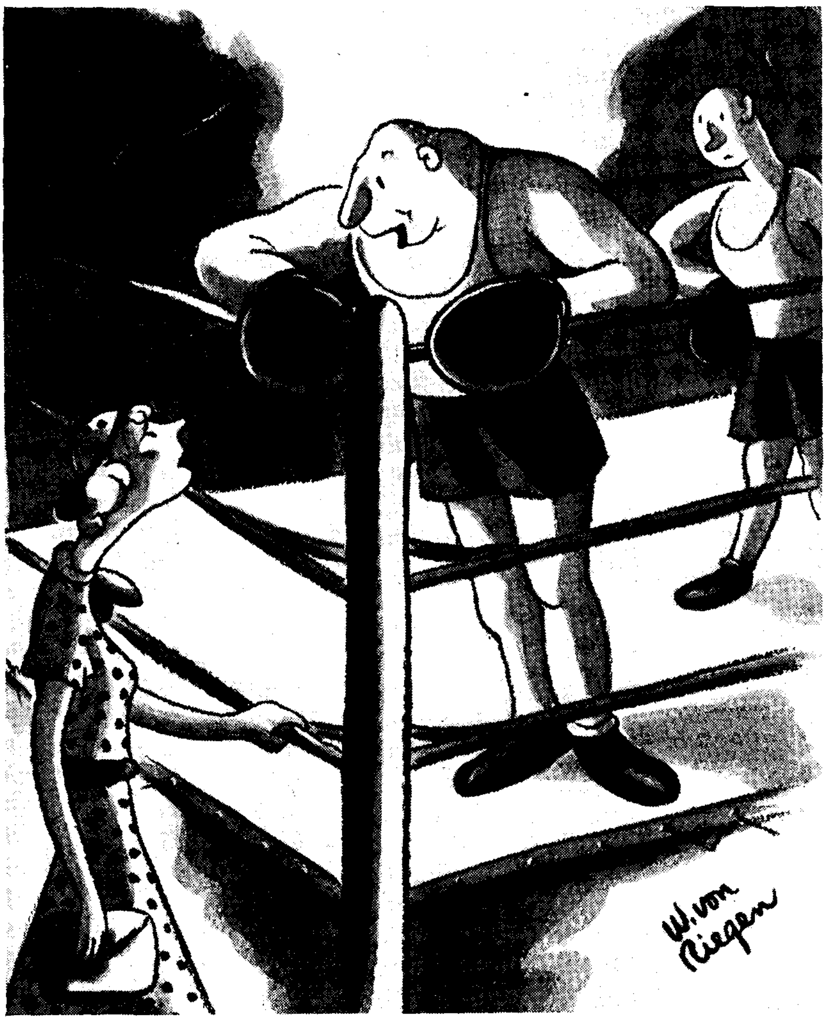
"Oh, I haven't been able to bear the smell of coffee for weeks!" Mary said, lightly. But she was trembling a little, inwardly. He might make a scene. He might say that he should have heard of this before. He might blame her for not having tried to escape from the situation.

"Thought what it might mean?" Calvin was saying in the pause, alarmed.

"Oh, yes!" She wanted to cry. She felt much too miserable, these mornings, to want to fight. Somebody ought to be kind to her now, of all times in her life.

"You poor little thing, you're not being let off much, are you?" Calvin said, quite unconsciously disarming her.

"Oh," said Mary, gulping in the sudden revulsion of feeling, "I want it. I—love babies. I was thinking of *you!*"



"My manager says for me to stay away from dames" W. VON RIEGEN

"You're a good sport!" Calvin said, after a moment.

"I was afraid," she faltered childishly, quite broken now, "that you'd be mad."

HE HESITATED, spoke doubtfully: "Why, no—I'm—of course I'm tickled to death! You haven't seen Poett?"

"Oh, heavens, no, not anybody! This wouldn't be until July, anyway."

"You may be mistaken, Pussy."

"Cal, if I'd been living sole alone on a desert island for eleven years I'd know, from the way I feel, that it's that."

He laughed, sobered again.

"What do you know?" he murmured.

"I was afraid you'd hate the expense, Cal."

"Oh, Lord, it isn't so bad. Uncle John'll give me a check; he's gotten quite a crush on you. What do you know about us with a baby?" Calvin muttered, and Mary's heart went out to him with a rush of affection; she loved to feel loving toward Cal.

He helped her in the kitchen, helped her get the house in order, as he loved to do on Sunday mornings. He was proud of all their possessions and enjoyed fussing with them, changing them about. He came in from the patio at noon with a tiny spray of daphne for Mary, laughing half-ashamedly as he said: "Us with a baby!" and two or three times during the day he kissed her, holding her off from him as if to ascertain whether or not there was some change already visible in her face, and said affectionately: "Poor old Pussy!"

Now that he was aware of the situation and not distressed about it, Mary could let her natural feeling have sway, and she walked henceforth in that strange half-awake land that only women know, laughing at the little sacques and dresses that accumulated for the baby, trying to visualize the ordeal before her, unable to feel that any of it was real. She and Lindsay had long talks in the Burleigh kitchen. Lindsay had been stunned by Mary's marriage, and the thought of Mary with a baby for a time quite overwhelmed her. But after a while she could talk of it naturally with all a young aunt's excited interest, and as the hot spring months came on, and Mary felt lazy and heavy, she fell into a habit of going down to see Lindsay every day.

OFTEN Cal, coming to get her in the car at half-past five, would stay to share the salad or the macaroni and cheese. There was always fruit for the asking at this time of year, big peaches, soft ripe black figs, apricots and the late cherries. A slim young well-educated colored woman came in to help Mary every day now, and Mary's instructions were that the little table was always to be set for supper in the patio at home, and something for dinner left in the icebox. Delmina left at four in the afternoon; but Mary was always perfectly cheerful if Calvin preferred not to stay at Buena Vistita Avenue but wanted to go home for dinner; it was "no trouble" to put cold meat and artichokes on the table, and to heat up the creamed potatoes.

They were settling down into double step now; they knew each other better. Mary relied on him for much of the comfort of her life, and he showed her an affectionate consideration that touched her.

The thought that she was to have a child to whom Calvin would be "Daddy" did much to stabilize Mary's position in her own mind. This was final. To embark upon this great adventure was to need her husband's encouragement and help all along the way; she knew that Calvin felt it as she did. He never complained of quiet evenings at home; he did a good deal of waiting and carrying; he liked to take her for quiet walks in the neighborhood in the summer evenings.

But there was another thing, too, that presently made her feel that she was not to have any further choice in enduring or fluttering out of the net. Matters at the bank were going badly, times were bad, and Calvin was often bitterly discouraged and exhausted after the long day. Then it was for her to stand by him and comfort him, and this was easier for Mary than it had sometimes been to be patient when all was going well.

"We'll be worrying just as hard at this time next year, Cal," she would say, "only it'll be about something entirely different!"

One day she had a long typewritten letter from Jeffery Maclean, written in Manchukuo. It was typed on fine white paper with a plain engraved address at

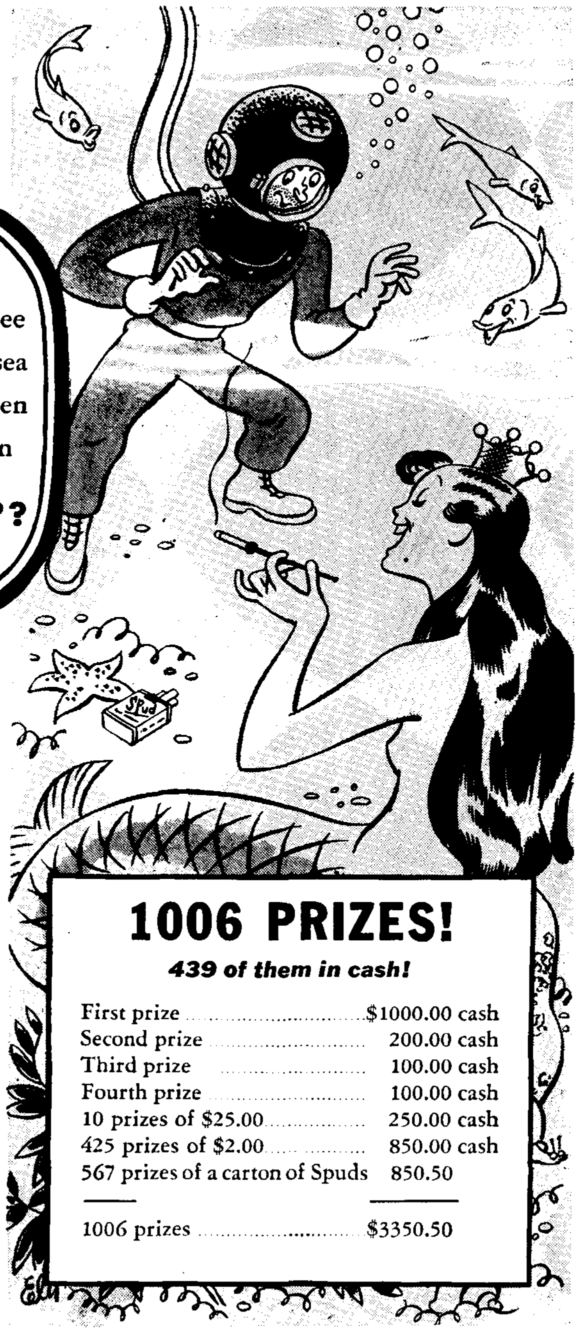
(Continued on page 38)

SECOND SPUD LIMERICK CONTEST • CLOSING SEPTEMBER 17

$3,350 IN PRIZES for LIMERICKS!

WRITE A "LAST LINE" and win $1000.00 IN CASH

A grizzled old diver named Lee
When lifted up out of the sea
Said, "A gay mermaid queen
Smoking Spuds I have seen
????????????????



1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, $1000.00.
438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES SEPTEMBER 17, 1935

Get out your pencils, Mr. and Mrs. John K. American. Here's a contest after your own hearts. For a good old laugh, there's nothing like writing a limerick. Any one can do it. And *some one's* suggestion for the little "last line" is going to be awarded $1000.00 in cash. And for those who don't win the first prize, there are 438 additional cash awards—from $200.00 on down. And, for good measure, 567 cartons of Spuds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

These contests are our way of getting you acquainted with Spud—*America's most refreshing cigarette.* We want you to discover for yourself how different its clean, fresh taste is from any cigarette you've ever known.

So get a pack of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your "last line" for the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address and mail it so that it reaches us by Sept. 17. You can send in as many "last lines" as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

PRIZES GALORE

This isn't a "long shot" contest. You have 1006 opportunities to win—*for each "last line" you send in.* And, remember, you can send in just as many as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "missing lines," for instance, you'll have 10,060 chances at the prizes.

But two things we can *guarantee* you'll win. A lot of fun out of the limericks themselves. And a brand-new experience in smoking pleasure. For Spud's not only the cigarette that invented a fresh, clean-tasting smoker's mouth. It's the cigarette whose secret formula unmasked an *entirely new flavor* in mellow tobacco, by ridding it of taste-spoiling heat. That's why Spud smokers say you can smoke them all around the clock—and each one will taste better than the last.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Any one can enter (except employees of The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., their advertising agents, or their families).

2. Write your "last line" of the limerick on the reverse side of a Spud package front (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and send by first-class mail to *Contest Dept. K, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky., in time for it to be received by Sept. 17, 1935.*

3. You may enter as many "last lines" as you wish, if they are all written on separate Spud package fronts (or facsimiles).

4. Prizes will be awarded on cleverness and aptness of the "last lines." Neatness and simplicity will count—elaborateness is unnecessary. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. All entries become the property of the Company.

1006 PRIZES!

439 of them in cash!

First prize	$1000.00 cash
Second prize	200.00 cash
Third prize	100.00 cash
Fourth prize	100.00 cash
10 prizes of $25.00	250.00 cash
425 prizes of $2.00	850.00 cash
567 prizes of a carton of Spuds	850.50
1006 prizes	$3350.50

Spud
Menthol Cooled CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD

CIGARETTES

CORK TIP OR PLAIN

15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

AMERICA'S MOST REFRESHING CIGARETTE

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 36

the top; the paper was so thin that the envelope, when she held it first in her hand, impressed her as being almost empty. But there proved to be six sheets; Mary read every word carefully. He told her of the scientific expeditions in which he had taken part. He mentioned camps, and camels, and border warfare and bandits; he described a river trip, and a river flood, and the strange stoicism and endurance of the people, the barefooted hungry men, the bundled women, the small bright-faced children with their sore little shaven heads. The food was queer but good; this thing and that thing and the other he never had eaten before, but one got very hungry and one came to like it. The man with whom he had been working was one of the finest old fellows Jeffery had ever met; he had written two books—had Mary ever seen them? Anyway, Jeffery had ordered them for her from the bookstore in Peking; she would eventually get them.

"I think of you as the finest and bravest girl I ever knew," the letter ended, "and wonder how things go with you. You seem so young for all the responsibility, but somehow I know you will come through with flying colors, and I expect great things of you."

Mary read the last sentence many times. Then she went back and read the whole letter again: the camels, the great wall, the races at Pao Machang, the mafoos and the little hill ponies. She tried to see the camp at night, under that strange, bright oriental moon, to hear the guides and cooks jabbering in their quarters, to imagine Jeffery and the old man enjoying their supper and their pipes, turning in early after the hard day.

He had remembered her; he thought of her often; he expected great things of her. It was enough. The letter spread a great joy and peace throughout her spirit; she put it safely away, and would sometimes go and take it out and read it again, just to be sure that he had not forgotten her, that he thought about her often.

THE slow last days of waiting chanced to fall in the hottest week of all the year. Lindsay grew limp under it, and Mary was anxious about her; Aunt Joan refused almost all food, and looked as if a breath of air would blow her away. There was a swimming tank in Green Oaks to which Barty and Chris could go as often as they would; Chris was tireless in planning picnics; Lindsay reported to Mary that the children carried almost all their meals out to the oak, or off to the woods, or in somebody's car to the shore. Green Oaks, if shabby and poor, was not entirely resourceless as far as the younger generation was concerned. But Lindsay languished, and Peter began to look lean and grim and discouraged and Mary's heart ached for them both.

One hot night, when she and Calvin were sitting in the patio after supper, and Mary was idly wondering just how much of the supper disorder it would be fair to leave in the kitchen for Delmina to clear away the next day, Calvin said:

"I've got some rather rotten news for you, Mary. I hate to spill it. But it's been on my mind for weeks."

"Nothing from home?"

"Lord, no! Except that I don't think Peter is crazy about his job. No; it's not that. It's the bank. My uncle is terribly worried; we all are."

"What can happen to a bank, Cal?" Mary asked simply, a vague uneasiness at her heart. Now that they were going to have a baby it was rather disturbing to have anything so solid in their lives as the bank in any way menaced.

"It can shut up shop," Calvin answered.

"But you don't think—your uncle doesn't think—?"

"Times are bad," Calvin said briefly by way of reply.

"Does that mean that everyone who has money in the bank loses it?"

"Well, not if the bank can liquidate."

"I wonder," Mary said, her thoughts talking a slightly changed direction, "if there's any possibility—don't banks ever have house cleanings, Cal?"

"How do you mean?"

"WELL, I'm almost sure my mother had some bonds in that bank, and we've never found any trace of them. Cal, could they be in some other safe-deposit vault?"

"Not possible. How many were there, Mary? I remember hearing about it—that's right, there were supposed to be some bonds," Calvin said. "We never found any trace of them, did we?"

"We talked about it a lot at first, and then we sort of forgot it. Calvin, was old Meyers absolutely honest?"

"Oh, Lord, the best of the best!" Calvin said with a short laugh. "He's out of all this. He took everything he had and went down to Pasadena; he doesn't have to worry. But sometimes—sometimes I think Uncle John is a bad business man. I mean I don't know how well his investments would stand up. I don't want to worry you, you poor kid, now that you're right up against this baby business, but I was just wondering what we'd do if we had to let Delmina go, and cut down for awhile."

"Cal, if Mother had forty bonds, how long would it take us to spend them?"

"It isn't a question of spending them, Pussy. It'd be an investment. Forty thousand dollars would bring in a regular income of—well, about a hundred and a quarter a month. That's a pretty comfortable nest egg."

"We Burleighs would have to divide it five ways."

"Oh, yes. But you and I could finish payments on this house and have it clear—we've paid about thirty-six hundred out of eight thousand. We only pay fifty a month on that, you know."

"What's the other eighteen and a half, then?"

"Taxes and insurance."

"Is sixty-eight and a half a high rent for us, Cal?"

"Well, yes, it is, if we were sticking to a strict budget. But I had some money besides."

"Money talk is uneasy sort of talk, isn't it?" Mary commented, her voice young and troubled in the dark. She stirred restlessly. Any hour now might be her hour, and she longed to have it come, face it and have it over. Calvin could see the dim blot of light that was her soft flowered gown. "I feel as if I could do anything with money—I mean about managing it," she said, "or get along somehow without it, or with very little. But talk about it makes me feel squirmy."

"Wouldn't you feel pretty badly if you had to give up this house?"

"Well, but we own this, don't we?"

"Not yet. The bank holds the title."

"If his little face is all straight and he has all his little arms and legs I shan't mind anything," Mary said serenely. "Isn't your uncle a rich man, Calvin?"

"It begins to appear that he isn't! Well," Calvin said, resolutely shaking off the depressing thoughts, "there's no use worrying. We'll get through somehow."

"If we didn't live here, Cal, where would we live?"

"Uncle John," Calvin said, following his own thoughts, "certainly was rich once. But if he had to meet his creditors—I mean if things went wrong, he mightn't have much left."

"Is that why Aunt Julia went east, to get away from it all?"

"No; she went east to discuss samplers with some of those old museum fuddiduds. We may as well face it, Mary; things are looking rather bad."

"And I running up hospital bills!"

"That," Calvin said, amused, "would be only a drop in the bucket."

"Has your mother any money, Calvin?"

"No. He's an awfully nice old fellow, my stepfather, but he's a college professor; he hasn't anything but his salary. I've let you in for this, Mary," Calvin said apologetically.

"Nonsense! Besides, it doesn't worry me," Mary said. "I've faced this sort of thing before. You haven't. What does your uncle say? Is he worried?"

"He must be. I was going up to talk to him tonight. This man Wilcox, who was at the bank all day, kind of wore him down, and the old man looked a hundred years old tonight."

"I wish you'd brought him here for supper, Cal. We had plenty of—"

"I asked him. I thought of it. But he said no, and to telephone him after dinner. So I telephoned him an hour ago, but they said he'd gone to bed."

Mary hardly heard; she was having her own strange and significant sensations. But she did hear the trill of the telephone coming out to the patio, and on a long indrawn breath she said quickly:

"That's probably Uncle John now. No one else would—"

CALVIN went into the house at once, not noticing the sharp gasp that cut short the words. When he came out again a few minutes later Mary, a dim form in the gloom, was standing, holding to the back of a chair.

"I'll have to go up there—that was Agnes," he said. "It must be much worse than we thought, Mary. I'm so sorry to have to tell you, dear—it's too bad, just now. But you'd have to know tomorrow anyway. Uncle John—Agnes found him—"

"Dead?" Mary said, forgetting for a moment her own fright and pain.

"She said so."

"Did she telephone Poett?"

"I told her to. I said I'd be there in five minutes."

"It was suicide, Cal?" Mary said. They were in the house now, hurrying to the bedroom.

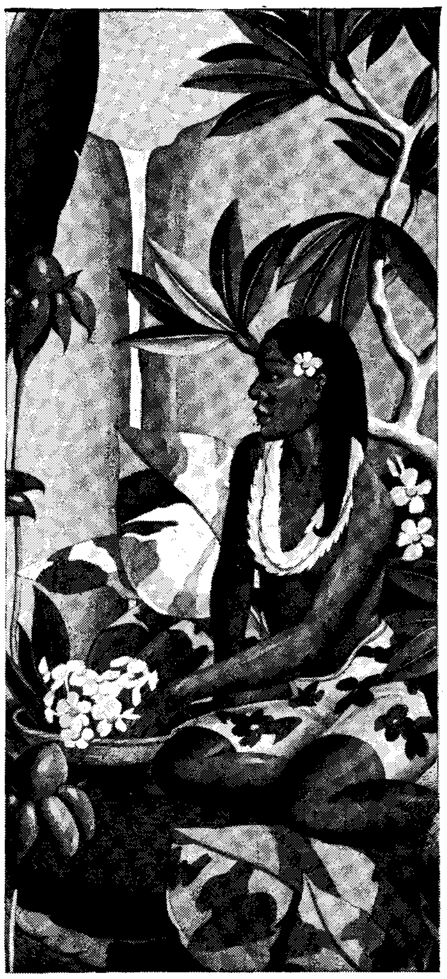
"I'm afraid so."

He was gone. Mary desperately gripped a chair back with fingers that were wet and cold. A clock, somewhere within the range of her dazed eyes, said twenty minutes past ten. The house, except for herself, was empty; Calvin had taken the car. A slow wave of pain rose and broke over her with the weight of a breaking sea.

Presently she spoke aloud in the utter silence of the house, and of the summer night that pressed dark and warm and close above and around the house:

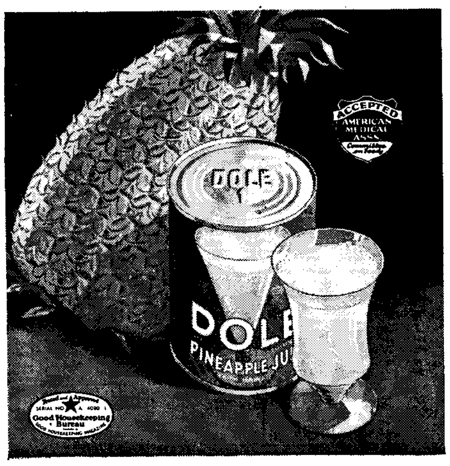
"'I think you are the bravest girl I ever knew,'" she said half aloud. "'I expect great things of you. I think you are the bravest girl I ever knew.'"

(To be continued next week)



Exotic

From those exotic Hawaiian Isles, so rich in color, so startling in contrasts, so enchanting in fragrance, comes DOLE Pineapple Juice—one of Nature's most glamorous drinks. Words cannot describe the spicy aroma, the sprightly flavor, the exhilaration of this pure juice from sun-ripe pineapples. You must taste DOLE Pineapple Juice for yourself to understand fully its delicious goodness! Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.



The Same Brave Star

Continued from page 19

might tell me why Colonel Pray suspected me. But I could not rely upon the stars as I can upon you."

"Why, that's quite simple. A beautiful woman who scorns the charms of Colonel Pray becomes immediately an object of—" He caught her hands and took them away from their work; the papers were crumpled underneath. "Darling, he's never so much as guessed about—us."

The girl looked into his eyes. "He might cause trouble, Hugh."

"My child, he whispered ominously to me as he left tonight. He may have you arrested—as a *rebel* spy!"

She laughed and shook her head. "Darling, you must stop him. I am needed here; I cannot continue to work at this place if the truth—"

The young captain turned quickly. "Horses," he said. "Listen."

Strong arms, blue arms — they wrapped her again. "Dearest, one more kiss, and—"

The big door shivered under a rapid knocking. Ridgway moved back and caught up his hat.

"Come," said Frau Frieda.

SIXTEEN stood in the doorway. "There are soldiers—two—and one is a general, *Schätzchen*. There are farmers—two—and they have come far."

"I can see no one else this night. The hour grows late."

"But," argued Sixteen, "so very far they have come to see you, and to learn what is it the stars will say."

She watched the old clock which ticked solemnly on the mantelpiece between two candles, once stately but now burned into dripping stubs. "If all will come in at once, I may feel a message for one, perhaps for two. But it cannot be for long."

"I bring them," nodded Sixteen. He looked at Ridgway.

The captain bowed extravagantly. "Madam, you have been very kind. I have great hopes for my future."

"The stars are kind to you, Herr Captain."

He clicked his boot heels, bowed again; his lips shaped the word, "To-morrow." Then he was gone.

Sixteen stared at Frau Frieda, still. "I will bring them—" he repeated. Then, with a keen glance behind him, he said curtly: "Watch one of them. Study his face!"

She sank into her chair, while Sixteen glided away. Outside she heard Hugh Ridgway riding down the lane. . . . Frau Frieda closed her aching eyes; she wanted to sleep, to forget what that boy looked like, and how his lips had tasted when he kissed her. . . .

"Madam," a man spoke from the doorway.

She had never seen such a soldier before. Tall, big-boned, his head a mass of disordered yellow curls and his cheeks pink as a child's under the spatter of clay which came from hard riding. He was dressed in black velveteen, crusted with ornaments and tarnished gilt braid. From the open collar of his tunic shone a glaring red scarf.

Behind him came another officer, just as young, but attired many degrees more soberly, and wearing only a captain's bars.

The gaudy general's eyes danced quickly around; in one moment he had catalogued this room and everything in it. "You are the woman they call Frau Frieda?"

"I am Frau Frieda Schnell, General."

"Ah—I beg your pardon! We came, as you can judge, to—"

"To consult our horoscopes," said the captain smoothly.

"Exactly." The general boomed, "To begin with, madam, I may say that I do not ascribe to—"

The girl lifted her hand. "Excuse me, please. . . ." Sixteen was at the door; he stepped aside, and two more men entered the room. They wore the ill-assorted butternut of neighborhood farmers; one was a giant with the features of an Indian. The other rustic was slim as any schoolboy. He had pale blue eyes which told nothing at all.

"We were here first," declared the federal general.

"It must be all together," replied Frau Frieda, courteously. "The hour is so late. Will you be seated, gentlemen?"

The bearded guardian brought chairs into position; in silence the girl sat studying them . . . four faces blurred and swelled and receded in the wavering candlelight.

"I may have news for someone," she said. "All with me is not astrology." She gazed directly at the sharp-nosed little farmer. "Why do you come, sir?"

The man shuffled his feet. His voice was humble, his eyes were flat and emotionless. "Lady, it's like this. My name's Ryder—I live down by Ryder's Church. This here's my man, Chalk. . . . The war's all over my farm, lady. Yanks here and Rebs there, shootin' and burnin' every month till I'm plumb distracted. Maybe I best pull up and move out. Hear'n' tell about you, and so—thought I'd make bold to—"

"What day were you born?"

"Why, it was—le's see—the sixth day of December, eighteen thirty-three." He added, "But I got a constant misery in my side, so they never wanted me in the army."

She was addressing the Union general. "And you, sir?"

He shrugged in some annoyance. "My reasons for coming we need not discuss. Curiosity, chiefly. I would seem to be a close twin of our friend over there. December fifth is the day. Eighteen thirty-nine the year."

"So young," said Frau Frieda, "so young to be a general."

He straightened his shoulders proudly.

THE farmer moved his clumsy feet. "Just wondered, lady, if I'm going to survive this war whole-hided. Bullets through the kitchen door and—I'm for peace, but I can't trust nobody any more."

"It is the ninth house," murmured Frau Frieda. "Sagittarius. Two. Two Sagittarians. And so very near each to the other. It is strange that you should come together!"

Her fingers toyed with the mass of charts and data on the table beside her, only to push the whole pile away. "Nothing," she cried angrily. "Nothing! It is all so—confused!"

"One at a time might be better," suggested the general.

The farmer began, haltingly, "If you could just give me an idea about my spring crops—"

"Sagittarians," she said again, and her eyes seemed filmed, "with all their nervousness, those erratic . . . ah, you are of the outdoors, you have of energy so much, head foremost you go after things. To be alone . . . what you call independent. That is what Sagittarians need. Even so, there is grief."

She looked rapidly from one face to the other. "Two, two! It is hard."

(Continued on page 40)

Craig Wood
"OLIVE OIL is the trainer's stand-by for keeping skin free from irritation"
Wesley L Barker
TRAINER OF CRAIG WOOD, ONE OF WORLD'S GREAT GOLFERS

SHAVE WITHOUT AFTER-IRRITATION

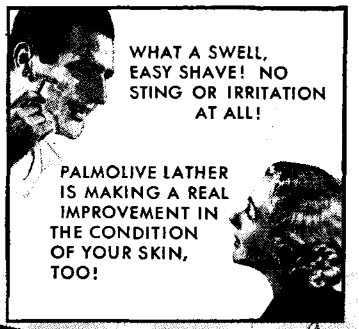
Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

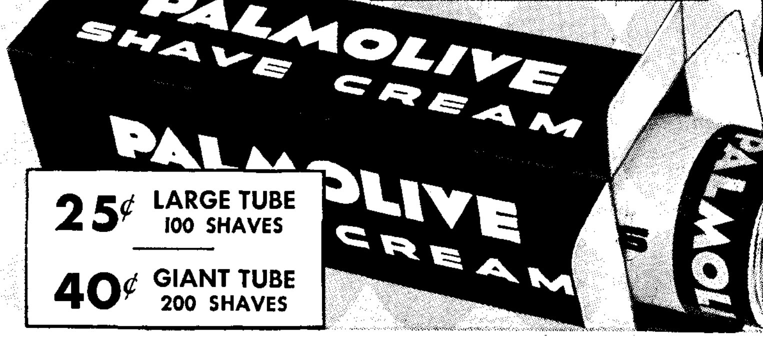
GOLFING in wind and sun gives a man's face quite a "beating"! And *your* face "takes it plenty" from your daily shaving!

So, to make shaving easy on your face . . . to prevent after-shave irritation . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil! Yes, Olive Oil . . . the soothing oil that thousands of trainers and athletes agree can't be equalled for soothing irritated skin.

Note how *soothed* Palmolive leaves *your* face! That's due to its unique lotion effect. And this same soothing action also tends to make a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

And note, too, that richer, heavier Palmolive lather! (Each inch of cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather!) Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Get a tube—today!


WHAT A SWELL, EASY SHAVE! NO STING OR IRRITATION AT ALL!
PALMOLIVE LATHER IS MAKING A REAL IMPROVEMENT IN THE CONDITION OF YOUR SKIN, TOO!



"MARFAK, huh! How's that going to save wear and tear on my car's chassis?"

Let us MARFAK your car

"Easy enough! MARFAK's much tougher than ordinary grease. It *stays put twice as long* and saves you more than it costs."

At Texaco Dealers, Texaco Stations and other places that treat cars right

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(Continued from page 39)

The general grunted. The blue-eyed farmer twisted the brim of his crumpled hat.

"Now," said Frau Frieda, and her soft chin trembled, "it is coming clearer. . . . One is great, one will be great—which of you, I cannot say. Maybe both. But if you"—she was looking suddenly at the farmer—"if you, sir, are great—it is in so quiet a way. No one knows!"

The captain snickered.

"One will live . . . it comes clearer . . . he will live to a fine old age. He will be famous. A great leader, a great commander. I see him, many years from now. On a platform he stands, before many people. They listen as he speaks. His name, it is in history. He is in—politics. Across the world he journeys. Long he lives, long he enjoys. . . ."

THERE was a squeak of the general's chair as he squared his shoulders.

Frau Frieda bent lower; her fingers pressed in sculptured white against the table-top. "But for the other—he will not live so long. He dies . . . in a lonely place. I see that—so very lonely a place where he is dead. He does not want to die, but it comes to him. In so queer a way . . . he does not expect . . . he will be safe, he thinks. He knows all? But he does not know all."

And then she sat erect. Her eyes rested for a bare second on the dark face of the big man who sat beside the slender, beak-nosed farmer. She pressed her hands to her temples.

"That man of whom I speak"—her words were a whisper—"will be killed by an Indian. A red Indian will kill him."

There was a cold, brittle silence. The farmer's man, called Chalk, sat staring straight ahead.

Slowly, and not all at once, the visitors began to rise.

"That is all, madam?" asked the boy general.

"I can tell—no more."

The farmer asked in perplexity, "But what about my crops? What about—?"

The two federal officers whispered together, and the captain came forward. "The general leaves you this, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir." She did not look at the money he had placed before her. "Stay one moment," came her surprising order to the two men in homespun. "I will try to give you advice about crops. . . ."

Creak and jingle, the young general strode toward the hall; Sixteen followed after the two officers, and a moment later the front door was heard to open and close. Then hoofs pounded away down the lane.

Frau Frieda stood up. In three quick steps she had reached the window and was drawing the closed shutters tight.

"Sixteen!" *she snapped.*

The door was blocked by the towering, hairy figure.

"Colonel Mosby . . ."

Mosby looked at her coldly. Choctaw Simms' fingers crawled into his sleeve.

"Do not be surprised, sir. I recognized you at once."

Mosby inclined his head. "Apparently, madam! Please be discreet. We are armed."

"I'm an agent of the Confederate States government—"

"I had thought otherwise, madam."

"But it's true. I am operating under special instructions from President Davis. Not even General Stuart knows of my presence here. General Lee may know, but I doubt it."

Mosby's face was rigid; his hand had dropped carelessly into the pocket of his ragged coat. "How did you recognize me, madam?"

"We were given your picture, with others, to memorize. It was thought that we might need your assistance. And so I do, at once!"

The guerrilla shrugged. "I regret that I must have better proof than that. Both of you are covered."

She said to Choctaw Simms, "Don't fire, please. I'm coming across the room." Standing at Mosby's side, she was every bit as tall as he, perhaps a shade taller. She cupped her hand and whispered a few rapid sentences into his ear.

The Partisan Ranger's lips pressed together. His hand whipped out of his pocket, empty. He said, "Very well, Choctaw. They are safe. . . . What assistance can I render either of you, madam?"

"For Sixteen there is nothing you can do. He has business elsewhere inside the Yankee lines; he knows what to do and how to go. But for me—you must take me through the Confederate lines immediately."

Mosby nodded. "That can be done if you have a horse. You seem to possess news of importance."

"I do." There were blue circles under her dark eyes. "But something else . . . a Yankee colonel suspects me. I had warning from a—a friend. It is imperative that we leave this instant."

"Madam," said John Mosby, "have this gentleman fetch your horse."

She cried, "Sixteen, get Flicker out of the stable and put the sidesaddle on her. I'll not pause to dress."

She opened a drawer in the table, drew out a revolver holster, and buckled it around her waist.

"There is nothing else you wish to take, madam?"

She whispered sadly, "I wish to take—many things. Come, sir. We must be off." From a closet she brought a light, black cloak and slid it around her shoulders.

He asked, "Are you permitted to tell me your true name?"

They were at the front door. "I am Alicia Nairn."

The Partisan Ranger halted in surprise. "Your father—?"

"Yes. Augustus Nairn of the Confederate States cabinet. As you may know, he was formerly an American consul abroad. I was born in Berlin."

Into the shaft of wan light pouring from the open door, Agent Number Sixteen brought a big chestnut mare. Quickly he strapped a sidesaddle across its back. Alicia Nairn and the two men in homespun stood waiting. . . . Sixteen straightened and turned. The mare lifted her ears knowingly.

"Young woman," said Sixteen, "all's ready."

"The little tube—with the—"

He smiled, and brought it from its strange hiding place. "My compliments to the Confederacy. . . ." His voice broke, on the last word. The girl put *the tiny, fatal thing in the bosom of* her gown. Sixteen lifted her into the saddle before John Mosby could reach her side. Then the old spy turned proudly. "Sir, may you have a safer journey than mine will be."

THEIR eyes met. "It is no trick to enter our lines," said Mosby. "They're scarce two miles away. Good luck to you, sir."

From the black depths of the lane rose the sound of rapid hoof beats. The girl's face turned paper-white, even in that yellow shaft from the house. She swung her big mare around.

Mosby and Choctaw Simms went into their saddles like greased lightning. But before the horses could wheel, Colonel Rothwell Pray and four privates were in the yard.

Pray's challenging glare slid from the pale-lipped girl to the tall old man, and on toward the two unkempt figures beyond.

"Madam"—there was a sting in the word—"I find you about to begin a journey?"

"For my health, Colonel." She laughed coolly. "My physician advised the change."

He reached for the mare's bridle. "I met the provost at the main road station. I have here an order for your arrest on suspicion of—" He saw Sixteen's hand go into his armpit, and Pray reached for his own holster.

He gave a choking yell: *"Cover that man—"*

Mosby and Choctaw Simms fired almost together. Colonel Pray hooted, and clapped his left hand over his right forearm. One of the horses behind him groaned, staggered: its hind legs gave way.

"Keep your hands high, Yanks," crooned Choctaw Simms.

Colonel Pray swore heartily. His four men, three of them still mounted, stretched their arms aloft and let their carbines lie where they had fallen.

"No profanity, if you please," said Mosby austerely.

He rode forward to take the officer's revolver and to examine his wounded wrist. . . . "Superficial," was his verdict. "You will be able to accompany us across the river. Unfortunately, we cannot attempt to take your men. Is there any place where these Yankees can be salted away safely, Sixteen?"

The woman called from the shadows, "The old wine cellar, Sixteen. They'll not be found before tomorrow, and you will be well on your way north by then."

TEN minutes later the quartet rode toward the Rapidan, with Choctaw Simms shepherding the sullen Colonel Pray ahead.

"Miss," Mosby said, when again and again he heard that same gasping sound from the slim shape beside him, "you are crying. Please do not be alarmed over entering the lines. The pickets will not fire upon us by mistake."

Alicia Nairn sobbed, "Colonel Mosby, how long do you think this wretched war will continue?"

Many men could never dream of a St. Andrew's cross being furled for the last time. . . . "Miss," replied John Mosby, "few may forecast the answer."

Strangely, he thought of that handsome Yankee captain who had walked out of the Hill house a moment before he walked in. Women, he declared to himself, had little business at war. And beautiful women, no business at all.

"What of your stars, Miss Nairn? Do they tell you anything?"

She cried, "They tell a great deal which no one can understand!"

Miles to the north, a blond general in a gaudy velveteen coat loped like a centaur up the road that wound toward Brandy Station. Sometimes he watched the metal-flecked sky, but more often his eyes blazed directly ahead, seeking enemies and battles and triumph in the darkness.

He chuckled to his aide, "Well, Bailey, if the woman's prophecy is correct, I am in your debt for your taking me to her."

"Which prophecy, sir?"

"Historical stature, national prominence, a long life, success, glory. We all desire them, Captain."

"Yes, sir. . . . If those stars up there know the truth. If the woman didn't lie. . . . General Custer, I rather pity that little farmer. To be cut off while still young, killed by an Indian—"

George Armstrong Custer snorted his quick amusement. "That hulking halfbreed of his will never kill him, Bailey. When we believe the absurd part of it, the entire prophecy becomes balderdash. He's no more apt to be killed by an Indian than I am, sir!"

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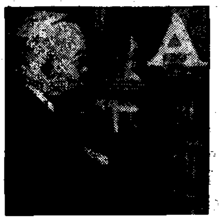

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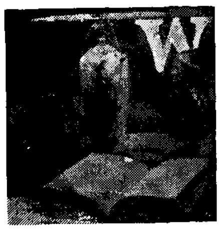

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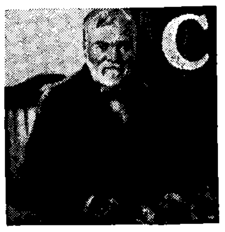

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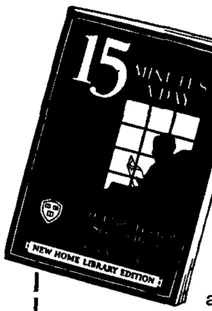

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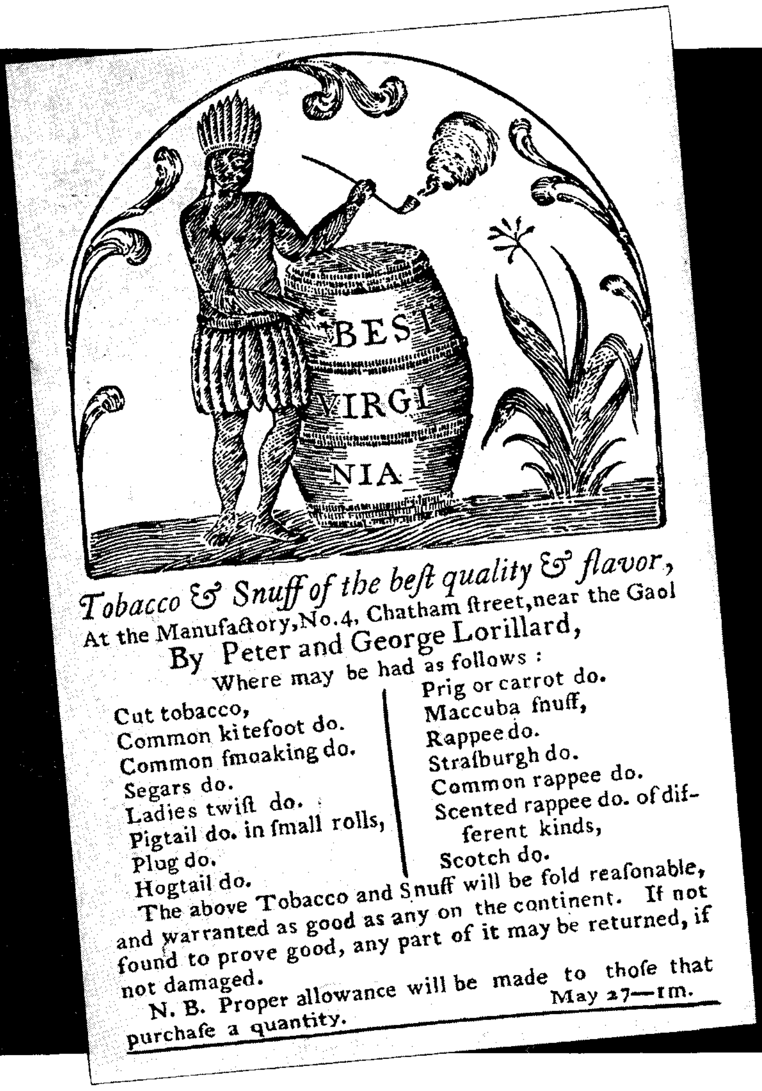
(PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK CITY, MAY 27, 1789)



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Prig or carrot do.
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May 27—1m.

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"*Best quality & flavor... warranted as good as any on the continent... will be sold reasonable!*" Those are the promises that Peter Lorillard made to tobacco buyers in 1789. And, today, they still hold good for another fine Lorillard tobacco ... Union Leader.

If you marvel that a pipe tobacco so rich in flavor, so fragrant, and so mild costs only a dime ... just remember that Lorillard's experience of a century and three-quarters goes into the selection and mellowing of Union Leader's choice Kentucky Burley.

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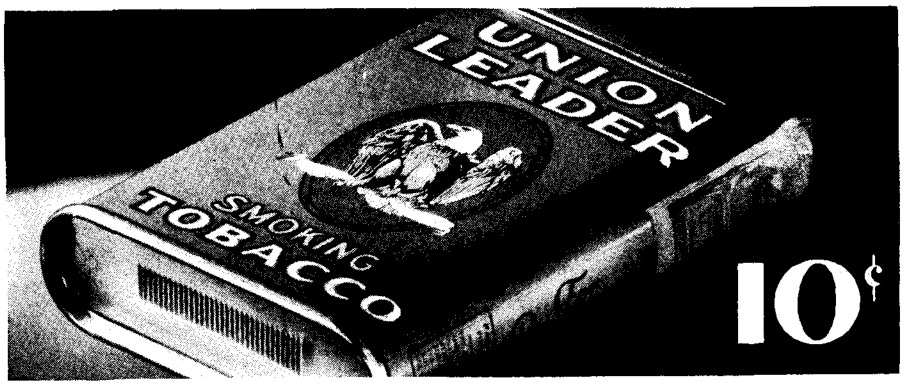

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P. Lorillard Company (Established 1760)

A Woman of the World

Continued from page 34

all doubts from his mind. How could you accuse an ethereal creature, compounded of charm, grace and melancholy, of making sordid calculations? Moreover, the Chambreuils were rich.

He found her alone. She was reading a book—represented in this instance by a catalogue from a specialty shop—and sitting beside the hearth—in this case a steam radiator. The style in decoration may change, but human hearts remain the same.

On Jean's arrival, Bell adopted the slightly startled expression of one aroused from profound meditation.

"Oh, it's you," she said.

He replied simply and truthfully:

"It is I."

Her parents had gone out. Thor was eating in the kitchen. Bell, aglow with the consciousness of her good deed, found herself so completely captivating that she was sorry there was no audience present. Young Fullemoy had the best of luck and the sublimest of virtues—he was on the spot. She was amused that he was so timid and ill at ease.

"Sit down," she said, imitating the manner of her favorite actress. "Tell me, are you always unhappy?"

Jean grew expansive. While he spoke of his sufferings his eye dwelt longingly on Bell's hand. He wanted to take it in his, this delicate and distant hand, to raise it to his lips and finally to cover it with kisses. If Bell said, "You must be mad!" he would retire covered with confusion. If she said, "Be sensible!" he would remain. Bell didn't say anything, but offered her lips.

Literature, friend of delay and suspense, which leads instinct through flowery and circuitous bypaths, had not prepared Jean for this sudden success. At first he was surprised, then charmed.

"What will become of us now?" Bell sighed. "What have I done? I wish I could die. . . ."

"No! No! I beg of you," murmured young Fullemoy—being very innocent.

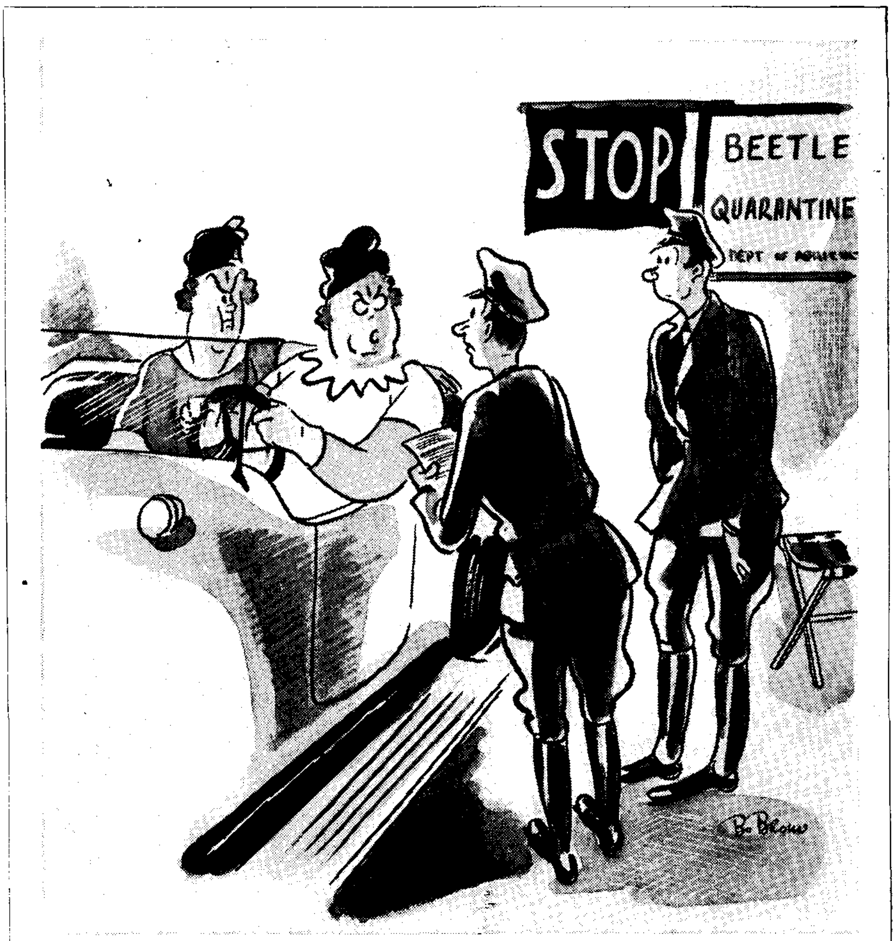
"Go, my friend, go," she commanded. "I shall reflect. You may come back tomorrow at this time. I shall see just how much you mean to me; this must be more than just a caprice. Are you, and you alone, worthy of my love?"

She put her pretty head between her hands, overcome. Not knowing what to say, Jean discreetly implanted a kiss on the top of her head and withdrew.

There was no maid in the hallway. The young man, feverish with excitement, was adjusting his scarf—he had a dread of colds—when a sudden sound startled him. He never forgot the sight that met his eyes: there, in front of the door, stood a poodle begging, a tin cup in its mouth.

HE TRIED not to understand what it meant, but his father's words returned to his mind: "They make you think they love you, then they present the bill." This begging dog was stationed here for a definite purpose. Bah, let them talk to him again about women of the world. Hadn't she said, "I shall see just how much you mean to me"? Red with indignation, he felt in his pockets, found six louis and threw the money into the cup. "I'm getting out of this cheaply," he thought. "What would it have been later on?" Thor wagged his tail, got down off his hind legs and discreetly withdrew toward the drawing-room. There was no possibility of doubt: he had been trained!

Bell Chambrueil never understood how it happened that her dog brought her six louis nor why it was that thereafter Jean so carefully avoided her. As for young Fullemoy, he has conceived a great admiration for his father and goes about wearing the lofty and disenchanted smile of one who knows the brittleness of illusions, the mercenary quality of women and the vanity of love.



"What would we want with Japanese beetles?"

BO BROWN

And Leave the World Below

Continued from page 24

of incalculable value awaits the winner. Of significance is the emphasized interest of those nations that are most powerful, most energetic, militaristically: Great Britain, with her recent generous allotment for upper-altitude flight research; France, with her Farman stratosphere airplane; Germany, specializing in rocket experiments; Russia, with her great balloons and her blueprints of a two-mile, 10,000-foot-long dirigible; Italy, with her established school of stratosphere flying instruction.

Privately, on the other hand, American participation surpasses that of all the other stratospherically ambitious nations combined. Russia, although she follows the European way of militarized civil aeronautics, seconds our eye to the commercial prospects in the stratosphere because she is mile poor, as we were in the '70's, and must follow the same road to domestic salvation through transportation efficiency and expansion. The prize to the nation first to conquer the stratosphere, where the advantages peculiar to aviation may flower, is, thus, military and commercial preëminence. Beyond the immediate selfishness of these considerations, however, beyond imperialism and monopoly, lie, as usual, imposing benefits for us common folk.

For there will be comfort in air travel tomorrow superior to anything possible down in the "weather" layer between the earth's surface and the floor of the stratosphere; there will be a constancy of ease that the surfaces of the changeable ocean and the variegated land cannot match. Moreover, there will be speed that will dishearten the springs of modern clocks and fly right off present maps.

This important trend is attributable to many factors—higher, most efficient operating levels for planes, two-way radio, controllable-pitch propellers, and your engineer friends can give you seven other reasons. But in my opinion it toddles back to the human element; smackdab to young Jack Frye, the flying president of TWA, foresighted enough to be the first to command his pilots to fly, as a matter of everyday routine, in the stratum between 8,000 and 12,000 feet; and 14,000 feet when necessary, which is just under the safe limit without special oxygen provisions. It is comfortable up there; something you appreciate if ever you have skimmed along in one of the latest high-speed air liners at low altitudes, smashing at 180 miles an hour through rough air caused by down and up drafts, due somewhat to reflected sun heat and other unevennesses in the temperature of the earth's surface, but principally to convection air currents set up by the contours of the land, with a prima donna at the wheel who thinks that because he doesn't mind it you shouldn't.

Secrets of the Stratosphere

There are still penny-wise operators to whom a headwind is an alibi; these would as lief set you down pale and licked, as burn the few extra gallons and take the brief additional time necessary to climb in search of quiet air. They are as out of step as horse cars; whereas the intelligent example set by Jack Frye has become general practice. There are, besides, aeronautical men who decry the stratosphere trend by pointing out that we have not yet realized the greatest speeds of which planes are capable in low strata. This is an involved half-truth with reference to speeds; and ignores entirely the fact that in *major* transportation mediums, average travelers look for comfort as well as speed. Such reactionaryism, applied to the sea, would condemn the Normandie and the Rex to coastwise runs. If aviation has a distinct and self-sufficient future, it is "upstairs."

Thus far, of course, the stratosphere has let go only its easiest secrets; and those grudgingly. Since Wilbur Wright, in France in 1908, threw caution over his shoulder, deliberately set out to see how high he could get, and made the world's first altitude record—361 feet—until Donati of Italy climbed almost exactly 47,000 feet higher last year, the stratosphere, cold and remote, has beaten all back and killed many. Balloons, lacking engine problems, have fared higher than planes; without proving as much. Settle of the Navy, Fordney of the Marines, rose above 61,000 feet to an official record and survived to tell their epochal story in Collier's. In Russia, three young aeronauts were found dead in their bag's gondola, with unbroken instruments to bear witness to an amazing job their lips would never describe; 72,000 feet—nearly 14 miles. Yet, scarcely a beginning; not so far, relatively, as sailors within hail from the beach.

Up to Speed

On our most progressive American lines recently you have been able to foretaste higher flying; and it is now quite feasible to fill out the principal features, the chief delights, of the whole bite—tomorrow's air travel in the substratosphere, and the next day's in the stratosphere. This is not a visionary picture, for your prophetic reporter has no intention of being left out on any more limbs. It is based on talks with leaders in modern aviation thought—men like Jack Frye, of TWA, and Major "Shorty" Schroeder of the Department of Commerce; and back of it lies knowledge of work already accomplished, as well as work and research actually under way. So throw your rubbers into your streamlined, supercharged overnight bag and we'll leave our Yankee hearthsides for Bucharest.

You will not find tomorrow's airports situated, generally considered, much nearer to cities. There may come a day when futuristic towns will have great roofed areas and a glut of aircraft similar to that of automobiles on Main Street these August Saturday nights. But you won't live to see it. For the present—century, I mean—realty problems will drive airports farther from, rather than nearer to, cities. The gesture of flying boat service from places such as Chicago and New York to their municipal airports promises little, in my opinion, because of costliness, awkwardness, politics, and insufficient time savings. Rather, direct express highways and 100-mile-an-hour automobiles, or special fast subway feeders, will nullify the distance element. And when you have been whisked to the airport, you will not find it very much different in physical appearance: busier, of course as befits the terminal of a major transportation medium. The long-hop air liners will be huge, compared with today's ships—the smallest probably accommodating as many passengers as a modern standard railroad coach—but flaps (which are virtually "brakes" on the wings) and controllable-pitch propellers, and other devices still to be invented or developed, will make larger take-off and landing areas unnecessary.

(Continued on page 44)

Stay
sweet as you are

Everyone knows how very important it is to look charmingly young these days. But maybe you don't know how much you can add to your attractiveness by careful and correct care of your hair. It's downright easy to turn it into a flattering asset with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. They give new life, lovely becoming highlights to the hair . . . and make it soft and pliable, easy to arrange, besides. Just apply the Tonic liberally before the weekly shampoo, massage the scalp vigorously for several minutes, and let the Tonic remain on for several minutes more . . . overnight is particularly beneficial. And if your hair is hard to keep in wave, try patting on a very little Tonic with the palms of the hands before setting. It will add lustre, and the wave will stay in longer. Your druggist and your favorite department store sell 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in two sizes of shaker-top bottles. Get one today and start on the road to greater loveliness.

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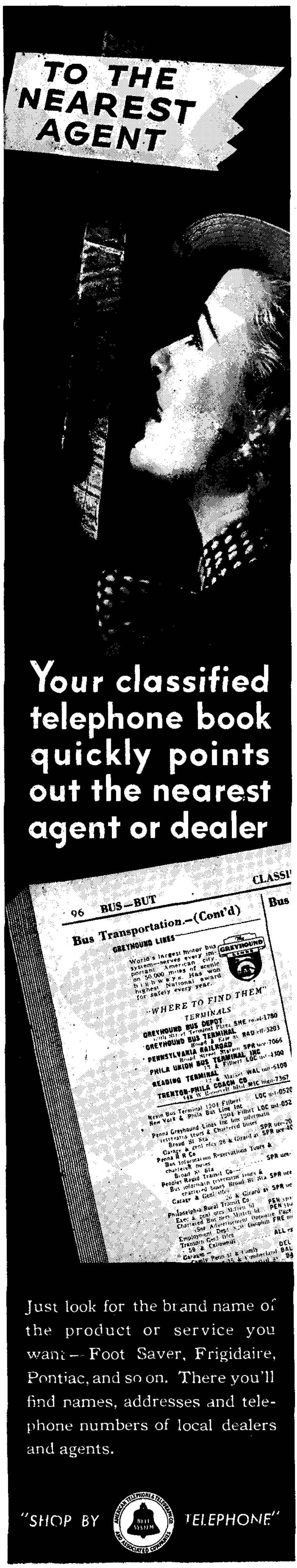
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Just look for the brand name of the product or service you want — Foot Saver, Frigidaire, Pontiac, and so on. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of local dealers and agents.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

(Continued from page 43)

Aviation will not leave its "coast line" in one swift upward lunge: science orders circumspect wading into and thorough investigation at each new depth. The important thing is that airmen are learning that greater safety lies in deep air, as sea navigators learned that safety lay in deep waters. There will be months during which air-line operations will move gradually from the zone between fifteen and twenty thousand, in which passenger cabins will be pressured at about 5,000 feet, up to the final sub-stratosphere levels, averaging say 30,000 feet, where cabins will be pressured at 10,000, or whatever figure medical science eventually recommends. Advantages in speed and comfort will be important at these levels, of course; yet crude with reference to those obtained in the following step of deep-air travel—that is, in the stratosphere proper.

Swift Feeder Service

The stratosphere may be called our first line of defenses against the bombardment of meteorites to which we are hourly subjected from outer space, as well as unapprehended perils; its thickness is not definitely established, and probably varies—from less than 100 to more than 300 miles. Some meteorologists claim there is a distinct layer beyond the stratosphere and before the extreme limit of the earth's atmosphere, where the temperature goes to 30 degrees Centigrade, or about 86 degrees on your back-porch thermometer; pleasant spring weather. Your reporter cannot give you anything first-hand about that, however; we must content ourselves with the stratosphere where, indeed, conditions are different enough from those on earth, as you will find out while our trip progresses.

We are in the plane now, ready to leave Los Angeles. This is the European night express; so New York will be the first stop, London the next, where local connections may be made in fast low-altitude planes for Paris and Berlin and similar capitals. The stratosphere express will go on to Moscow, thence Japan; another to India and Australia; a third to Capetown. Virtually every one of them will serve as a terminal for stratosphere lines of self-interest—Paris to Pondicherry, for example; or Rome to Rio de Janeiro—but Europe's major cities are too closely spotted for high altitude service among themselves. By the time a stratosphere plane from London has climbed 50,000 feet it has already passed Amsterdam and Brussels and Paris. Likewise, many United States cities must remain without direct stratosphere connections. New York to Chicago, Los Angeles to Seattle, Chicago to New Orleans, probably will be examples of the shortest worth-while domestic stratosphere lines; such runs may even stay down in the substratosphere. Every city on the airways, however, will have swift feeder services, of course.

Time-tabling the stratosphere will cause pencil chewing at first, among traffic men brought up in slower decades. In planning arrivals, there will be much adding and subtracting of sun times. The particular ship we are taking this evening, for instance, has an elapsed running-time schedule to London of eleven hours. There is almost that much difference in time between Los Angeles and London. It will be already three o'clock in the morning in London, when we take off here at seven o'clock, Pacific standard time. If we do not touch our watches, we shall be in New York at midnight, and in London at six oclock in the morning, our time. Actually, we shall reach New York at three, Eastern time; and we shall have finished luncheon in the stratosphere before we glide down to London, tomorrow afternoon at two, Greenwich standard time. If you want an early morning arrival in England, you just leave New York before dinner; San Francisco in the late forenoon. Turn about, however, you can attend the opera in Paris or the theater in London, and be in New York in time for a good night's sleep, by eastern clocks; or reach the western United States before dawn.

Reconciled to a midday arrival in Europe, we are ready to leave the California ground. Some passengers have gone up to observation windows in the leading edge of the wing, for Los Angeles putting on her incandescent jewels as purple dusk smudges the metropolitan plains between the mountains and the Pacific is one of this world's most inspiring sights. Other passengers, including your reporter, are taking more interest in the stewardesses' preparations for serving dinner. One crewman is carefully screwing down the turnbolts on the vaultlike double door through which you boarded the ship.

Quite suddenly you realize that we are taking off; you have not been sensible of vibration or jarring, nor do you hear even a whisper from the motors, so effectual is the sound-proofing of the cabin, so completely is the outside world excluded. You have a brief onslaught of creeps, as a child might upon finding itself locked up alone at twilight in Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle. Well, this is useful training for the eerie impressions that will assail you one hour hence when first you look out into the stratosphere. You climb swiftly with those powerful engines; perhaps a thousand feet a minute, or more. Such a climbing rate, prolonged, ordinarily would cause you intense discomfort. Instead, you become aware of a subtle exhilaration: similar to that gained from a tumbler of champagne, or a morning on Mount Rainier.

The fact is, air pressure is allowed to lower in the cabin until the 10,000-foot level is reached. From then on the valves are closed and a supercharger goes to work to maintain the air pressure at the 10,000-foot mark; and no matter how deeply into the stratosphere your ship goes your eardrums and heart will not be tortured. The old days of the 300-foot-a-minute descending or ascending rate are gone; and now the only governing factors are fuel economy and power-plant efficiency.

Tunnels in the Air

In order that your appetite—a mountain-air one, really, in this cabin—shall not be haunted by concerns for your physical well-being in the stratosphere, or by ignorance of the technical safeguards for your plane, we had better take a turn around the liner before dinner. One of the junior pilots volunteers to be our guide; and we follow him, much as in the old days we toured the engine rooms and bridges of ocean vessels.

You observed, before you boarded it, that the stratosphere plane resembled the vacuum, or thermos, bottle—magnified a million times—in which Aunt Gertrude put the coffee when she used to take you on picnics to Middle Village. Here, inside, the ship reminds you more, however, of an under-river tunnel; it is like a 100-foot section of the Hudson Vehicular Tube, with club seats and compartments placed therein. Behind the inner shell of decorated wall, similar to the tile in the tunnel, you know there is an outer shell of great ringlike segments, overlapping and bolted, just like those pictures you have seen of unfinished tunnels in which huge rings are set in place, one by one, as the sandhogs bore along. The problem in the stratosphere is the reverse of the underground one. Tunnels are braced—or "beefed" as airmen say—to hold off the terrific outside pressure of earth mass. But, as you go above the surface, the air pressure — or density of the atmosphere's composition—decreases; the former, therefore — the stratosphere plane—must be stressed to resist pressure from within; to hold imprisoned atmosphere of livable density. A can of tomatoes, dropped out of our plane at 60,000 feet would explode; so would you, practically.

You are a sea-level creature. This fact handicaps you not only bodily, but mentally, when you pursue the mysteries of undersea or upper air, because your brain takes lack of oxygen and too little pressure, or too much pressure, as an excuse to quit. So do the mechanical brains men have devised; all his technical works. Therefore, the job of the aeronautical engineer is to keep both you and your ship and its motors under conditions of your natural atmosphere pressures. Half of the "air" in our total atmosphere is below twenty thousand feet: and so is all human, animal, and bird life, customarily, although some insect species may exist in the upper altitudes and, perhaps, free microörganisms. On certain Asiatic plateaus backward agrarian tribes live at elevations of about 15,000 feet. Most of the earth's population lives below three thousand feet.

Pressure Problems

If life in the high, cold sky is so hostile to us, why should we be up here tonight? The answer lies shrouded in the darkness, far below. Only a short time on our way, we are already crossing the mountainous spine of the North American continent. Speed!

Resistance to forward motion in the air is in proportion to the density of the air. Pick up your infant son and drop him on the parlor floor; he will go gently enough to bounce a little, and perhaps have only a black eye. Let him fall in the stratosphere, and he will go faster than your eye can follow and hit the denser air near the surface at such a pace his didies will take fire. By percentage, if resistance is 100 at sea level it is nil at 60,000 feet. How, then, can the thin air of the stratosphere give support to the airplane's wing—provide lift?

Suppose that in one foot at sea level there are 1,000 particles, or molecules, of air: and that in the stratosphere there are only 500 molecules in the same distance. The resistance offered by 500 molecules to the plane's forward motion being only half of the resistance set up by 1,000 molecules, the plane will move twice as fast provided its engine performance in both levels is equal. Thus, in two feet of upper air your plane will gain the support of just as many particles of air as in one foot at sea level. Lift, therefore, does not suffer; and even the standard commercial air-line planes of today, 1935, theoretically are good for twice as much speed in the stratosphere as at sea level.

The rub lies in supercharging; the device, or method, wherewith the sea-level operating efficiency of any motor can be carried up to any level. Indeed, plane and engine designers believe that increase in speed is a matter of routine mathematical progression for which definite formulas may be written out of present knowledge. It is feasible, they agree, to look for speeds of 1,000 miles an hour in the stratosphere within the century; speeds that will seem to make the sun lag in its course.

Supercharging is a word, a process, with which you had better become familiar now; in it is locked the fate of aviation's future. Supercharging must be applied to virtually everything connected with a stratosphere, or sub-stratosphere, plane. Supercharging cheats the barometer; briefly, it is forcible delivery, by mechanical means, of fuel or air, or whatever is needed, in greater weight or volume than would normally be pumped in, by pistons or by lungs, under the surrounding atmospheric pressure.

It is possible the motors of your stratosphere plane may be steam driven; or the outcome of application of the rocket principle. If so, they will not be supercharged in this sense. If, however, they are internal-combustion-type engines, each must be fitted with a supercharger. The carburetor of such a motor—your automobile engine, for example—delivers into the cylinders, to be ignited by the live spark from the spark plugs, a certain definite mixture, or metering, of fuel and air. The oxygen in air is necessary to support combustion. Without it, the fuel would not burn. Drop a lighted match into an empty bottle and see how quickly the flame expires. The mixture of fuel and air which the designers of a motor consider necessary for it to give its best performance, its full rated horsepower, at sea level is, let us say, fifteen parts of air to one part of fuel. Tests show that the efficiency of ordinary engines, the carburetion of which is set with sea-level mixture, would drop plumb to zero at 65,000 feet. Long before, of course, they quit delivering power of any practical use.

Your automobile will give you the idea. In low country it sounds quite sweet. Cross the Rockies and you will notice loss of power, even though you set a leaner mixture. Drive up to visit your old friend, the Grand Lama of Tibet on his Himalayan plateau, and the bus will scarcely pull you; if there was a road over Mount Everest, you would not make it. On a high-altitude plane motor, as the air grows thin, the supercharger blows into and builds up the pressure of the intake manifold so that a mixture of fuel and air equal in weight to that obtained at sea level is constantly delivered.

Controllable-pitch propellers supplement the supercharger; by increasing their "bite" of the air, hitting more molecules, they maintain the ratio between the constant power of the motor and the thinner atmosphere.

Getting Your Breath

The remaining major problem deals with the living quarters—cabin for passengers, and control room for pilots. Our hearts and lungs are not supercharged, but tuned for sea-level breathing. If we go to mountain tops we labor and pant because our organs cannot draw in air fast enough. At less than 20,000 most of us grow ill for lack of oxygen in the bloodstream. At 25,000 feet or less, we "black out," as the pilots say.

Temporary help may be obtained by sucking oxygen from cans. This is the expedient resorted to by stratosphere investigators; by climbers of the highest mountains; by passengers and crew of the air line which crosses the Andes at 20,000 feet. On prolonged trips this would be impractical. Therefore, supercharging must be used to keep up a livable pressure in the sealed airplanes of the stratosphere; great blowers will inhale the thin air, compress it to the equivalent of 10,000 feet in sufficient quantities according to the number of persons aboard. Flight medical experts have not yet decided upon a standard safe pressure for all types of persons: travelers with heart trouble, or tuberculosis, may find 10,000 disagreeable. The highest generally safe level will be set for the interior of the stratosphere planes, because the problem of bracing the ship against "exploding" is thus reduced; and because the danger to the lives of the passengers is less. The atmospheric pressure on your body at sea level is almost fifteen pounds to the square inch; at 50,000 feet it is less than two pounds. If, through failure of the supercharger, pressure within the cabin dropped suddenly from sea to stratosphere level, most of the passengers would be done for before the pilot could bring the ship down. If, however, it dropped from 10,000 feet to the stratosphere the pilots should be able to fly down to the 10,000-foot level before harm was done; calling upon emergency oxygen tanks, and automatic valves which permit equalization of pressure within and without the ship to prevent break-up.

Beautiful New World

We go down at New York; the cabin pressure being gradually adjusted from 10,000 feet to sea level, so that the business of leaving some passengers, taking others aboard, may be got through with quickly. Then we are dispatched again, over the Atlantic, to cheat time of half of its hours of darkness this night. When the sun is fully up, we can see the ocean—ten miles below—as a milky blur; but, also, we still observe the stars in the eternal lavender dusk of the stratosphere. Sunlight, as we knew it on earth, is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays on the numberless molecules of the atmosphere. Up here, there are fewer molecules to reflect it; and much of the light is uncaptured. But there is sufficient visibility for us to watch the fascinating traffic of the stratosphere.

Looking away from the sun we should be able to see, on clear days, earth points 200 miles off: the horizon, of course, "rises" with us—with our naked eyes we shall never see around the curvature of the globe. There is enough to see, however. Miles away we perceive a gigantic balloon drifting; the captain identifies it for us as the Stratosphere Astronomical Observatory of a great American University. It has a telescope; an outboard motor device for controlling and timing its rotation; and is serviced and staffed from the ground by autogyros. Above you, frequently—perhaps at the 70,000-foot level—pass giant dirigibles.

This branch of aeronautics, tragically beset in the "weather levels," found itself in the stratosphere. Once built and launched, these are taken up to the hydrogen belt near the upper limit of the stratosphere and kept there for their useful lifetimes—perhaps twenty years—without ever returning to earth, unless major repairs become necessary. Day after day they shuttle around the earth, never pausing; taking on fuel, food, merchandise, necessities, receiving and discharging passengers miles above their destinations, by means of contact planes. These dirigibles are so huge—the "babies" among them being probably three times as long as the S. S. Normandie—that in lower altitudes they might be used for flying airports. Up here, the sealed and pressured contact planes and gyros land topsides on the dirigibles, which do not halt, and are immediately lowered by giant elevator-trapdoors into an interior chamber, which is then closed, and built up in pressure before the passengers are transferred. Because it is so remote and cold—because air flight beauty as we used to know it, was found among cloudscapes, and just above breath-taking panoramas of valley and mountain—we did not expect loveliness in the stratosphere; but here, through every window, is magnificence that makes puny anything else we have ever known.

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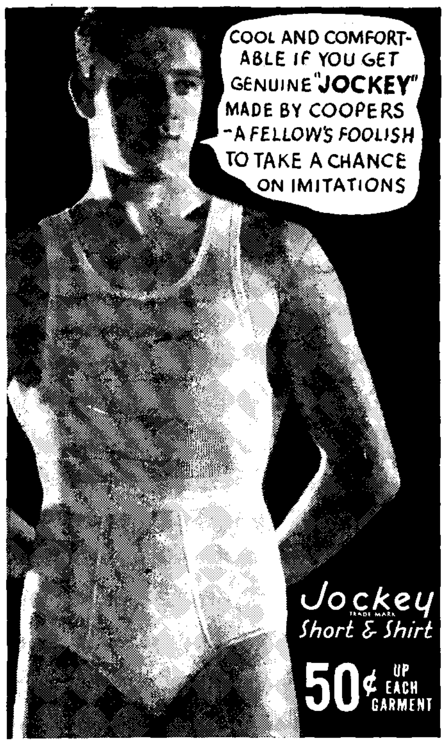
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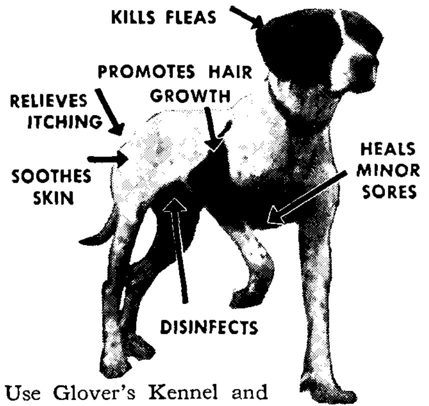

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Blaze of Glory

Continued from page 11

the ball park giving vent to the way he saw that drama on the field. Yah, the old stiff Lefty had let 'em make that hit so's there wouldn't be any chance of Harkness breaking his record. Yeah, and was that so? If the dumbhead second baseman had been in position he'd have took that liner just as easy . . .

Forward and back swept accusation and denial. And down on the mound Old Lefty, the pupils of his eyes pinpoints, pitched to the next batter, and the batter popped weakly out.

To a rising roar of cries Lefty came off the field, and his face was flaming; he looked neither right nor left, took his seat in a dugout that was like a powder mine. Hoarsely muttering, the team went to bat in the last of the ninth and one run behind. If that run wasn't made up . . .

IT WAS made up, and the man responsible for its making was Old Lefty Grant. There were three on base when he took his turn at bat; never a hard hitter, he slammed the first pitch up against the farthest fence.

As he jogged to the dugout to get his glove his face was grim as granite, and the cries were still booming. Told you! The old stiff let the other team get ahead so's Harkness wouldn't be credited with a win, and then he made that hit so's to grab the credit of the win himself. Says you! Harkness had blowed, and Lefty saved the game. What if Harkness didn't get the win? He didn't get a loss either, did he? He could go right ahead from there. Learn your baseball!

The team took the road that night; a young, tight-lipped team, making no comment; but the way it swarmed over its opponent the next time Jud Harkness pitched, it showed its feelings in the matter. Old Lefty Grant sat in the dugout as though alone, chewing, chewing his tobacco.

From then on, Jud Harkness pitched as though pitching against time, burning the ball through with all his weight and power, turning back one batter to get at another; stopping now and then to gather himself, and burning the ball through again; and when the game was over, hastening toward the manager with the same question, "When do I pitch again?" Evenings he sat in the writing-room of the hotel, his pen scratching laboriously over paper. Old Lefty would see him there as he went out after dinner, and as often as not would see him still there when he came in again hours later. Now and then, instead of writing, big Jud Harkness would be poring over a packet of letters.

In the swiftly closing days of the season he won his seventeenth straight game, and his eighteenth. The team moved into the last city on its schedule, for a three-game series; *one that* would decide which of the two teams would occupy second place. Neither had a chance for the pennant—that had been decided the week previous—but the money difference between second and third places was considerable and they would fight for it . . . and there were other things to be fought for.

In the first game, before packed stands, Jud Harkness strode to the mound. Two hours later his team was in second place and a twenty-year pitch*ing record had been tied.*

Jud Harkness had won nineteen straight games.

The next day the home club rose up and slammed itself right back into a tie for second place and its town went baseball mad. The final game, to tell who would hold second; and the town went completely out of hand when it was announced:

"Harkness will go in tomorrow."

Harkness, not only pitching to keep his team in second place, but pitching for a new baseball record.

And that evening the secretary of the baseball club, an ivory-faced young man wearing glasses, whose only word in life was efficiency, stopped Old Lefty as the latter was leaving the hotel.

"I've been looking for you. I'm changing your room."

Lines came between Old Lefty's eyes. "What's the idea? My room's all right."

"Sure it's all right," retorted the secretary, "but we aren't going to pay for your having a separate room and somebody else also having a separate room."

"Somebody else?" said Lefty.

"Yeah. Johnnie Clancy's mother's sick; he left for home half an hour ago. So you'll change from your single room into his double one. Get a bellboy to take your things over."

Old Lefty stood with his mind slowly working. He had had a single room for the past several seasons; as the twenty-third man on the team and as the oldest member of the team it was his privilege to room alone. And now Johnnie Clancy, youthful utility outfielder, had been called home, and in order that the club could save a dollar or two they were having Lefty move over to Johnnie's room and share it with . . . Who was Johnnie's roommate? Lefty hadn't kept track of the different roommates; it was . . . illumination came to him. It was Jud Harkness.

"Hey!" said Old Lefty.

The efficient club secretary was already in motion. "I haven't got time to talk. I'm busy." And he was gone.

For a long moment Old Lefty remained where he was. Then he called a bellboy. "Take all my things from my room over to the room Johnnie Clancy had." He went out into the night.

HE DIDN'T return until late, very late. He went up to his new room; switched on the light. Roommate Harkness was asleep; he stirred, but didn't awake. Old Lefty turned in.

He slept fitfully; he wasn't used to having anybody in his room. From the way Harkness moved about in his own bed, apparently he also was a restless sleeper. At times Lefty thought he heard him muttering in his sleep.

Old Lefty lay staring into the darkness; drowsed and was awakened by a light going on. Roommate Harkness was sitting up in bed, a hand on his stomach and his face twisted with pain. When he saw that Old Lefty was awake he gave a warped attempt at a smile.

"I'm awful sorry to have woke you up. *But it's a pain, an old pain that's come* back. I'm going to ring for some ice and I'll have it all right in a minute."

"Sure," growled Old Lefty, and turned away from the light. The damned fool had eaten something and now had a stomach-ache.

A bell boy brought a pitcher of cracked ice, Jud Harkness put the ice in a towel and placed it against his stomach. "There," he gave whistling intake of breath, "that'll fix it!" He sat holding it against himself.

Old Lefty went to sleep . . . *and when* he at last awoke it was day and Jud Harkness had dressed and gone. Old Lefty shaved and dressed, and as he went about the room an odd feeling was upon him; the presence of another man's things took him back and back to roommates of the past, back through more than twenty years. He stepped to the dresser to knot his tie and his eyes fell upon a picture standing there; the snapshot of a girl in her late teens, and Lefty's memory winged to other pictures on other dressers. Without realizing that he did so, he leaned forward and studied the picture: a nice, pleasant face, looking straight into the camera; eyes set well apart, and a good, firm mouth; humor in that face, and resolution. In the background loomed farm buildings. A country girl. Old Lefty had once had a picture something like that, years and years ago. It had never come to anything. He wondered where she was now.

He fussed with his tie, glanced again at the picture, and his eyes fell on a letter lying beside it. Probably it was from the girl of the picture. It was open, and Lefty's glance, brushing by, unconsciously slackened . . . took in words:

"Dearest Jud: Your latest five hundred dollars came yesterday, and today I paid off all but one of the creditors. It is all so wonderful that I keep pinching myself to see if I am awake . . ."

THE reading Lefty wrenched his eyes away and scowled fiercely. He entirely retied his tie. Then his eyes went back to the letter as though drawn by a magnet.

". . . keep pinching myself to see if I am awake. And I am! I know that you have saved Mother's life. To have lost both the farm and the business in town would have been too much for her. She already looks like a different person."

Again Old Lefty stopped reading and again his eyes irresistibly came back.

"Since you've asked me to write you everything that happens, I'll tell you this. Old Lafe Downey is now the only one we owe anything to. It is a thousand dollars. He wants it, and I told him I might be able to get it the first of another week."

Lefty glanced swiftly at the top of the page. The letter was dated three days previous, and today was Saturday.

For a long moment Old Lefty Grant stood pondering those dates, wholly *withdrawn into himself, the outer world* utterly cut off. And then he did a thing he had never done before: he picked up the letter—a letter that belonged to another person—and read it from beginning to end . . . and at no time was he conscious that he was doing anything out of the ordinary.

It was a long letter and it ended with:

"And now, dearest, remember this: If you don't win any more games and so aren't able to send any more money, it's going to be all right. Mother and I will *be able to manage things somehow,* especially after all we've paid—I mean after all you've paid for us. I saw a picture of you in yesterday's paper and, oh! you looked so tired and drawn. You've got to think of yourself some. Now I'll close so as to get this into the mail. I love you! And here's a question; see if you're smart enough to answer it: What two young people are going to get married just as soon as you get back home? There! Always, your Margaret."

Old Lefty put the letter down, started to fold it, realized he had found it opened. He began rearranging it, and it was then he noticed the stack of letters that had lain under it. Unlike this letter, these were in their envelopes. With the mood still on him, Lefty ran them through his fingers. All the envelopes bore the same handwriting—the girl's.

Suddenly Old Lefty stopped. He had come upon a sheet of letter paper bearing the big, sprawling handwriting of a man. And once more, as though unaware that he was looking at somebody else's mail, he was reading:

"Dear Margaret: I just wanted to let you know that in case you should read in the papers of me being in the hospital don't you get scared, because it'll only be that my old appendix has gone and acted up once too many times. So my dear, that's all it'll be and . . ."

The letter broke off sharply. It had no signature.

It didn't need to have. To Old Lefty came the remembrance of a big, powerful young man sitting on the edge of his bed holding an ice pack to his stomach, his face twisted with pain.

Then Old Lefty was looking at the letter again, at the date on it, and:

"Good Lord!" said Old Lefty.

The date was three weeks previous.

With jaw set, Old Lefty stood thinking, piecing things together. The kid had written this when he thought he wasn't going to pull through an appendix attack. He had pulled through; hadn't finished the letter. For three weeks he'd been pitching on nerve, with that appendix threatening to go any time.

Last night he'd had another attack, had somehow pulled through. He would pitch that afternoon.

Old Lefty ran knuckles across a damp forehead. Finally he said aloud:

"I'll be watching out for him!"

IN THE first half of the ninth inning of that nerve-racking game, the team got a man on first. The manager threw in all his reserve batting strength, and the run came home. Pitcher Jud Harkness took the mound for the last of the ninth with this one-run lead.

Like a soldier who has repelled attack after attack, Jud settled himself to make final repulse. Slowly, very slowly, he settled himself, and the first batter came up, and the packed enemy stands raised battle cry. A ball . . . a strike . . . and then a hit was going up, was coming down, a racing fielder had it—didn't have it!—and a Texas leaguer had gone for two bases.

Insane jubilation in the stands . . . a piling out of Jud Harkness' manager onto the field, a shaking of the head by Jud. With obvious effort he pitched to the next batter; the count grew to three and two and the umpire called the next one a ball. It was so close that it could have been called either way, but the umpire saw it as a ball, the batter took first and the manager's protests did no good. The manager once more walked toward Jud and once more Jud shook his head.

Runners on first and second, none out. The next play was obvious even before it was made: a bunt. Jud pitched, and the instant after he did so he raced forward. The ball was coming straight for him. He swooped, picked it up, whirled to make the throw to third for the put-out—and fell forward as though he had been struck by lightning. He tried to rise but collapsed with his hands against his stomach.

Even as Jud Harkness fell, Old Lefty Grant was out of the dugout, was speeding onto the field. And as he ran he was calling to his following team-mates, "Come on, gang! Get him quick, and rush him to the hospital. It's his appendix!" And as they looked at Lefty he roared out, "Hell, don't you suppose I know?"

They carried Jud from the field, and the instant he had been given over into other hands, was being carried toward an exit and an ambulance, Old Lefty was back, had seized his glove and a ball, was warming up.

Every remaining pitcher on the team was warming up, and the manager was looking at them . . . and Old Lefty was striding toward him.

"I'm going in," said Lefty.

"You?" said the manager. And, "He don't go in!" cried the other pitchers, hastening up.

Old Lefty looked at each of them in turn . . . and faced each of them down. Last of all he regarded the manager.

"Who's got a better right to go in than me?"

Long the manager studied him; studied that expression on Old Lefty's face. And finally, "Okay," he said, and clapped a hand on Lefty's shoulder.

So Old Lefty Grant went in. The umpire called "Play ball!" and the batter stepped up to the plate.

Old Lefty settled himself, took a long, deep breath, his eyes full on that batter . . . a right-hander, a fast-ball hitter, and the leading batter of the league, a man who that day had made three of the six hits gathered by his team. As dangerous a money player as there was, and if he connected with any sort of a hit—even if he drove in only one of those three runners on the bags, tying up the game, and no one else scored all the rest of the inning—the game would be lost to the kid . . . lost to Jud Harkness.

Old Lefty pitched.

He struck that batter out.

He struck the next batter out.

The stands voiced the thunder of their joy. Old Lefty took a quick breath, steadied himself, and faced the third batter. He pitched; hooked a curve over the plate. It broke in, down. The batter slashed at it, hit it on top. The ball struck the plate, bounded forward and high into the air. A fair ball.

Old Lefty darted in. Seemingly forever the ball went up, up . . . hung in the air. The runner on third was tearing home, the batter was speeding toward first. Old Lefty saw them as clearly as though they were etched; saw them all the while he watched that ball. No chance to get the runner at home; only the slimmest chance to get the man at first. The ball came down . . . down. Lefty leaped into the air, snagged the ball, spun . . . threw.

The first baseman, stretching far forward, got the ball an instant before the runner's foot came down on the bag. Out!

It is said that no ball player was ever given such an ovation in that ball park as was given Old Lefty Grant. But he wasn't aware of it. He was racing for the clubhouse.

OLD LEFTY sat in the hospital waiting-room, looking straight ahead at a wall, his hands clenched. At last an attendant came in, smiled, and said:

"The operation's a success. The appendix had ruptured, but they're going to pull him through."

Old Lefty slowly exhaled; stood up.

"I'd like to leave a note for him." His eyes went about the room, searching for something to write on. They stopped; for an instant an odd look held them, and then they were illumined.

"If I might, I'd like to write at the top of this," said Old Lefty. He indicated an evening paper lying on the table. Its headline announced: "HARKNESS BREAKS TWENTY-YEAR RECORD."

Methodically Old Lefty Grant wrote above it:

"Jud. I telegraphed the last five hundred dollars to Margaret, so everything's O. K."

"If you'll give that to him," said Old Lefty. "The whole paper."

Then Old Lefty Grant was going out of the waiting-room, was descending the hospital steps. Whistling, he strode along the street.

Snapshot of Dr. K. E. Schurr of Kirksville, Mo.

IT JUST RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY

Gentlemen:

An unlucky experience happened to me in Michigan last year. I had moved there from Missouri, driving through in my 1930 Willys Knight. I had never used anything in the crankcase except Quaker State Oil. Being a stranger, I dropped in at a station where they didn't carry Quaker State and let myself be sold another brand.

The oil I bought was highly recommended—and as the attendant told me, it was 10c a quart cheaper. He said there wasn't any better oil, and that no oil was worth 35c.

But, to my sorrow, I found that by adding several quarts between changes, the cost really added to more than 35c a quart—for an inferior oil. It just rubs me the wrong way to waste money like that!

I have always driven Quaker State a thousand miles before changing, and rarely ever add oil between times. The next change will find me back with Quaker State—and this time it's "for keeps."

Sincerely,

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Fine Italian Hand

Continued from page 13

effort to say first, to say loudest or to say most smartly that it was about time.

The unanimous approval of Capra's prize has double significance: first, about Capra, who has no public life and few intimates here, there has grown up the tradition that "the little wop's a great guy"; and second, and more important, the director is of growing weight in the Hollywood equation.

They still call them movies. That was their big beginning, pictures that moved. Hence motion, action, from custard pie throwing, through the horse operas called westerns, the train wreck, the chase, were the important things. Then photography improved, the close-up was invented, and pulchritude, particularly feminine pulchritude, became the hot stuff, the star system was devised. But then along came sound and the flickering figures on the screen had to have something to say. That, for the first time, really, made the story important. The story, however, had to be expressed in those terms of motion and sound that the screen had developed.

A Recipe for Pictures

Up to very recent times Hollywood had failed to appreciate this. A luscious moving photograph of a beauty in bed or of a great he-man defying the world all too often made a picture. Plus the myths the press departments blew up about the stars, it was the easiest way, until the public began to get tired of it. Then they went to the classics and the big names among the writers. But even there, flop after flop was registered until Hollywood realized that the man who really made the picture was the director who day in and day out wove the story through the personality of his actors, his lights and his cameras into the final thing you see.

Capra is a picture-maker's picture-maker. And though the audience may give his name scant attention in the face of his actors' pretty antics, the picture-makers, and the picture-sellers in the theaters, know his magic. The theater owners know that the public goes to see a Capra picture whether they know it is a Capra picture or not. In other words, he has a recipe for pictures, a sort of signature, as is said about painters, whether their names are appended to the canvas or not. His maturer career is the best key to what that recipe is.

It began when he went to work for Columbia eight or nine years ago. Both Capra and Columbia were on "Poverty Row," that dilapidated stretch of rented studios where they make pictures quickly and cheaply in the hope of some day hitting a good one. Harry Cohn was the studio head. He liked his assistants young, enthusiastic, and not expensive. Capra persuaded Cohn to let him direct a quickie called That Certain Thing, with Ralph Graves and Viola Dana. When he got through with it, it was no quickie. It was so sparkling and so charming that it was released—and profitably sold—as a special feature. It got Capra a long-term contract and set him to directing such then great of the silent days as Shirley Mason, Willie Collier the elder, Bessie Love and Johnny Walker. Pretty trifles or pretty trifling, they were, according to the way you looked upon the pictures of those days. But all of them had pace and, more important, most of them made a handsome return to Columbia on the modest cost of making them.

Along towards the end of 1928, in fact, Columbia had accumulated a bit of a bank roll. Cohn decided to shoot the works. He embarked it all on a spectacular picture called Submarine with Ralph Graves, Jack Holt, an expensive cast and a more famous and more expensive director than Capra. Submarine proceeded towards foundering, with the bank roll, and, in desperation, they called in Capra. He read the script for the first time on a Thursday and started shooting and reshooting on the following Monday. Submarine became such a spectacular success that it floated Columbia—and Capra—well off the shoals of Poverty Row and the quickie business.

It gave them the earned capital for their first ventures in sound, The Younger Generation and The Donovan Affair, with such players as Jean Hersholt, Lina Basquette and Ricardo Cortez. It enabled Capra to step back from such drawing-room drammer again into the spectacular and costly with Flight. It revealed that he could paint on either an intimate or a gargantuan canvas.

But with his production and direction of Ladies of Leisure came a new phase of his development. Barbara Stanwyck had been a great success on Broadway in Hal Skelly's Burlesque. But in Hollywood she had flopped and there were no two opinions about it. Capra never saw her on the screen. But in a personal interview he sensed some quality. He put her into the picture and both were enormous successes of that year. This was the job that made him the most sought-after director among the ladies of the films. Most of them today would break a shapely leg to get into a picture of Capra's.

He demonstrated his versatility with Joe Cook's musical, Rain or Shine. He hopped back to the spectacular with Dirigible. He did Forbidden and The Miracle Woman. The latter was one of Capra's few failures. It was a burlesque or exposé of the type of evangelism practiced by Aimee Semple McPherson. Barbara Stanwyck was in it. Joe Swerling wrote a fitting scene in which the evangelist stepped into a lions' den on her platform and then, later, it was revealed that all the lions were senile and toothless. Neither Stanwyck nor Capra could make this convincing.

Striking Platinum

It was shortly after this that Capra made another star. Jean Harlow had been a success in the spectacular Hell's Angels made by Howard Hughes with the help of the whole United States Army Air Corps. But without the help of the Air Corps the little Harlow girl was desperately tramping the casting offices with no results until Capra saw her. He made with her a picture called Platinum Blonde. And that, if you will remember, not only made Jean a star in her own right but started a whole new cycle of blond allure on the screen, in the choruses, and in the beauty parlors throughout the world.

In the jittery year of 1932 he made a picture called American Madness with some terrific scenes of a run on a bank. That was about as close to timely social comment as the screen had yet dared to approach, and it was one of the year's ten best pictures. That same year, also, saw him make The Bitter Tea of General Yen. Capra thinks, with certain reservations, that this is his best picture. Certainly it was the one that attracted highbrow attention to him. It was the picture that lured that sterling actor, Walter Connolly, from the stage. It so impressed him with Capra's talent that he played the merest bit, just to get into Capra's next picture. But Capra's reservation on General Yen is characteristic of the man. It was not a box-office success.

He Liked Gable's Laugh

With Lady for a Day, Capra started the Damon Runyon vogue and made May Robson a star. But it was just about this time that there began that train of circumstances which enabled Capra to win the gold statuette. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted Capra very much, but found that money couldn't lure him from Columbia. So they gave Columbia one of their biggest properties, the heart-thrilling matinee idol, Clark Gable, in exchange for Capra. They put Capra to work on the preparation of a new picture called Soviet, but there were so many complications, political and otherwise, that the picture never was made. When he returned to Columbia, however, Gable was still available, and Capra went to work.

He liked Gable's laugh better than his leer. He also had the idea that a little actress called Claudette Colbert was a better comedienne than she was a vamp. He put them together in a simple little story of hitchhikers and bus riders, dug up an old song that Freddy Benham's Circus Saints and Sinners had been singing at lunch for years and mixed them into that It Happened One Night, which gave Columbia more of the Academy's prizes than any other studio had ever taken before, launched both stars on practically new careers and made The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze a national menace.

Just now Capra is engaged in the preparation of two pictures as diverse as any in his career, the philosophical whimsicalities of James Hilton's The Lost Horizon and the earthy masculinities of Maxwell Anderson's Valley Forge.

That diverse career is the reason why Capra is the most valued producer of entertainment in Hollywood. And, Hollywood and its product being what they are, it is fair to say that the little wop is the most valued producer of entertainment in the world. How a little wop can become thus is not without its human and sociological interest.

Capra was born in Palermo, Sicily, thirty-eight years ago last May 18th, son of a hard-working wine grower. With his father, mother, three brothers and four sisters he arrived in Los Angeles' crowded Italian quarter at the age of six. They came the hardest way, of course, via Ellis Island and an immigrant train across the plains. Money was scarce. Frank was soon selling papers with a brother six years older than himself.

Somewhat awed now in the midst of his success, the little wop has been known to say he had a close call from becoming a gangster and racketeer, when he recalls those rough, hard days. But somehow or other Frank got the education bug. He was skipping classes in school before he had learned to speak good English. When he got through high school at sixteen and had to wait two years to get into California Institute of Technology, whose Millikan is still Frank's great and good friend, he got himself two jobs that had an influence on his subsequent career. One was tutoring a grandson of Lucky Baldwin on the Baldwin estate out where the Santa Anita race track now lures the Angeleno. That gave him access to the Baldwin library and Frank devoured the classics. The other job was bucker-up in a pipe foundry.

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He got the latter because of his skinny five feet, four. A bucker-up in a pipe foundry gets inside the pipe and holds the buck while outside a big husky with a sledge flattens the rivet heads with blows that can be heard to the city limits of Los Angeles, if you know what that means. It is probably the reason why Capra now is a quiet fellow. There is no noise on his set if he can help it.

He made a brilliant record in all sorts of activities at Cal Tech: editor of the paper, waiter on tables, instructor in languages, a captain in the R. O. T. C. The spring he was to take his degree in chemical engineering the United States got into the war. Despite Frank's clamors to be sent abroad, to fight by the side of our noble allies, with his fluent Italian, French, German and Spanish, he was held here to teach coast artillerymen at Fortress Monroe and Fort Scott in San Francisco. The month of the Armistice his father was killed on the little fruit ranch to which the family had moved so that Frank could motorcycle to college. Discharge presented him with a problem indeed. But somehow he got back to Cal Tech and took his degree.

Then, much to the family's disgust, he practically threw it away. Other Italians were making good money as mechanics. Frank had decided he wanted to write and somehow or other the funny thing called movies struck him as the best outlet for his stories. Pictures were just as hard to crash in those days as they are now, however, and Frank got in first, as has been stated, as water boy or something. Then he got a job in a laboratory, which was a blessing in disguise, for few directors know at first hand, as Capra does, what should be done with film *after* it has been shot. Few know as much of cameras and lights, and he credits this knowledge to the early grind in the lab.

He itched with writing, however. He wrote Our Gang comedies for Hal Roach. He wrote gags for Mack Sennett while sitting on a woodpile in the midst of the madhouse which was the old Sennett lot. They were good comedies and good gags, but Capra saw them spoiled by what he thought was bad direction. Between times, waiting to be a director, he did about everything to keep body and soul together. He pruned trees, he was an usher in theaters, he sang for his supper in Los Angeles honky-tonks. Yes, he has a tenor voice of sorts and he plays almost every instrument he can get his hands on, though he plays very, very badly.

He Knows the Combination

He got his first chance to direct when he persuaded Harry Langdon to let him handle Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. He followed it with Long Pants and The Strong Man. Now, if you can remember that far back you will remember that with those three pictures Harry Langdon was running neck and neck in the silent comedies with Charlie Chaplin. Langdon decided they were Langdon pictures, not Capra pictures. He dropped Capra and never made a successful one again. Shortly after this Capra crashed Columbia; he was made, and so was Columbia.

If you look over his career and his product, then, this seems to be the recipe, the signature: a story, preferably appealing to the more elemental emotions, and, whether it be told through the medium of the spectacular as in Submarine and Dirigible, through the psychological tenuity of General Yen or the earthy humor of It Happened One Night, it must be told in the classic rhythm that sets the stage, builds to a climax and gives an answer, all in that sequential but many-paced beat that attracts and stimulates and soothes and cheers the thing called the human heart, which has a beat of its own and has been the basis of emotional appeal from the beating of the first tom-tom—to technicolor.

Capra seems to know that and to do it. As a chemical engineer he mixes the elements of sound and space and movement. But there is a sensitiveness about that Italian mind of his, wop or not, that never mistakes sound, or space, or movement, or the seductive curves of his lady stars, or the mellow bellowings of his male ones for anything more than the ingredients he is using to compound something superior. Each ingredient is something that precipitates, coalesces, crystallizes, jells, and out of the proper combination of them all comes a new whole called a play.

Roughing Them Up

Still a quiet little guy, he's almost pathetic in the way he seeks out physically big men for the companions of his leisure, swimming, fishing in the high Sierras and bridge whist, six-footers like Al Roscoe or Myles Connolly, or squat huskies like Joe Swerling. He adores children, his own two, Swerling's, Connolly's, some three dozen nephews, nieces and grand nephews and nieces of his own prolific relatives. His life with his wife is one of the domestic idylls of the town. His name has never been connected with that of any other woman.

But, as Joe Swerling says, once he starts work on a picture he becomes an inhuman animal on wheels. Nobody can talk to him, not even his wife. He'll shoot all day and read the script and plan all night. He's called many a writer out of bed at midnight to fix a scene. He does not act it out himself, he thinks it out. He expects the actors to act, and he shoots until they have acted in accordance with his intelligent and emotional instructions.

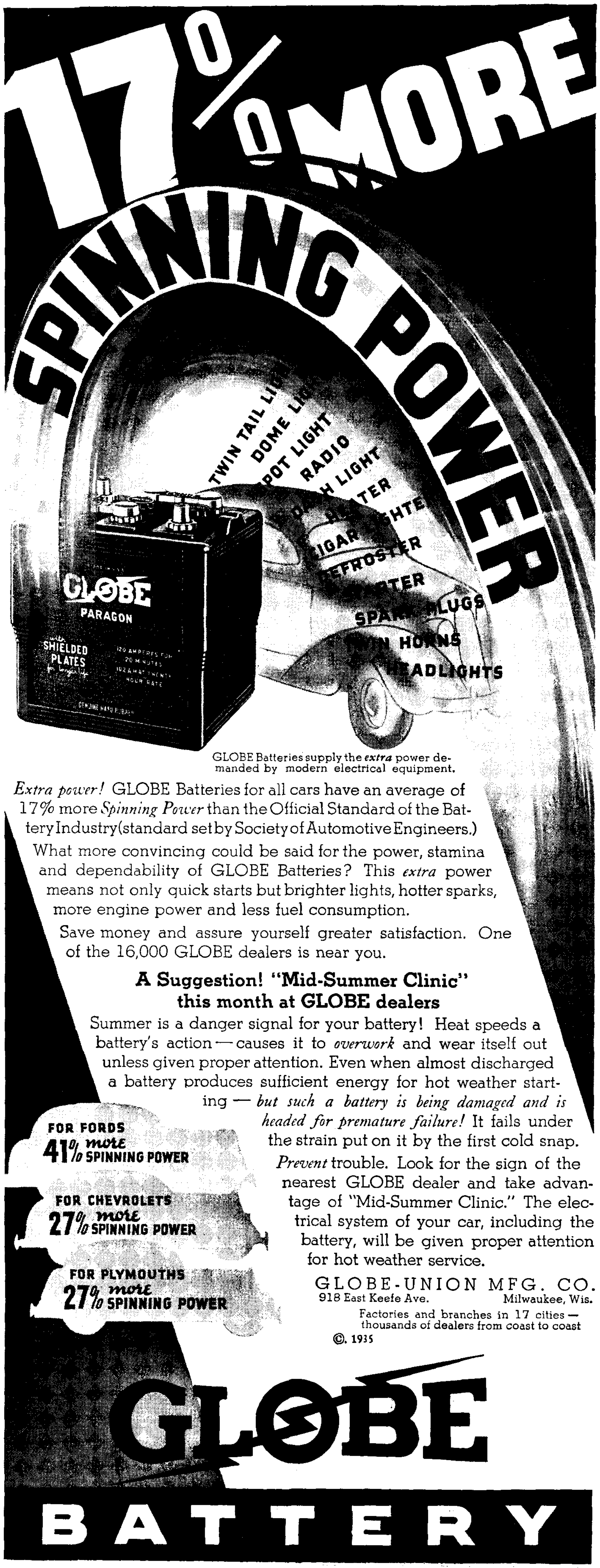
The snarl, the potential gangster trait, comes out in Frank when he plays bridge. For years he, Joe Swerling and Bob Riskin, his writers, and Max Winslow, a director, have had a bridge game going for modest stakes. It has cost Capra thousands and thousands of dollars. He still thinks he's a great bridge player and once every six months or so he breaks up the game with bitter, sinister, nasty accusations. He says the others are not keeping the right score, that they're ganging up on him, that he'll never play with the dirty crooks again.

Once more it comes out in his book collecting. This is a recently acquired hobby. He used to laugh at suckers who paid thousands for the same reading matter they could get for single bills. But he caught the bug, probably from Swerling. He has the second-best library of valuable editions in Hollywood today. The best probably belongs to Jules Furthman at Metro. Furthman recently bid against Capra and made him pay $10,000 for a Dante's Divine Comedy. Capra coldly announced that he'd kill Furthman rather than let him have it, and an injudicious friend of the old days in the Italian quarter, overhearing the threat, asked where he could find Furthman. Capra just stopped him in time.

And one thing the collector of first editions in rare and fragile condition cannot understand about Frank. He insists on reading them.

And to substantiate Capra's value, Columbia's financial report for the last nine months was made public as this is written. It showed a profit of $1,572,720 net. It is a secret of Polichinelle that Capra's last two pictures returned a profit of over $2,000,000 to Columbia.

"Maybe," said a Hollywood cynic, "Harry Cohn better stop makin' anything but Capras."



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Cigarette Girl

Continued from page 21

than those which George and I bent upon those two on the dance floor. Maisie was smiling and apparently took his kidding with her usual pertness. I guess he liked it. His smile seemed bolder and he certainly gave her a whirl. But when they separated for a pause in the music, I thought Maisie was frowning.

"I'm going to cut in," I said.

"You'll be the first man who ever did at Callahan's," George warned. "Wait until after the dance—we'll get her to sit at our table."

I walked across the floor. They had just started again. I put my hand on Morgan's shoulder. "May I cut in?" I said.

Morgan glanced up in surprise, and frowned. "No," he answered.

I WAS trembling; I wasn't any good in an argument. When I was a kid, I used to start crying in a fight, even while I kept fighting; it was just the idea that scared me. My lip was quivering now, just as it used to then, and I was ashamed to feel Maisie's eyes on my face, but I managed to mutter: "I'm cutting in."

"Like hell you are," Morgan said, jutting his shoulder at me.

I didn't know what to do; I couldn't think of any smart thing to say. I stood there, trying to decide.

"Sure, he's cutting in," Maisie said with a warm smile. "It's a free country." And she put herself quickly in my arms.

I know I stumbled during the dance, and I could feel my hand trembling on her back; but she never said anything about it. She chattered cheerfully about different things without making me reply. When we came back to our table I was calmer and didn't notice that I was still holding her hand. George shot an admiring glance at me and murmured: "For a meek little fellow, you certainly cleared the field."

"I'm sure glad you cut in," Maisie declared. "There are some funny ones in this world. They're not all nice like you boys."

When we started to leave, Morgan wasn't on the dance floor, and we thought he had gone home; but when George and I went to the cloak-room we saw him at the bar as we went past.

"Don't look at him," George murmured. "He's probably up to his ears now."

I WAS pulling my coat over the counter when I heard a voice in the hall saying:

"Well, here's my sweetie. How about a dance, sweetie?"

"No, thanks," replied Maisie's voice.

I turned. She had come out into the hall for something, and Morgan had met her. His voice was hard. "You don't mean 'No, thanks,'" he said—"you mean, 'Yes, thanks.' You're paid to dance, see?"

As George and I moved forward, you could see Maisie gasp with surprise and rage. I had never seen her angry before and it was certainly something to see. Her eyes flashed, and she put her hand on her hips.

"You must be awful drunk," she declared. "You better beat it before I get sore."

"We'll get a dance first," Morgan said. He put out his hands for her, and as she jerked away, one of his hands caught the shoulder strap of the white ballet dress she was wearing and pulled it off her shoulder. He began to laugh. Her left hand swung against his ear and he tugged the strap so hard that it broke and the little silk and lace bodice, that Maisie was so fond of, slipped down on one side.

Things happened so fast after that that I had only a general impression of flaming cheeks, tossing yellow hair and blazing blue eyes, and two small fists going tap-tap on Mr. Morgan Arthur's chin. The blows could not have done any real harm, but they were sufficient to upset Morgan's already unstable equilibrium, and he went back against the wall and slid to the floor, vaguely astonished.

Pete and some waiters and the hat girl were running up in consternation while Maisie stood on guard, fists clenched and dangerous. George slipped his overcoat around her. She straightened and gave us all an imperious glance. Then she walked into the dance hall and across the bare floor, wrapped in an old gray overcoat.

Walking back to our room that night George remarked: "That emphasizes something that I've been thinking about a lot lately. We ought to get Maisie out of here."

"If we could get her a decent kind of job," I suggested—"something outside of a cabaret job."

"No. I don't think that would do. Cabaret life—at least the singing and dancing—is her life. It's what she likes. People ought to do what they like."

"That sounds like Maisie."

"Yes, well, I think she's right. But I think she ought to be in some uptown night club. Where people know how to behave and don't get rough."

"Sounds sensible," I agreed, still wishing that Maisie wouldn't be in a night club.

"There's a fellow I know on our paper who writes the night-club notes," George remarked. "I'm going to talk to him about it."

The night-club writer went to Callahan's with George and thought Maisie was fine. He said he would bring somebody down there. A day or so later, George stopped at my ticket window in the railroad station—I was on the day shift then. George was excited. "Everything's set," he told me. "It couldn't be better. We've got the best man there is."

"Who?"

"Luke Henney."

LUKE HENNEY was the top. He led the orchestra at the Midnight Café on Broadway and he was what George called "the great master of cacophonic rhythm." Everybody in New York knew his night club. Everybody in the country knew his music.

"That would be fine for Maisie," I told George. "If she gets a contract with Luke Henney, she's got a real chance."

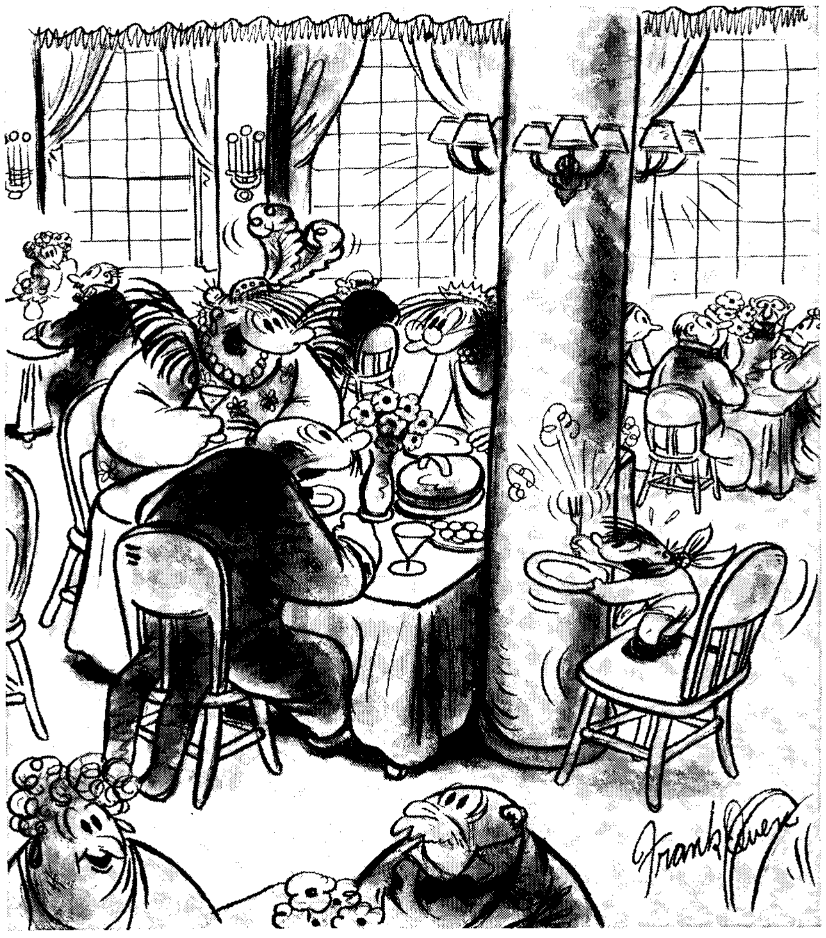
"They say he's a very decent fellow, too," George added.

George and I were a little anxious on the night that Luke Henney went to Callahan's. But there wasn't any need to worry. When Maisie appeared in her little red jacket and black skirt and skipped around singing, "I'm not waiting for my ship to come in, I'm waiting for the fleet," Henney was sold. It was as easy as that. She did two other numbers, and then came over to our table. She didn't have any idea who the other person was.

"You're very good," Luke Henney

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"We haven't seen Philbert all evening. The head waiter must have placed him at another table!"

told her. "Do you have a contract here?"

"A what?"

George explained: "Mr. Henney means do you have any agreement with Pete about how much you get and how long you work for him?"

"Oh, no," Maisie said. "We're just friends."

"Gosh," said Henney, "you ought to have a contract."

Maisie stiffened. She obviously didn't think it was anybody else's business. Henney noticed it and added, "I guess maybe I'm just hard-boiled. If I were your friend Pete, I would want to lock you up every morning just to make sure you came back every night."

"Oh, I'd come back," Maisie said.

He had a warm, flashing kind of smile, and I saw Maisie respond to it at once. I thought to myself: I guess he's the kind she would like a lot; and I hoped he was really a good guy.

So Maisie went to the Midnight Café where there was a cover charge and coffee cost a quarter and most people wore dinner clothes; and George and I went back to Callahan's just once and found it dreary as a train shed just before dawn. After that we gave up night clubs except for one splash at Luke Henney's place to see Maisie. She was a great success; she had lots of dates and bought herself new clothes. "Sweetheart of the supper club," George called her, teasing. At least once a week she would come down to lunch with us—"to give a report," George said; and she gave it, with laughter running through her voice, and her hands gesturing impulsively and her feet tapping into a dance. She talked about Luke Henney a lot; from the start she was crazy about him.

"He's got a voice that makes you feel so *good*," she said. "Like a hot-water bottle when your feet are cold in bed. And gosh, his music! Anybody could dance to that music. It creeps inside you and just moves you along."

"He's good, all right," George said. "I suppose you'll have him at your feet in another week."

Maisie laughed. "I haven't a chance. Gosh, these society girls all fall for him. He calls them all 'Baby'—in a nice way. 'Hello, Baby,' he'll say, when they try to speak to him. And they think it's grand. He could take anyone of them out with him, I guess."

I FELT a little peeved. "I don't believe they'd go out with him."

"Why not?" Maisie demanded. "Don't you think he's good enough?"

"He's not their kind," I answered lamely.

"Oh, is that so?" Maisie said. She had never been cross with me before. For the first time the three of us didn't have much to say during lunch. I knew that Maisie wasn't happy about it, either; she couldn't bear being cross with anyone. She jumped up to cut some bread and as she put it on the table, she said: "I didn't mean to be snappy."

"That's all right," I answered gratefully.

"You like Luke Henney a lot, don't you?" George said gently.

"Well, I'll tell you." She walked toward the window with her hands behind her back, and turned, a little defiantly. "I love him," she said, tossing her yellow head.

I couldn't have said a word. Of course. I knew it all along, and there wasn't any sense in my feeling that the floor was falling away.

"You little wretch," George cried. "Now we'll have to open that bottle of wine. And now you know how I feel after being in love with you for four years."

"Aw, say," responded Maisie, pleased. "You only loved me every other Thursday."

I hurried out to get the wine, and we let Maisie talk all she pleased about her beau.

The trouble was, however, that Luke didn't fall in love with Maisie. One late afternoon when I was alone in the apartment, she came in, and she seemed sort of quiet. I was reading something to her out of the evening newspaper about the woman who had quintuplets, and I heard a funny sound, and I looked up and Maisie was crying.

"Maisie!" I said, astonished.

"Pl-please go on—reading," Maisie said in a very small voice.

I FINISHED the story and then began solemnly on an article about Germany defying the League of Nations, and finally she started to giggle because it was so ridiculous.

"You're the sweetest kid," she exclaimed, jumping up, "and I'm silly. But I'm not going to be silly any more."

"Do you really love him so much?"

"Oh, enormously. Like—like this." She stretched out her two rounded arms and folded them to her shoulders. "And he's as nice as can be to me. You know, Billy, he's the kind of man you wish would take liberties with you. You know? You wouldn't really mind."

"Yes," I said.

I never saw her cry again. She never even got gloomy about it. That wasn't her way.

I remember that the night I got the final news about Luke Henney I had had supper at a cafeteria and come back to the room when the telephone rang. George was calling me.

"Billy," he said, "Luke Henney's been killed."

"Killed?" I repeated, because you never believe people you know get killed.

"Yes. We just got a flash on it from the City News. He was shot in his apartment—probably by gangsters. Nobody knows why, yet. Maybe he was mixed up in something."

"Gosh, that's too bad," I said.

"Yes."

"What will Maisie do?"

"That's why I called you," George said. "We better go to see her right away. I'll meet you at the Midnight Café as quick as we can get there."

People were leaving the café when we arrived about nine o'clock. The news had come, and the management was closing the place. Maisie was sitting on a straight-backed chair in the dressing-room with her hands in her lap.

"I knew you'd come," she said. "I was sure you'd come. I just want you to put me in a taxi."

"Shall we take you home?" George asked.

"No, please. Just put me in a taxi for my apartment."

We took her outside to the cab. Her face was still as stone. "I'll be all right," she said. "Don't you boys worry."

George had to go back to his newspaper. I sat up for him. He returned to the room about midnight, but there wasn't any more news about Luke Henney's death. (Nobody ever did find out why it happened, although, of course, Broadway was full of rumors for months afterwards.) We were smoking and talking about it when we heard footsteps coming slowly along the hall and then a knock on our door.

"Come in," George called.

The door opened, and there was Maisie. She leaned against the door-frame and eyed us with a funny smile. She was wearing the red and black jacket and skirt, and the red beret was cocked on her head with a bunch of curls sticking out on one side.

(Continued on page 52)

PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL GOES FARTHER

..YOU USE LESS OF IT!

Here's Proof!

Deacon Litz uses 55% less oil to drive 500 miles at 102 miles per hour

The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa. *April 24, 1935*

"You will be pleased to know that I used 55 per cent less Pennzoil in the test run I made yesterday than I ever used in going the 500 miles on the Indianapolis Speedway before.

"For the test, I drove my Miller-Four 500 miles on the Indianapolis track, at an average speed of 102.27 miles an hour."

A. B. ("DEACON") LITZ

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Fourteen of the 33 drivers this year used New Pennzoil instead of the usual racing castor oil. In spite of the fact that their engine temperatures were 50 per cent higher and the pistons traveled twice as fast as in your motor at high speed, the tough-film of Pennzoil remained unbroken. The bearings and other vital moving parts were kept from over-heating by Pennzoil's steady, safe lubrication.

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New Pennzoil was purchased from service stations by representatives of the American Automobile Association, under whose auspices the race is held each year, and sealed in the 14 motors to guard against injection of any foreign ingredient.

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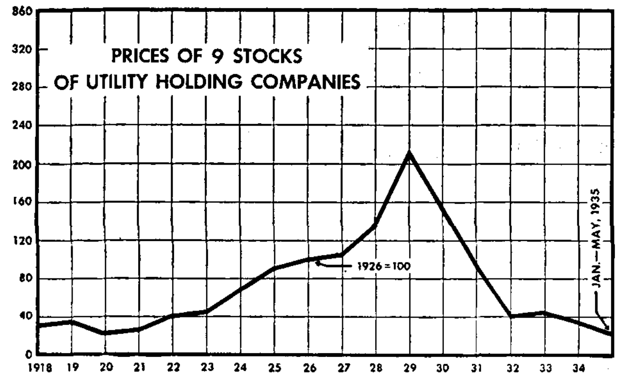
THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER . . . FASTER . . . SAFER

CAN UTILITY STOCKS COME BACK?



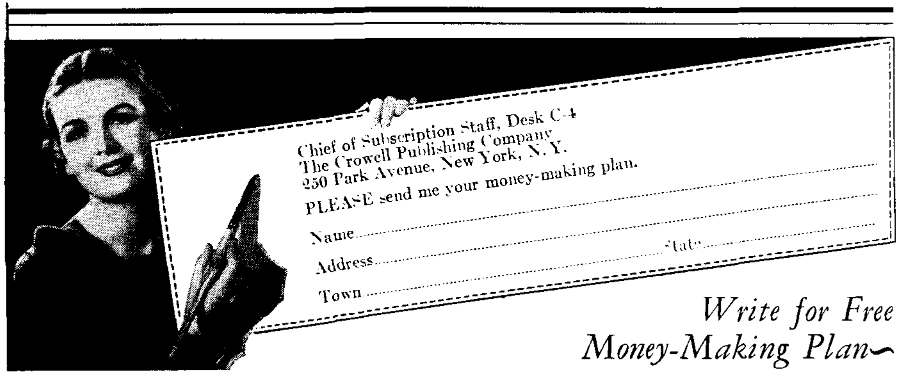
• Utility stocks *can* come back. They *did* come back—vigorously—a dozen years ago. The average prices of 9 gas and electric holding company stocks were approximately at the same level in the years from 1918 to 1921 as they have been in recent months.

They have failed to enjoy any of the recovery made by stocks of other industries during the last two years because of excessive taxes on utilities, forced and unreasonable rate reductions, direct Federal and municipal competition. Latest and most severe of these attacks has been the Wheeler-Rayburn bill to *abolish* utility holding companies.

Utility securities have a chance to recover much of their former value, because the electric and gas industries have bright possibilities for growth. But these possibilities cannot be realized if the industries are under constant attack.

Insist that your Government representatives defend your rights as investors.

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM



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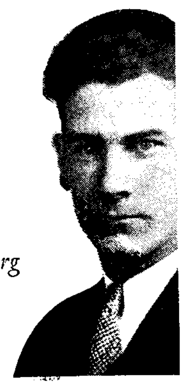


Mr. J. W. Helberg of New York

Paste Coupon Above on Penny Post Card

(Continued from page 51)

"Hello, boys," she said.

Maisie was drunk.

I suppose that lots of people wouldn't understand this. Lots of people would say that it was terrible for her to be drunk and be disrespectful of the dead. But George and I understood; and I think that if we had failed her then, it would have broken what was left of her heart. She had to keep her faith in life any way she could; suddenly all that she believed about life being happy seemed to be wrong; and she wouldn't admit it was wrong. She wanted to continue to think that people could have a good time. She wouldn't let sorrow rule the world. She must keep the faith, somehow, in her mind.

"Maisie, darling, we're just about to have a drink," George cried.

"That's fine, boys," Maisie said. She nodded at each of us in turn with a funny twist in her smile that I had never seen there before. "And then we'll go dance somewhere."

"You bet," I said.

"I got a new dance," she told us. "I was going to try it for the first time tonight. It's sort of a—well, sort of a walking-talking dance."

"We'll clear the room for you," I promised, "as soon as we have a drink. We all ought to have a drink first."

"That's right," Maisie said.

We went to two night clubs that night, I remember, and we drove back through Central Park at six o'clock in the morning while Maisie went to sleep on my shoulder.

Looking back upon the months that followed, I can understand much more clearly what was going through Maisie's mind and heart. She was quieter, and it was quite a long time before the twist got out of her smile; but since she didn't talk much about Luke and didn't give way to grief or anything like that, I ceased to think of her in connection with him. She seemed to me more or less the same Maisie. But now I know that it must have been a sense of loneliness and pain that made her do a very foolish thing; for about a year later Maisie married a man who was not at all the kind of man she should have married; because the man she married was a quiet, retiring kind of fellow who wanted to live in the suburbs and have a small garden and go to the movies Saturday night.

SO THEY moved out to the country and had supper at six-thirty and went to bed at ten; and Maisie got up at six-forty-five to get the breakfast, and then did the marketing and maybe lunched alone or lunched with some other recently married woman who was probably going to have a baby; and pottered around the house in the afternoon until it was time to start getting supper again. And this was Maisie! Maisie who used to dance the night away and listen to reckless young men tell her romantic tales and sleep to all hours and sail on yachts Sundays or drive sixty miles an hour in a roadster to Bennie's Inn!

I remember going out to see her one afternoon when for some reason I left the office early, and as I came up the stone walk, I heard the radio playing an old jazz tune that Luke Henney had written. Through the window I saw Maisie with her skirt pulled above her knees doing her "kicking" dance, with her curls tossing and her face smiling. I moved forward where I could not see her through the window because it seemed like spying; but a stab of pain went through me. As soon as my feet sounded on the porch steps, the music was snapped off; and Maisie met me at the door, surprised to see me and trying not to appear breathless. I noticed for the first time how thin she was.

I didn't say anything about the music or the dancing, but I realized then that Maisie could never be happy with this quiet fellow. She wouldn't ever say a word about it because she was too loyal; as long as he loved her, she would stick to him. But it was a shame. Of all the people I had ever known, she had the warmest and the gayest spirit, and I didn't want to see it die.

After thinking about it a while, I decided to speak to George because he knew Maisie's husband well. George said that I was imagining things, and he wouldn't interfere with a happy marriage; but I could see by his face that he agreed with me.

"There's one thing we could do, anyway," I suggested, staring out of the window of the Newspaper Club where George was then living. "You might see if you can get her an offer of a job through one of your friends."

"There's no point in that," George answered. "There's no point in trying to stir up trouble."

I turned around on him. "Damn it, why don't you give her a chance to live?" I shouted.

I hadn't meant to speak like that. But I felt as if I were being yanked forward and back all the time, and my nerves were strained.

"All right, if you think best," George replied quietly.

IT WORKED out pretty well. Maisie got an offer from a musical comedy producer in Chicago. She came in to talk to George about it. It seems that she and her husband had had a long discussion, and he told her that he realized they were very different; he was a quiet fellow and liked the country, and she liked people and city lights and cabarets and going to parties at almost any hour.

So it was no go, her husband said, and they both better follow their own ways. "And he will always be my dear friend," Maisie wrote in a letter to George, which he showed me. "And I'm not going to get married again."

Maisie's "dear friends!" I'll bet there are a lot of them, and I'll bet they all will think of her when they lie dying, as one of the happiest things they can remember.

She was a success in Chicago, and the next year she had the second leading part in another show; and then finally she went to Hollywood. I guess probably everybody over eight years of age has seen her on the screen; not carefully beautiful like those stars that travel with thirty suitcases and look like something put together by a couple of French maids and a modiste; but human and pretty and ready for a whirl. I don't see her in person any more. But I go to every picture she plays in and see her that way, as I sit quiet in the darkness; and sometimes I think: "Well, millions of people see these pictures, and they're very good—they're very like her; but nobody has my pictures;" and then I remember Maisie in the red and black jacket and skirt, smiling at us and saying: "Hello, boys."

"She's a grand girl," George said to me once. "And she's certainly done well. Do you remember the days when we used to have one milkshake with three straws?"

"I haven't forgotten anything," I said.

"We used to fall in love with her once a week, too; but you were right—it's lucky she went on with her career."

"Yes."

"She's the kind to have as a friend always, but to love just for a short while," George said. "You wouldn't want to live with her all the time."

But he was wrong about that. And I ought to know; for I was the man who had married her.

Help Yourself

Continued from page 12

milk, add a little more butter to your menus and have the same food values at considerably lower cost.

Can you save on fresh eggs? Surely! The grocers have a lot of fun with you about eggs. In New England, for instance, they tell housewives that brown eggs are best. In New York those glistening white ones cost more. There isn't any difference, except in the hens that laid them.

Fish has the same importance as meat. A steak from a modest cod may not smell the same as a snooty porterhouse, but when it comes to calories it's a first-class provider. So is cheese.

Vegetables present another situation. Mary Taylor has a lot to say about them. Miss Taylor is the quiet little economist who edits the eminently useful Consumers' Guide for the AAA.

Your Buying Calendar

"Buy by the calendar," is her advice. "Depressions may knock prices down. Recovery may pick them up. But the seasons go on forever, bumping the price of some foods up and down again over the year. Onions, for instance, cost most in May and least in November. And you'll want to use substitutes for potatoes in July when they're highest, and eat them a lot in November when they're cheap."

It's true that transportation and refrigeration have confused us. Dandelion and mustard greens used to be as sure a sign of spring as the first crocus, and we knew the frost was on the pumpkin when the winter underwear came out of mothballs.

That day is over. But abundance, Miss Taylor tells us, still varies. We can save, and save a lot, by marketing by her vegetable calendar. Here it is:

January and February: cabbages, new carrots and turnips.

March: cheapening spinach, beets and cauliflower.

April: asparagus, the one month it isn't really a treat.

May: lowest prices in most green vegetables, with top supplies of spinach, kale, snap beans and peas.

June: beets, cucumbers and tomatoes.

July: lettuce and squash.

August: corn-on-the-cob, Lima beans and eggplant.

September: sweet potatoes on the way up.

October: cauliflower and parsnips, sweet potatoes, eggplant, Lima beans.

November: turnips, Brussels sprouts, onions and potatoes.

December: celery's cheapest.

Miss Taylor is full of suggestions. Buy in quantity, she insists. Of course if you're too lazy to keep records and won't plan ahead, there's nothing you *can* do but buy measly little two-pound sacks of flour at 7½ cents a pound, though if you'd get a 24-pound bag, it would cost you only 5.2 cents a pound.

The grocery store is full of economies like that. Look around. You'll find so many ways of saving you'll think it's Christmas. Your dealer will coöperate with you, because it's expensive for him to sell in small quantities. It costs extra labor, extra bookkeeping, extra wrapping and delivery. Quantity buying cuts those service charges. And when you make your dollar purchase more, the grocer sells more. Bulk sales are his ambition.

Now take a good look at canned things. Dollars to doughnuts you've been lured by baby sizes. Those little jars and tins look so cute in a great big hamper! Just nine cents each. Why, it's just *giving* them away! That's your mistake. They hold very little and are meant only for the small-family, practically non-housekeeping existence. For a regular household they are as expensive as sables in their way.

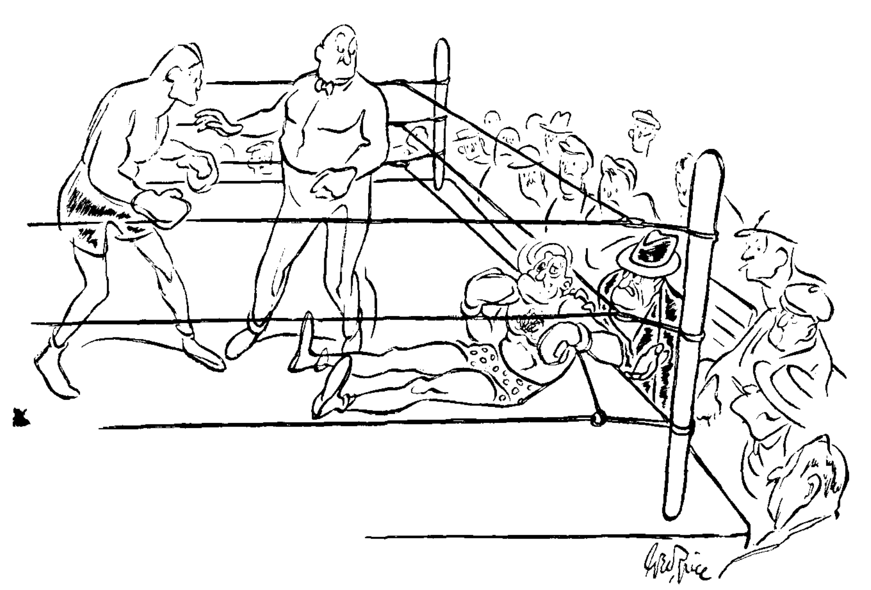
When you buy larger sizes, be thoughtful, too. Don't take just anything with a pretty label. There are at least 27 different sizes that are fairly common. Look for the net weight. It's printed on the label. Then do a little figuring on the back of your marketing list. Divide the price by the number of ounces to get the cost. It's your own fault if you don't profit by the information the manufacturer provides.

Plus Ingenuity

You'd do well to watch the scales when you're buying by bulk, or getting meat. We wouldn't cast aspersions on your butcher, but sometimes he's so interested and hurried that he's likely to weigh more hand than ham!

When you get home, use a little imagination in your menus. You can make these low-cost foods seem as luxurious as breast of guinea hen Eugénie, because of novel preparation.

Try these suggestions. You'll find the housekeeping allowance will regain its self-respect, and the family will begin to worry about its waistline.



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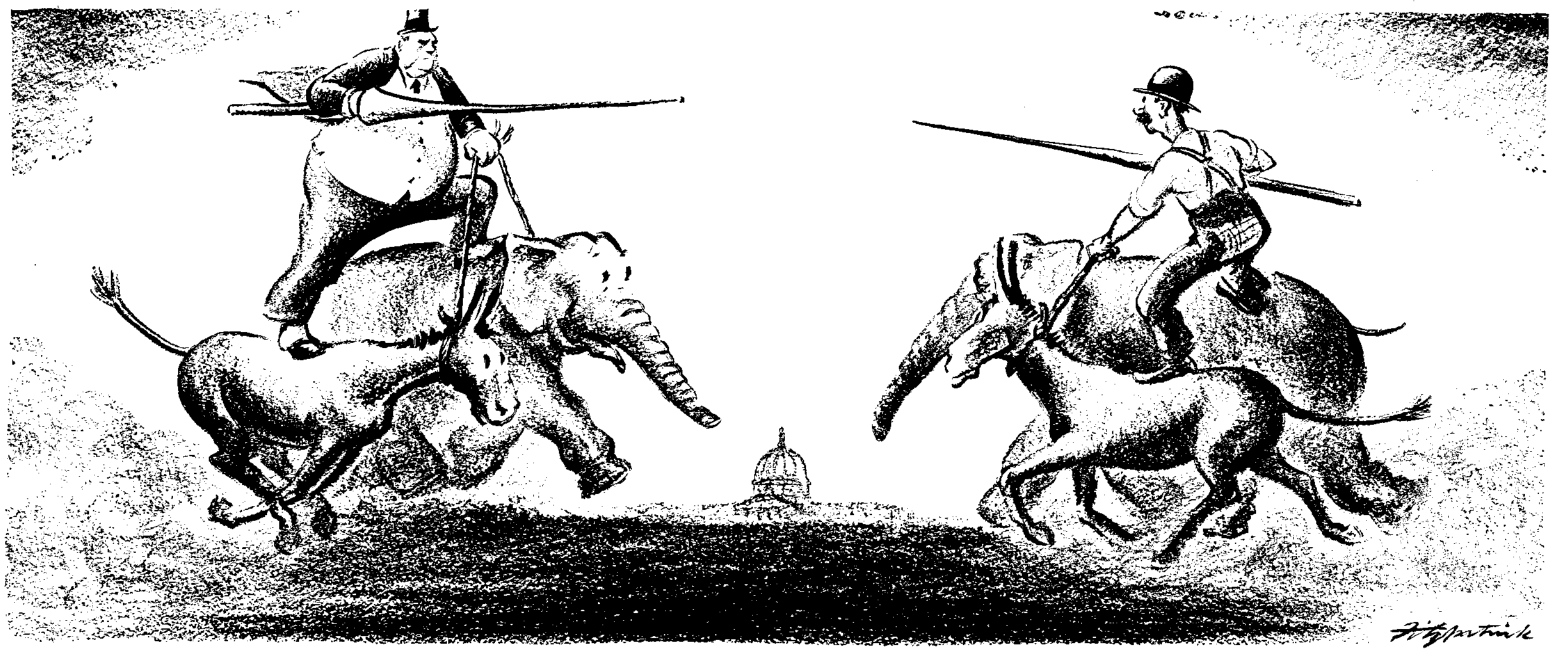

Who's What at Washington

AS THE lines are drawn for the next national campaign the temperature rises in Washington. Debate becomes embittered and tempers feverish. Unanimous consent is superseded by noisy controversy. The four-year rhythm of political conflict begins to show its rougher nature.

The familiar political parties have, however, been so upset by the developments of the past two years and a half that no longer do they reflect actual differences of principle and opinion. The effectual opposition to President Roosevelt has come from conservative Southern Democrats. The most enthusiastic support for the philosophy of the New Deal has been offered by Middle Western Republicans.

The Democrats and Republicans alike are sharply divided among themselves by the Roosevelt program. Some of the earlier recovery measures designed for emergency use were supported by majorities of both parties. Later proposals designed more for social and economic reform have found supporters and opponents both on the Republican and on the Democratic side.

Superficially, the two-party system appears to continue, but actually we have a congressional majority which consists of a coalition of groups.

Costigan and Wheeler in the Senate call themselves Democrats, while Norris and Nye and Borah are written down as Republicans. LaFollette is counted officially as a Progressive, the only one in the Senate. Party labels mean little to such senators. They act as individuals and as a group regardless of convention lines.

Years ago an observant European informed his government that the balance of political power in the United States had passed from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi Valley. If Europe wanted to forecast the probable drift of American policy, this observer suggested, its statesmen should listen to public opinion in the Mississippi Valley.

Today the balance of political power seems to have moved farther west. Somewhere between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains are to be heard the opinions which may be announced as the judgment of the nation. Certainly at the present moment senators from Montana to Wisconsin and south through Nebraska are responsible for many of the policies at the forefront of public discussion.

The oldest and most far-reaching cleavage of political opinion in this country has been that which separated men in the cities from those in the rural sections. The rural sections gradually moved westward. First, the pioneers were men who lived in western Virginia, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania and New York. The city party represented the relatively small settlements in which trade, manufacture and banking were carried on. Cities have scattered and expanded and the rural regions have been vastly enlarged, but the essential division is the same.

Because of the Civil War the South became solid and Democratic, and the North and West solid and generally Republican. Habits induced by the bitterness of civil conflict deprived voters of the privilege of exercising preferences and choices during two long generations.

Within the sixty-seven years between 1865 and 1932 the will of the industrial and commercial leaders generally prevailed. There were exceptional periods. Woodrow Wilson was no representative of industry or commerce, but the World War overshadowed everything else in Wilson's second administration.

So today the political forces which were dammed up first by the passions and hatreds of the Civil War period and which later were diverted by the World War, are again asserting themselves.

It has long been the fashion to assume that the country man was a virtuous and public-spirited creature, while the city man, rich or poor, was inclined to be slick and sinful. Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and a number of other successful politicians had a hand and a voice in forming and perpetuating the tradition.

It would be hard to prove that country people are more virtuous or wiser or more generous than their city brothers and cousins. Nevertheless, the tradition persists and the policies advocated by the spokesmen of the rural group are supposed to be particularly holy.

The most persistent political idea that rural statesmen have advocated is that business organization as such is a menace to the independence and happiness of freemen. The idea is seldom expressed so baldly, but suspicion of business organization has lain at the roots of many of our hottest political campaigns. The early hostility to banks, the later fear of corporations, the long fight against the railroads, the anti-trust campaigns and the present hostility expressed by Senator Wheeler against big business merely because it is big, all derives from this same source.

A basic conflict between a fear of business organization and a desire to enjoy the fruits of large-scale business enterprise is the underlying issue which in various forms divides Americans today. Neither political party faces the issue frankly and with understanding. Both are concerned chiefly with getting votes and offices.

We shall get ahead much faster if we put our minds rather than our prejudices to work at this problem of vital importance to all. It will be difficult for either Republicans or Democrats to take open stands on this issue. South, North and West are represented in both parties, and so are the cities and the rural districts.

But somehow the issue must be stated, faced and put up to the will of the people. The statesmen who first have the capacity to express clearly the vital decision which the country must settle will stand high in the affection of the people.

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& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
94·4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY, LIMITED
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I am your
Lucky Strike

It's the Tobacco That
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Finer Tobaccos Than
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I'll never
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